THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fou[illegible] Franklin

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Beginning

The Whistling Man—By Maximilian Foster

The Age of the Motor Truck

There is an old saying that "What was good enough for father is good enough for me." Suppose everyone in the past had acted upon that thought. We would still be carrying loads on our heads—just as our forefathers did in the Stone Age. Every generation tries to be more progressive than the one that went before. We are today doing not only all father did, but more. We have a much better chance than father.

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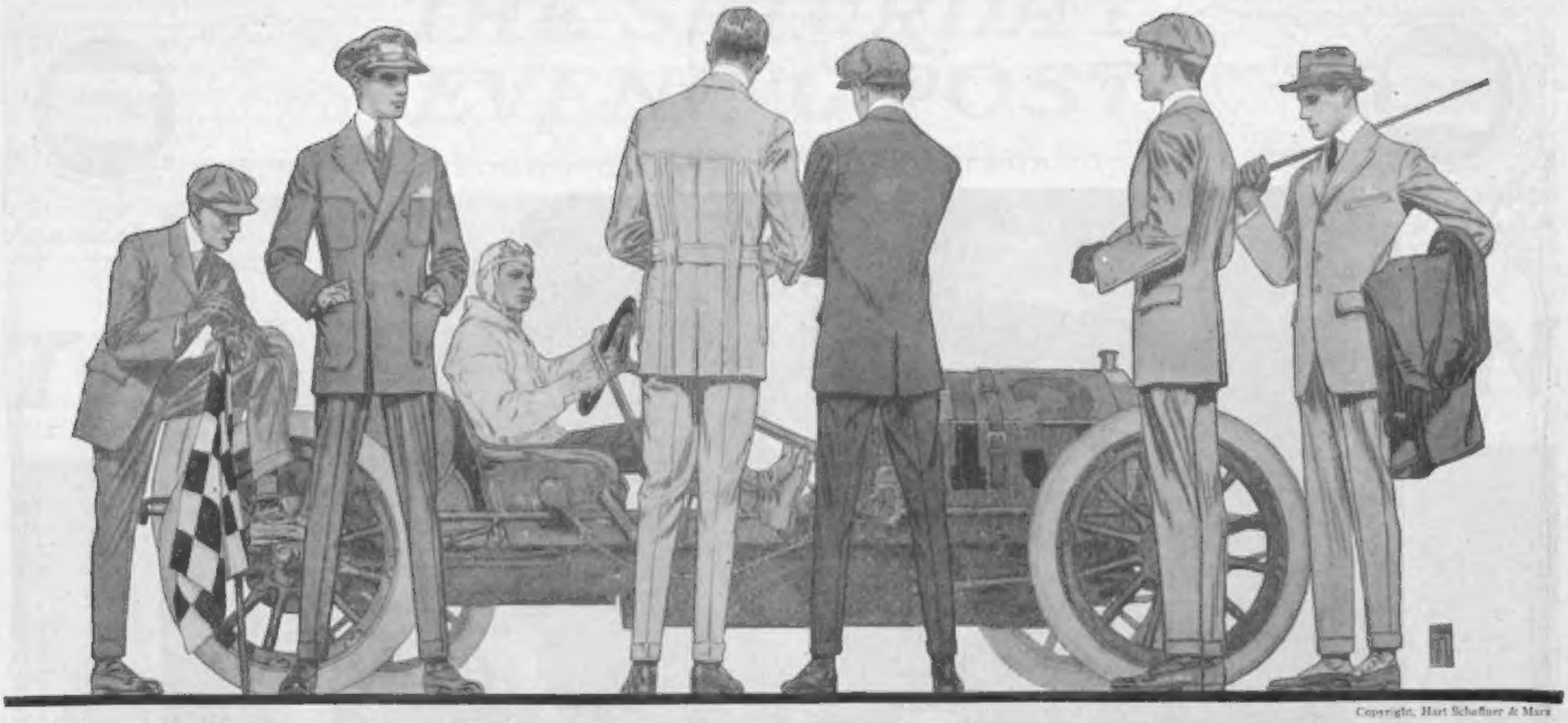

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THE WHISTLING MAN

Craig Saw His Father Crouch Back, Cringing as if He'd Been Struck

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE shades were drawn, the evening lamps were lit, and in the parlor bar of the Café Ragnuet-Bouldu, Etaples, Pas de Calais, the guests of Madame Ragnuet-Bouldu assembled for the table-d'hôte. Dinner was at six, and it would be served prompt to the minute too; consequently, as the hands of the clock already neared the hour, there was to be seen in the face of each newcomer an air of anxiety not unmixed with satisfaction. "M'sieu! M'dame!" the voice of the hostess chanted steadily, as at every fresh arrival she bobbed a greeting from the bar. "M'dame! Ma'm'selle!" It was a welcome mechanical rather than warm, but on the other hand more was not to be expected. Always dignified, hers was the reserve of the French wife at chaste fifty-five, besides which Madame's girth required she should somewhat save her breath. However, there was this to be said about it: Tonight Madame seemed to wear an added air of constraint. She looked, in fact, not only troubled but a little furtive; and nervously fingering the sous, the francs, the goldpieces that jingled in the till, her small, active eyes stole from face to face, then leaped away as if covertly she watched.

Outside rain fell steadily; and each time the door was opened the Channel wind could be heard piping gustily, roaring in the roofs.

The café parlor was a large, dingy room with the usual flyblown, garish decoration seen in such establishments. Faded frescoes of nymphs and cherubs peered dimly from the chinks between picture frames and mirrors, while others as wan lay beneath the ceiling's grimy veneer of dust and tobacco smoke; and then, too, a row of veritable hand-painted panels was ranged about on the wall. These, it appeared, were gifts from Madame's former guests, little votive offerings of their esteem; and if candor admit they were a bit sketchy, or what those in the know term *croûtes*, combined they gave to the café parlor a gay and sprightly tone.

The room was crowded. Twenty or thirty persons, men and women together, sat at the small marble-topped tables, while in the center of the room three or four others clicked the balls together on Madame's moth-eaten billiard board.

They were a mixed company, these dinner guests of Madame's and curiously, perhaps, most of them seemed to be American. At any rate, in the rattle of chaff and banter that flew about the room, its key vociferous, perhaps, but at the same time always good-natured, one remarked a rather singular variety of familiar, home-bred accents—the twang of the Wabash vying with the twang of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, with the burr of Pittsburgh, the N'Yoikese of the N'Yoiker and the Mason-and-Dixon drawl. Last though not the least one heard, too, Frisco's lively andante.

He Somehow Gave the Impression of a Servant Out of Work

Art was what brought the company together. They were, in short, artists.

It was art, however, not at all of the sort you read about. The lady enthusiast hunting a flavor of *ateliers*, of the Boule Mich', of the Quartier Latin, the *bals*, the *quais*, the *Pont Alexandre*, and so forth and so on—she would have found poor pickings here. Madame's guests did not talk ART nor yet "aht." They talked art, and not much of that. Much less did they drag forth and butcher for a Roman holiday their private and wholly commonplace affairs. If they discussed models—and they rarely did—it was to say, likely as not, that Marthe, daughter of the village *charcutier*—the pork butcher, that is—had walked off with somebody's spoons; or that Blanche from Trepied was about to marry her *soldat*. If sketchblocks, tubes, canvases got a mention the mention was usually sordid, perhaps that Tuilliet, the stationer, was selling out at cost, or that Benoit's junk, at francs-centimes the piece, was at the price highway robbery. The *grisette* was not alluded to; in fact, that fabulous creature having faded with the introduction of the bathtub into France, it is improbable that the company had ever laid eyes on one. Queer, perhaps, but of these folk almost all were married—happily married also—and not a few had children. A literary sparrow would have starved on such provender.

But enough now! This narrative has little to do with either art or artists. They happen in, for the moment, merely as surroundings, and are of no more importance to it than is the frame to any picture.

The hour wanted a minute or so of six when the street door opened and a young man of twenty-four or thereabouts entered, or rather he was volleyed in, propelled by a thundering gust. Drenched to the skin and dripping, he still seemed to take it cheerfully; and as he drove the door shut with his shoulder there was a grin on his wide, good-natured mouth. "Phew!" he whistled lightly. "Regular weather outside, eh, what?"

No one disputed it. The three melancholy Frenchmen cuing the balls about on Madame's melancholy table raised their brows together. "*Parbleu*, yes!" they agreed, as if just astonished it was so; and then with a shrug each resumed his sad amusement. Smiling broadly, the newcomer shook the water from his face; and stamping across the room he made his way to a table in the corner.

"Evening, people!" he saluted. "Greetings!"

He was Leonard Craig, an American.

For many years, five at the least, Craig had been a favored guest among Madame's other guests. He and his father, a white-haired, retiring man of military appearance, long had tenanted Madame's best suite upstairs; but why they did or what their purpose was no one seemed to know. Art was not their specialty, for to have called either an artist would have been a joke. It was a joke, moreover, in which Craig himself often joined, though the laugh was on himself. Once or twice, in fact, he had

tried his hand at art; but of the result the least said the better. As for his father's efforts, they too were a joke, but it would have been cruel to tell him so. The old gentleman, the "Colonel," as he was called, took his painting seriously. "Yes," he would say, "sometime I hope to sell my pictures." Then, with his eyes wistful, he would ask: "Don't you think my work shows advancement?" It was an appeal that would have moved a monument.

Five persons sat at the table Craig approached, a woman and four men. Of the five, four were Americans; the fifth was an Englishman. He was at the moment expounding the well-known British theory that the American brags more than the Britisher—if that were possible; and the others were laughing at him. All five paused to greet Craig, then the Englishman returned to the charge, horse, foot and guns together.

The young woman at the table edged along to make room for Craig. "Come on in, Mr. Craig, the water's fine!" she invited, then glanced mischievously at the now expostulating orator. Craig, however, shook his head. "Thanks, Mrs. Poultney, but I'm afraid father's waiting," he returned; and grinning widely he nodded toward the Englishman. "What's Clews trying to sell you—the same old josh?"

It was as he said. Clews, moreover, seemed to be reinspired by the fresh attack.

"Aw, don't you laugh!" he warned. "All I ask now is what'd happen if the States, your perishing colonies, ever had a row with us!"

Pausing, he glanced triumphantly from face to face. "I'll be the goat, Clews," Craig cut in. "Tell us."

Clews did. Great Britain would take the United States and wipe it off the map.

"My! not again?" Craig inquired slyly; and in the roar of laughter that followed even Clews himself had to join.

"Aw, well," he grumbled aimlessly, "if your pegged country's so grand it's a wonder what a lot of you can live away from it!"

There was nothing ill-natured about Clews. Usually he was an affable fellow, a trifle heavy and profuse, perhaps, never rude; but at the gibe a cold and painful silence descended suddenly on the table. "I'm right, ain't I?" Clews blundered on. "You people are always talking about going home, yes—only you never do!"

Craig wet his lips and glanced uncomfortably at Mrs. Poultney. After one swift exchange of looks with her husband she had dropped her eyes and was now playing thoughtfully with her fingers. The random shot had hit everywhere. Poultney, too, was smiling curiously, while the two other men lolled back, dully staring at the ceiling. One was a Bostonian who had been eleven years in France, yet still saw no chance to go home. As for the other, a Chicago man, after fourteen years of it he was going back at Christmas—maybe. However, there was nothing fishy in their exile. Each and all were merely staying there until they had the answer to the question—Success or Failure? Meanwhile, they ate out their hearts in longing, in hunger for their homes. It is a famine that not even art can satisfy; and secretly Craig touched Clews on the shoulder.

"Clews!" he warned. With a start Clews realized.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he exclaimed, when Craig silenced him with a shake of his head and a glance shot toward Mrs. Poultney. She still absorbed herself with her fingers.

"I say, Bus," drawled her husband, addressing the Chicago man. "You're going home on the Amsterdam, aren't you?"

Busley thought for a moment, then nodded guardedly.

"Saw her yesterday," Poultney announced. "She was lying in the roads off Boulogne. Big ship, the Amsterdam. Guess we'll take her next spring—perhaps."

Craig was listening closely. Again he wet his lips, but though a pause followed he said nothing and the smile had faded from his lips. It was Clews that next spoke. His face showed the penitence he felt, and with a hint of real feeling he gazed round the table. "Oh, but I say now!" he protested. "If you're all going home, who'll be left to pal with a chap, you know?"

Poultney smiled at him good-naturedly.

"We'll all be coming back, Clews—sometime."

A pause followed.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Poultney, her eyes reflective. Then rather abruptly she pushed back her chair and rising turned pleasantly to Craig. "I hear you and your father are going across too."

Craig glanced at her, surprised. "I?" And he shook his head. "No such luck, I'm afraid."

"You'd Try to Scare Me, Would You, With a Cheap, Clumsy Dodge Like That?"

The friendly little woman touched him on the arm.

"But you will some day. And it will be worth it too," she added, "after all your years away."

"Yes, nineteen," laughed Craig, a little uncomfortably however; and Mrs. Poultney exclaimed.

"Nineteen!" she echoed. "You don't mean you've been away all that time?"

She and the others gazed curiously at Craig. Before he could answer, though, the colloquy was interrupted by a sudden little commotion in the room.

It emerged from the bar. At Craig's entrance Madame's face had lighted swiftly, and rising from her seat she had moved as if to intercept him. Halfway to the end of the counter, though, Madame had paused abruptly; and with a startled glance toward the door she drew back her head in an attitude of attention, not to say acute alarm. It was, in fact, as if Madame's covert watchfulness had suddenly transferred itself from her guests to the square outside.

A full minute passed, then she gasped. It was this, a deep breath audibly expelled, that had struck her patrons into silence.

"Ah!" wheezed Madame, and she stood with her finger uplifted.

A rousing gust fell upon the house, then passed, keening fitfully as it swaggered through the near-by wynds and alleys of the place. On the heels of it another sound arose. It came small but piercing to the listeners' ears, and its nature was unmistakable. Somewhere out in the storm a man whistled shrilly, and the air he gave was some bars of a simple little song:

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter—free,
Dearest her constancy,
Eileen Aroon.

Shrill and resonant to the end, it died briefly as a rainflaw fell chattering on the window-panes.

Madame slowly moved. Her breast heaved and again she drew a breath heavily between her teeth. Then, as if suddenly aware of the spectacle she was cutting, Madame turned, and at a gait surprising in one of her amplitude she scuttled back to her place behind the bar.

"M'dame! M'sieurs!" cried Madame, her voice breaking thickly. "*Dîner est servi, s'il vous plaît!*"

Mrs. Poultney glanced at Craig, her lips parting.

"Why! did you notice that?" she exclaimed.

Craig did not answer. He had his eyes on the street door and his brows were puckered, as if he strove curiously to recall something to his mind. Mrs. Poultney turned with a little shrug. "It was nothing, I guess. Come along, everybody; dinner's ready!"

Craig did not reply. He still stood there when the last of the guests flowed through the doorway into the dining room. A moment later as he was moving toward the stairs his name was called—a little shrilly, one would have thought.

"M'sieu! M'sieu Craig!"

Again Madame had moved out from behind the bar. She was still breathing heavily, but manifestly she now made an effort to control herself. M'sieu, the gentleman's father, she inquired, had he come in? He would be late for his dinner if he had not.

"Come in?" echoed Craig, astonished. "Why, he started home an hour ago!"

An exclamation, followed by a flood of speech, polyglot and inchoate, burst from Madame's lips. Etaples, as it appeared, was not Madame's only world; for a Swiss by birth, she was known to have been in her youth as much a wanderer as the worst *Landstreicher* among the hobo Switzers. England she had seen, America as well; and there fell from her lips now a triturated compound of voluble French and intolerable English and American.

"Peste!" Madame cried impulsively. She would not have her guests come late to dinner. M'sieu, the gentleman's father, he was an old man besides; and cold food was not healthful for the old. "You must find him—hurry, *vite!*" commanded Madame with an earnestness rather more uncommon than the occasion seemed to warrant. "Quick!" she was saying, when suddenly she paused.

The door to the bar opened quietly and a man put in his head. He did not enter, but bracing himself against the gusts for a brief moment he blandly gazed round—a middle-aged, rather seedy person that somehow gave the impression of a servant out of work. At any rate there was about him the indefinable air of mustiness, of mildewed linen and worn, long-used raiment that bespeaks, say, the elderly valet or the butler; and after glancing without recognition at Madame, then as shortly at Craig, he withdrew deliberately, slowly closing the door behind him. Craig at his exit turned back to Madame.

"Find father?" he exclaimed, astonished at Madame's vehemence. "But are you sure he isn't in?"

Madame did not answer. Lumbering heavily to the door, she threw it open and peered fixedly into the night, a black vault in which the wind gusted and the rain fell hissing in sheets. Craig started suddenly. With one look then at Madame he turned, and springing to the stairs ran to his father's room. It was empty; and after a look in his own room he returned swiftly to the stairs. Just then a door slammed below, and Craig sighed with relief as he heard his father's voice.

The old man was standing at the bar. Rain dripped from his hat and shoulders, and his shoes sucked like a pump when he moved. With his head close to Madame's, he and she were whispering; and the carpet deadening Craig's footfalls, they did not hear him as he came down.

"Yes, yes!" the old man was muttering. "I saw him too! I know who he is now, you need not tell me!"

"But it was strange, that, all the same! *Parbleu!*" croaked Madame; "if the dead rise they still would know me, would they not?"

Then with a gasp she broke off suddenly, and again hurriedly began counting the money in the till. Craig had just shown himself on the stairs.

"Father!" he exclaimed, his face queer.

The old man went toward him a tall erect figure, slender like his son's. At the moment, though, his shoulders sagged a little weakly and he looked wan, just a trifle wistful. "Yes, yes, Len," he murmured, his eyes downcast and evasive; "now don't be cross! You see ——"

"Dad," said Craig, "what's happened?"

"Happened? Happened? Why, nothing," the old man mumbled; and linking his arm in his son's he started toward the stairs. "Come," he said, "we must hurry—hurry, do you hear?"

"Hurry?" echoed Craig, and he caught suddenly at his breath. "Hurry?"

For an instant his father's eyes leaped from the floor to his, then fled away again.

"No, no, not that!" he muttered. "Hurry to dinner, I mean. Come!"

At their departure Madame again ventured to the door. Again she opened it; and for a long while she stood there, peering through the darkness and the rain.

II

DINNER passed; and after the dinner Madame's house settled down to its evening's accustomed quiet. Behind the bar the lady herself still presided majestically; but, as was evident, she had by no means yet recovered

her usual ease and aplomb. At ten, as if moved by a sudden resolution, she arose, and walking to the door again peered out into the darkness and the storm. Then she withdrew. An hour later, the last of the café guests having sipped his sirup or drained his chope of bock, the porter put up the shutters and yawned himself to bed. Quiet succeeded, and at midnight the inn seemed sunk in slumber.

Upstairs, however, there were at least two of Madame's guests that showed no inclination to betake themselves to bed. They were the Craigs, the father and his son.

Etaples, to put it mildly, had often wondered at these two. It was true, moreover, though there was something about them that would have disarmed the most suspicious. The son was well-bred, simple and friendly; while the father bore himself with a manner, an air of old-fashioned, quiet dignity, that showed him to be a person of birth and cultivation. On the other hand, however, no one knew anything about the pair, not even Madame—or so she said. If approached Madame in fact shrugged herself indefinitely. Why ask her? she inquired.

"Pardon! But, no!" Madame observed to one inquirer; "I have never asked M'sieu Craig his affairs!"

Then she turned on her questioner a cold and fishy eye.

"However, should you desire it," Madame blandly added; "I will tell M'sieu you have inquired."

No, Madame knew nothing about the Craigs.

It was remembered, though, in the face of what Madame said, that on the day of their arrival, five years before, she had betrayed a rather uncommon interest in their coming. Alert and bustling, she and her three *filles de chambre* had given to the suite upstairs a dusting, sweeping and scrubbing such as it had not seen in years. Afterward, attired in her best, in her stiffest of boardlike silk brocades decked with Brittany lace, Madame had descended to the bar. At five father and son arrived by the Channel-steamer train; and all in a flutter Madame herself had sprung to open the door. There for an instant she and the father had looked each other in the eye. "I am—Mr. Craig," he'd said, pausing briefly on the name. "This is my son, Madame." Then in turn each had offered his hand to her.

"How-de-do, Madame?" said the boy shyly; and fixedly gazing at him Madame had wet her lips. Childless and a widow, there was in her eyes a little look of hunger as if long she had yearned for a son like him; then suddenly she spoke.

"Hah! this way, please!" Madame grunted thickly; and turning she darted awkwardly to the stairs.

That night, as afterward, the Craigs mingled with Madame's other guests. If pressed the father spoke freely of himself, omitting only names. He was from New York. He had been absent many years. His wife, the boy's mother, was dead; and his means made it preferable for him to live abroad. It was not until the years passed and he and his son still lived rooted there that Etaples began to wonder.

But then that is the penalty exiles pay, especially those that can give no plausible reason for transplanting their vine and figtree. At any rate let the drifter, the bird without a roost, but once step foot into France, and instantly he will find himself marked, indexed, catalogued, greeted, in short, with close, unflattering attention.

It remains to be said, though, that if many wondered at the Craigs, none wondered more than the son did, young Leonard Craig himself.

Upstairs in his bedroom, with the lights out and the curtains closely drawn, Craig sat at his window, staring intently at the storm-ridden square below. Across the floor a chink of light gleamed from under his father's door; but though now and then he could hear him stir uneasily, Craig still kept his place at the window, his eyes riveted on the streets and alleys below.

The fact is, he had just recalled where he'd heard that bar of music before, the air that tonight some wayfarer had whistled in the square outside.

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter—free . . .

It was a queer tale, the story of these two. For nineteen years, as Craig himself had said, he and his father had been exiles. What is more, though he had not mentioned the fact, through all that time the two had wandered aimlessly, homeless to all intents and like tramps, drifting from pillar to post! And why?

Craig wished devoutly some one only would be good enough to tell him. He had never learned. The sum and substance of it all was that he knew nothing about himself, much less about his father.

Their story—so far as he knew it, that is—was the story that might be told of countless other Americans, all a part of the queer, uneasy army adrift upon the Continent. At any rate his life, like theirs, had been queer and shoddy enough, an existence that, beginning in high-priced, luxurious hotel suites, had wound ultimately into drab, dowdy lodgings stale with the reek of ever-cooking food, sooty parlors and unswept bedrooms, the dingiest in France and England both. However, though Craig recalled them all, each with a minute, particular detail as to looks, grime and special shabbiness, there was nothing in the lot that shed the least light on the riddle of what long he had wanted to know. Why had they lived in such places? Why, moreover, had they flitted from one to the other? But that was it—the business was without head or tail. It was a mesh, a tangled snarl, in fact, that ran here and there all four ways at once; and it ended where it had begun—nowhere.

For example, there was the night he and his father had set out on their travels, the hour, in short, nineteen years before, when, as he recalled, he had been picked from his bed and dressed, roused hurriedly by a woman who had wept, catching at her breath as if terrified. Afterward the same woman, a servant evidently, had borne him down the stairs and through the wide halls of a darkened house where, in a huge, gaunt room lined by dismantled bookshelves and lighted by a single gasjet, his father awaited them. "Hush!" he'd said as he saw the woman's tears; then together the three had gone down into the street, where a carriage stood. The next day late in the morning, Craig remembered, he awoke to find himself aboard an ocean liner already far outside Sandy Hook. A week later the three—Craig, his father and the woman—had landed at an English port, Liverpool, for a guess; and there the woman had left them, again weeping.

But all this, vividly as he recalled it, had only served to snarl the matter more. Why had they left New York, flying as if frightened? Why had that woman wept? Afterward why had they wandered from one place to another, drifting from pillar to post? Craig had other memories too. One was of rooms where men, seated in long rows of chairs, stared at a blackboard with figures chalked upon it. What were those places, and why had his father gone to them? There was in all the tangle but a single clew, one and only one.

At ten he'd begun to wonder. At fourteen he'd begun to suspect. Then two years later the truth had flashed upon him. His father's wandering, he had seen, was not all the mere shiftless drifting of a vague and aimless idler. The man was a fugitive! He fled! And what is more, when, shamed by the realization, Craig had taxed him with the fact, his father had admitted it!

Craig had never forgotten. It was the night he had first heard that little air, the bar of music still ringing in his ears:

Dear were her charms to me . . .

Bit by bit he began to piece the business together. It was nine years before, nearly ten; the year he'd turned sixteen. That season for many months he and his father lay hidden at one of their usual haunts, a small hotel on one of the Surrey beaches. At dawn that day—it was in September, Craig recalled—the weather broke gray and raw with a note in the air that betokened the coming of a gale. Noon came and passed; and when the tide turned upon the ebb the fogbells began to boom, while from a near-by head a steam siren bawled distractedly.

All that afternoon Craig, boylike, had been dawdling through the back country behind the inn; and at four, when he came out upon the beach homeward bound, he saw his father at the door. There was no mistaking his erect, well-knit figure, nor could Craig mistake, either, even at the distance, his father's evident air of uneasiness. He was staring up the road that led to the near-by fishing port of Lowestoft. A cloud of dust rolled upon the highway and presently there tore into view a big, high-powered motor. The car was a limousine, a huge business heavy as a bus, with its luggage rack behind stowed to the top with bags and boxes. Bobbing over the crest, it pitched down toward the beach, and a moment later it turned in at the hotel driveway.

Three persons alighted from the car—the first a boy somewhat older than himself, then a man, and last of all a girl. To Craig's astonishment the man approached his father and greeted him with an abrupt, almost angry gesture, after which the two turned away from the house and walked rapidly toward the beach. It filled Craig with wonder. In all his experience this was the first time a visitor had come to see his father; and still further the man's greeting had not escaped him. He was still wondering when the two came out upon the beach.

They were talking earnestly; but, as Craig saw, it was now his father who seemed to threaten. Then the visitor glanced up and saw him.

"Quiet!" he warned. "Who's this?"

His father, after a pause, beckoned to Craig, and then stared at the other man. "See here, Jim," he said quietly; "this is my son. Won't you shake hands with him?"

A swift glance passed between the two. "Your son—h'm!" the visitor grunted. "Well, I have no quarrel with him, have I?" His scowl faded. He smiled and put out his hand.

The visitor was a big florid man with heavy features, a man to be noticed anywhere. It was his eyes, though, that held Craig's attention most. They were gray and they were resolute, the steady, unwavering eyes of one that knew power and long had been accustomed to enforce it. Craig, however, managed to return his look unflinchingly, though the gray eyes conned him from head to foot; and then abruptly the visitor turned to his father. "Pshaw, Ben!" he growled, his tone disgusted; "if you want to stick here, stick and be damned to you; but when is this boy going home?" Upon this, without waiting for an answer, he added sharply: "Come, now, we've doubted each other long enough! Let me take the boy home with me?"

Craig saw his father start.

"Take Len? No, no!" he exclaimed; "you don't know what you're saying!" And, as if frightened, he signed to Craig to go. "No, no, Adair!" he cried.

(Continued on Page 72)

It Was Time to be Going Now, and the Thought Chilled Him

THE NEW GOOD-WILL

By WILL PAYNE

DRAWINGS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

PEOPLE in Wall Street who ought to know say that, of late, some Tobacco Trust money has been going into a chain of delicatessen shops; some Standard Oil money has found lodgment in a large system of popular-price restaurants; while another rivulet from the same bounteous source has flowed without turbulence into an aggregation of retail drug stores.

That may seem entirely unimportant; but as a matter of fact it is significant of a very interesting business discovery—not only Wall Street but investors in general are beginning to discover that good-will is about the most profitable thing in the world; for the profitableness of the concerns referred to above depends entirely on their actual good-will.

Of course Wall Street has long been familiar with a certain kind of good-will—having marketed two or three billion dollars' worth of it; but that kind of good-will was mainly a bogus article.

Imagine, for instance, that fifteen years ago you owned a mill—say, a tinplate mill or a barbed-wire mill. Besides the plant itself you would have established trade relationships which you considered valuable. When the promoters came along to buy you out you would want to be paid for this good-will as well as for the physical property; but, having bought your mill and most of the others in its line, the purchasers had virtually a monopoly. The trade could not possibly get its supply of tinplate or barbed wire except by coming to them; so for every dollar they paid you in purchasing your plant and good-will they issued two dollars of stock, and called the second dollar good-will.

Frequently that second dollar of stock represented no actual good-will at all, but only ill-will. The trade and the public generally might hate the monopolists, patronizing them not from choice but from necessity. The alleged good-will was enforced with a club; and it is very well known that, if Mr. Morgan had not enticed Mr. Carnegie from the warpath with a drayload of first-mortgage bonds, several hundred million dollars of this bogus good-will would have gone up in the smoke of battle.

Making Rails and Selling Stocks

TAKING it by and large, that was the conception of profitable security which prevailed a dozen years ago—a monopolistic position and good-will enforced with a club. Many occurrences have tended powerfully to change that conception, and it is really significant that some of the largest and shrewdest investors in the country are turning to things whose value depends solely upon actual good-will—no corner on any natural resource; no monopoly, but the freest competition; no advantage anywhere except in a superior selling policy. It means that, in the opinion of the very best judges, when you have an actual good-will, so that people trade with you because they choose to, and prefer trading with you to trading with anybody else, you have something that beats a coal mine!

The Steel Trust is popularly regarded as our prize monopoly—though it has only about fifty per cent of the trade in its line; but the very first important move the trust made was in the direction of cultivating real good-will. On one side it was open to unlimited competition. A railroad might be forced to come to the trust for its rails; but a man with ten thousand dollars to put into stocks was under no obligation whatever to buy Steel. And unfortunately selling stocks was quite as much a part of the trust's general purpose as selling rails. The gentlemen who dominated it not only had one hand on the mills and the other on the Stock Exchange, but for the latter they used the right hand.

So on this relatively unprotected side the trust immediately began cultivating good-will. Soon after organization it issued a preliminary report to stockholders that showed precisely how the stock had been appropriated, and contained a paragraph that excited considerable surprise—though it has since been forgotten and then raked up from time to time by various investigating bodies as though it were a new discovery.

This paragraph recited exactly how many shares of the common and preferred stock went to the Morgan underwriting syndicate, and stated explicitly that the proceeds of this stock, after paying some three million dollars of organization expenses, constituted the syndicate's profit.

Formerly, though the facts might be substantially well known, a polite little veil of secrecy had generally been thrown round promoters' profits. That was supposed to be something that should not be mentioned except among friends. Of course promoters' profits in the Steel case were enormous; but there they were, stated and published with the greatest exactness. It was part of the policy of cultivating good-will among persons with money to put into stocks; and from the beginning the trust published reports of its condition and operations in great detail—understanding that the basis of all genuine good-will must be openness and truth.

I do not intimate that the trust has not striven to cultivate genuine good-will on the trade side too; but the other thing stood in such marked contrast to the usual policy of industrials at that time that it excited very general remark and set a new standard—the usual policy consisting in concealing everything that a stockbuyer might reasonably wish to know until long after the knowledge would do him any good.

Mere raw monopoly, which was deemed so important as a basis of business security a dozen years ago, is steadily playing out. Experience, in fact, tends to make it more and more questionable whether there can be any actual business security that is not based on actual good-will.

Public-utility companies, especially street railroads, furnish an interesting example; for they are almost always monopolies. In the nineties North Chicago Street Railroad stock sold at four hundred dollars a share and West Chicago Street Railroad stock near two hundred dollars a share. Both companies were dominated by a man of great personal power, since dead. He gave the public an exceptionally rotten service and offended it in various other ways, by mixing injuriously in city politics and taking a general attitude that the street railroads were his own business.

Of course there was much complaint, and both companies had originally derived their right to operate in the streets from the city council. But away back, before the state constitution was changed, an excessively complaisant legislature had passed an act extending the companies' franchises for ninety-nine years. Very able lawyers had examined this act from time to time and always pronounced it unquestionably valid. An able judge of the United States Circuit Court upheld it.

So it seemed that the city was virtually powerless for the whole life of that generation and most of the next. The street-car service grew steadily worse until it became unspeakable; in other respects public opinion was treated with much contempt. Indignation waxed higher and hotter, but there was the ninety-nine-year act—an impregnable rampart from behind which stockholders might view the storm with considerable complacence. Then the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision that knocked the ninety-nine-year act into a cocked hat, and values built on bogus good-will melted away. There are various other angles to the story; but it constitutes one of the earliest and most impressive illustrations of the fact that a stockholder in a public-service concern which is at war with the community it serves is at sea in a leaky tub, with a falling barometer. There may be franchises and acts of legislature and constitutional guaranties, and various other legal bulwarks; but unless there is real good-will—or at least an absence of ill-will—the security is dubious.

Incidentally it is doubtful whether the Supreme Court would have rendered the same decision on the ninety-nine-year act if the case had come before it a dozen years earlier. That is only one of a great many decisions which show that the breath of the times pervades even the highest court. In other decisions security-holders who depended on some fancied legal barrier between themselves and popular resentment have had their hopes bitterly disappointed. Taking it by and large, the highest court has been pretty steadily deciding for half a dozen years or more that corporations ought to cultivate real good-will.

Returning to Chicago, stockholders found peace only when the street railroads were thoroughly reorganized, the basic idea of the reorganization being active cultivation of real good-will—by vastly improved service and constant appeals for public approval, even including expensive whole-page advertisements begging ladies please not to fall off the cars backward!

The Lions of the Past the Lambs of the Present

SECURITY-HOLDERS in Philadelphia street railroads have been enjoying much the same chastening but ultimately enlightening experiences. Many other instances more or less to the point, including the horrible wreck of the Metropolitan Street Railroad in New York, with vast loss to innocent security-holders, might be cited to show that public ill-will is a danger signal for stockholders.

Probably most persons past the flush of youth have noted the greatly changed attitude of some public-service companies in recent years and how assiduously the best-managed ones now cultivate genuine good-will. I remember very well when discriminating persons, who felt positively obliged to complain of the gas service, made their complaints in writing instead of going down personally to the office and being personally kicked out of a tenth-story window! And I have lived to see the same gas company prepared—at a moment's notice—to send the second vice-president up in a limousine to show the cook just how much heat she should have in the oven in order to bake pie properly. The electric-light company, which formerly regarded you with such deep suspicion that it would not turn on the current until you made a substantial cash deposit, will now almost lend you money with which to buy the fixtures.

A dozen or more states, following the honorable example of Massachusetts, now have public-service commissions, with greater or less power of regulation over public-service concerns. When this Massachusetts habit began to spread the public-service companies fought it bitterly, and probably they have no affection for it now. Yet they are accepting it as a permanent condition of their business; and latterly the more enterprising of them have begun to appoint agents charged with the special duty of waiting on public-service commissions—not to lobby in the ordinary sense of that term, but to talk things over with them, find out what they want as representatives of the public and their reasons for wanting it, and to make careful reports to the directors of the company—all to avoid friction, to conciliate, to build up genuine good-will.

Wall Street, by the way, has not only sold a couple of billion dollars' worth of bogus good-will, but first and last it must have bought about a billion dollars' worth of

substantially the same article. With honorable exceptions the notion of establishing proper relations with the public that obtained there was to catch the public off its guard and then tell it a fat lie.

I refer, of course, to the underground press agent, whose value was supposed to consist in his ability to get matter favorable to various interests before the public in such shape that the public would never suspect its source. Personally I doubt whether any interest ever really got ten dollars' worth of genuine good-will in that way; but undoubtedly many interests have paid large sums in the belief that they were getting it. Probably in the long run distributing rotten news is no more profitable than selling rotten meat; but the enterprise seems to have its fascinations; and it testifies that even the most casehardened interest—however much it may pretend to the contrary—is really anxious to cultivate good-will.

It is easily demonstrable, however, that genuine good-will can never possibly be obtained except on a basis of full value received. You cannot enforce it with a club, or catch it—to keep—by a trick. Every man whose operations are really important has got to explain himself nowadays. Probably the earlier and franker the explanation the better it will be for him in the long run.

Every one, no doubt, will recall instances of gentlemen who long maintained an adamantine reserve respecting all their business affairs; but later on were found chatting with the public in a most friendly and loquacious manner. There was that tragic scene when E. H. Harriman—once impervious as armor-plate to reporters—came home to die, and called the reporters round his cot in order to give some of his waning strength to an extended conversation with them.

Perhaps Mr. Mellen, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, would not have to buy so much costly advertising space in order to explain himself now if he had been somewhat freer with explanations at an earlier stage; nor would pretty nearly everybody, from the Canadian line to the Potomac, be so eager to muckrake his railroad if it had been more careful to cultivate real good-will.

Any man whose operations are important, and who has a statement of public moment to make, can get it published by the simple expedient of sending for a reporter—which is pleasanter and in the long run, I believe, more profitable than seasoning the statement with equal parts of ground glass, poison and Paris green, and then trying to slip it to the public by the back door.

When the Public Plays the Banker

ONE reason why nearly every man whose operations are important has to explain himself nowadays is that he needs to borrow the public's money—or get the use of it in some form. Until recently, for example, the business of the Chicago packers, with one exception, was carefully shrouded in secrecy. Now all the big packers regularly publish statements of their earnings, operations and condition—primarily because they have issued bonds that have been sold to the public. Of course a very considerable social or public importance always attached to the operations of the big packers, as they largely controlled the country's meat supply. As mere feeders of the public they might keep silent, but as borrowers from the public they must tell what they are doing and how much profit they are making.

In fact, it is only with the great concentration of business in some lines that this new relationship between the public and the corporations has been growing up—bringing out the importance of genuine good-will.

The psychology of the thing, no doubt, is debatable; but probably it began on the investment side. A man who is borrowing money will naturally seek to cultivate the good-will of those from whom he borrows. With the great concentration and expansion of business of late years, more and more concerns go to the public for their capital in one way or another, because only the public has enough capital to supply them.

The big packers are an illustration. Twenty years ago their personal resources and private credit were sufficient to swing the business, and its details were a secret between the packers and the banks; but the business has outgrown the stage where even an Armour can finance it individually. The expedient thing in that case is to go to the public with an issue of bonds, which has been done. The result is greater publicity and a more open relationship with the public.

And then it has been discovered that a public interest—of a financial nature—in the business is a pretty comfortable thing. A corporation with several hundred or several thousand small scattered stockholders and bondholders feels that it cannot be entirely without friends beyond the walls of the directors' room. Most big corporations now wish to have the public as largely interested financially as possible. The Pennsylvania Railroad points with no more pride to its tonnage and passenger earnings than to its extensive army of small stockholders.

Oldtimers remember when even the railroads were quite secretive about their operations, generally furnishing meager information and that grudgingly. And a little while before that, in the palmy days of Gould and Fisk, a great railroad might put out a bushel-basketful of new stock over night and let holders of the old stock discover the fact a fortnight later.

No railroad would dare to do that now—not so much because laws prevent it as because it would ruin the road's credit with the investing public.

The telephone business is an illustration. It began as a tight and pretty raw little monopoly, relying mainly upon the club of its patent-right. As nobody could get a telephone without coming to it, the policy in a general way was to make the coming expensive. Rates were whatever the traffic would bear; and in the early days in large cities telephone stock paid one and two per cent a month in dividends. It was good while it lasted, but in the nature of things it could not last. With the pressure for expansion, a relatively small group of persons in Boston, New York or Chicago could no longer finance the concern. It was necessary to go to the public for money.

Taking all the Bell telephone companies in the United States and excluding all duplications between companies, we find that in 1885 the total capital stock and bonds outstanding amounted to forty-one million dollars. Ten years later this had grown to seventy-five millions; in another decade to three hundred and ninety millions; and by last year to seven hundred millions. To gather in a wad of that proportion it was necessary, of course, to go to the investing public. Meanwhile the number of Bell telephone users had grown from two hundred thousand to more than six million and a half. In short, here was a business practically owned by the public as well as serving the public; so why not recognize the fact and use every reasonable effort to establish a right and cordial public relationship?

It is exceedingly doubtful whether there is ultimate security for any business outside of a right public relationship. There is the melancholy instance of the express companies. A few years ago they were regarded, on the whole, as an inexhaustible gold mine; and they were duly buttressed by exclusive contracts with the railroads, which gave them a monopoly. Within a year one express stock has fallen from 217 to 140; another from par to 59; another from 151 to 115. They are still doing a large and profitable business; but the public became convinced that the express companies were not treating it with the consideration to which it was entitled, and nobody knows where they will come out when the public gets through expressing that opinion in a concrete form. Undoubtedly the monopolistic contracts will be a frail reed to lean upon.

Mere raw monopoly is playing out as a basis of security. Investors are discovering the fact, and every board of directors is sensitive to the temper of investors. Even the Government's anti-monopoly suits under the Sherman Law, however little they accomplish by way of turning back the economic clock of the world to the days when a million-dollar concern was exceptional, make investors nervous. They hate a clash with public opinion, even though it be only the opinion of thirty years ago mummified in a statute.

And they have some reason to do so. It is true the two famous dissolutions of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts resulted, on the whole, in a great appreciation in the market value of the properties; but this appreciation was distributed among the individual stocks with astonishing unevenness.

For example, thirty-six stocks, formerly represented by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, are now regularly quoted on the curb. One of these stocks advanced last year from 250 to 780 and at this writing sells at 690. Another advanced last year from 500 to 1850 and now sells at 1675. Another advanced last year from 150 to 1000 and now sells at 375. Another went from 400 to 925 and now sells at 900. But, at the same time, another of these stocks advanced from 60 only to 100; another from 125 only to 150—and so on. In short, as these thirty-six stocks were gyrating like a basketful of leaves in a powerful wind-eddy, an outside stockholder must have been considerably bewildered and with very little notion as to what any particular stock was really worth. It is not a comfortable situation for an outside stockholder.

In the Tobacco dissolution there was at least one piece of bedrock. Affiliated with the trust was a great system of little retail tobacco shops extending all over the country. This system of retail shops had been built up by a merchant of unusual ability, who understood the art of selling things—always carefully choosing his locations, even to the point of stationing men to count the number of persons passing a given point in a certain time; making the shops attractive; insisting on courteous service—and so on.

Gigantic Fortunes From Retail Shops

WHEN the trust dissolved it was a common opinion that this system of retail shops was about the best thing it had—not because United Cigar Stores could maintain itself by any monopolistic advantage, but because it had got some millions of people into the habit of trading with it. And, in fact, United Cigar Stores presently paid a stock dividend of two hundred per cent!

Of course there have always been plenty of examples of the cash value of actual good-will. Wanamaker and Field, for instance, built up great businesses by intelligent cultivation of good-will. The latter used to say: "The customer is always right!" And he made a very tidy fortune by running his store as though he believed it.

I am decidedly of opinion, however, that until recently this sort of actual good-will was considered a rather minor thing—merely a retailer's asset; but retailing is not "merely" any more. It has been discovered that money may be derived in as large chunks from selling things as from making them; and the old notion that a wholesaler must be rather superior to a retailer has been upset. It is said that one of the differences between Field and Leiter—which finally resulted in dissolution of the firm—arose from the latter's insistence that the retail end of their business be disposed of as being beneath their dignity; but there are few wholesalers now who do not take off their hats when they enter a big city department store, and, broadly speaking, retailing means good-will or failure.

Some of the tidiest pots of cash big business has looked upon of late have been accumulated by salesmanship, which is mainly only another name for the art of cultivating good-will. A gum pedler with little capital, but with a superior idea for selling that article, built up a business with a market value of sixteen or seventeen million dollars. A mail-order house, reorganizing a few years ago with nine million dollars of assets, is now valued in the market at ninety-five million—all the result of its unusual ability to sell things. A chain of five and ten cent stores, beginning with a single little shop in a small city, now has a market valuation of seventy million dollars, simply because the founder knew how to get people to trade with him from choice.

Within a year, or a little more, there have been several very successful promotions in Wall Street of concerns that were primarily organizations to sell things, the success of which had been made by ability to establish genuine good-will. *(Concluded on Page 43)*

THE BACK SEAT

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Fanny Told Him Frankly That If Ever He Had Been Fit to be a Public Servant, He Was So No Longer

SHE had always taken the back seat. That she must some day divide somewhere between twenty and fifty millions with her brilliant and beautiful brother did not matter. She had always taken—she would always take—the back seat.

It just happened so. A shy baby, she would be a shy grandmother. She was a nice, honest girl, but she wasn't attractive, and she hadn't the art to make up for this by pushing herself forward and being important and self-assertive. Physically she was sound enough, but not well proportioned, and, as to her face, plain. Even the most hardened and gallant newspaper could never have begun an article about her with such words as: "Pretty sixteen-year-old Fanny Ludlow ——"

She was far from pretty. She was short and stocky. Her neck was not long enough. Her hair was just hair. Her teeth were strong and sound, but not white. She had a decided inclination to freckle and yielded to it. She was near-sighted and wore thick lenses over her eyes. If she had been a shopgirl earning six dollars a week nobody would ever have tempted her to retire into guilty splendor.

The American woman of fancy and of fact is a lovely creature. The exceptions to this rule are sufficient to prove it. Fanny Ludlow was one of these exceptions. But she was so rich potentially that she had to be considered. She had to be cringed to, kotowed to, sought in friendship, sought in marriage.

It is commonly supposed that money makes all the difference between a rich girl and a poor girl; but this is not so, because there are so very, very many ways of being rich. And Fanny was rich in only the one.

Show dogs, show houses, French underclothes, French outerclothes, hats, wraps, and the like, pearls and diamonds, English sporting clothes, rare books, boots and shoes that were works of art, servants to fetch and carry for her, gardens—all these things she had galore, added to more money than she knew how to spend. But one gleam of those qualities that cause a young man to long for the privilege of drinking champagne out of some young woman's slipper she did not have.

And so she was poor.

But she had plenty of common sense. She saw herself precisely as others saw her—saw that she was honest and generous; saw that she was thick-set and stocky and unattractive; and saw after a while, with a pang like the plunging into her heart of a red-hot poker, that she was never going to be loved for herself alone.

One night—she was seventeen—her father had a lot of neighbors to dinner, and after dinner who should drop in quite casually out of the June night but little Dvorlash, the Polish gipsy, with his father Big Dvorlash and his fiddle. It cost Fanny's father a thousand dollars to have the pair drop in so casually out of the June night—but this did not hurt their playing.

Big Dvorlash dropped his dirty blacksmith hands on the clean keys of the grand piano, and little Dvorlash hugged his fiddle and drew the bow across the strings and tossed the long, dirty hair back from his forehead—and became a god.

They made what Johnny Tombs called cocktail music, for which his recipe was "two-thirds laughter, one-sixth tears and one-sixth madness." They were the greatest matchmakers—and breakers—in the world. Their music drove hesitating couples into the nearest conservatories or gardens and, just like cocktails, caused them to tell secrets.

Fanny left the big living room, because she was afraid that she was going to cry or scream or make herself prominent in some way, and she went where the roses were thickest and sat down on a bench of white marble, and bit her lips to keep from crying. Even when alone she fought against crying, because when she cried she made dreadful gulpy and nosey noises that carried a long way and were dreadfully unattractive.

Presently a couple of hesitators were driven by the music into the garden. Fanny kept creepy-mouse still, not because she was a mean little eavesdropper, but because her nerves were under high tension, and she knew that if she spoke to anybody she would have hysterics.

The lovers came ever so close without speaking. The girl, as Fanny knew, hadn't a cent to her name; the man hadn't more than two good coats to his back. But when at last they began to speak to each other, Fanny knew that they were far, far richer than she.

And when they melted into each other's arms, and clung and kissed and pressed cheeks, and passed on out of sight and hearing deeper into the gardens, she was neither shocked nor scandalized, but only terribly and selfishly unhappy.

She left her bench and went a long way as fast as she could without being noisy, and came to the river where the hemlocks were thick as thieves and old as the hills. There she leaned against one of the great stems, and made noises that were a combination of a cow-moose calling to her calf and of Niobe when she wept at every pore.

Meanwhile, in the living room all the gentlemen were getting terribly thirsty. There was a reason for this. Little Dvorlash had grown thirsty; so had big Dvorlash; and so little Dvorlash had nodded to big Dvorlash, and they had burst forth into the thirstiest drinking song without words that was ever played. And it played everybody into the dining room where the champagne was, and little Dvorlash, still playing and dancing as he went, brought up the rear of the procession, together with Big Dvorlash, who snapped time with his giant fingers and stamped out the accents with his giant feet and with sudden wild cries of "Uha! Uha!"

The guests saw Fanny no more that night; nor did she see herself. She went to bed without calling her maid and without looking into any mirror. And she got into a very beautifully frilly French nightgown, and knew that even in that she didn't look alluring. And under a sheet she hid her stocky thick-set self—even from the eyes of the night.

She was unhappy and she was ashamed. She was unhappy because what she wanted could never come to pass; and she was ashamed because of the thing that she wanted, namely, to be loved. And by being loved, as she now understood the word, she meant to be hugged and kissed and darlinged and called beautiful and worshiped and tempted. And something kept telling her that these things could never, never come to pass. "And oh," she thought, "as far as love goes, I've just got to take a back seat, and I don't want to!"

II

MR. J. B. CAVENDISH was just twice her age. While they were engaged he dropped the J. and prolonged the B. So that when they came out of the church all the newspapers spoke of them as Mr. and Mrs. Beekman-Cavendish.

It is well known in this country that all men are equal. Nevertheless, Beekman-Cavendish did not have quite such a wellbred way of speaking as Mr. Jack Bradfield, the gambler, say; or quite such good manners as Prudhomme, the head-waiter; or quite such a wise eye for art as Snelling, the stockbroker. And so he must have made up his equality in other ways. He was thin and tall and earnest. He had never smoked. He saw no harm in going to church, though it may be doubted if upon a desert island, without witnesses, he would have been very religious. He was handsome in a thin-featured, cold way. And he must have concealed about him many little talents and touches of genius; for the minute he was married to Fanny people began to speak of his wonderful cleverness and his great promise.

Beekman-Cavendish was no mere heiress-hunter. He had worked hard along narrow lines, and he had achieved a narrow, hard-won success. He had always been a good citizen. He always would be. If Fanny had had no money at all he could have supported her. But would he? Would he have married her in that case? No. We must admit that to these questions what we know of his character is unable to return an affirmative answer.

If he loved Fanny it was the whole Fanny that he loved, not just the shell, not just the plain, common-sense, romantic-inside Fanny, but the Fanny to whom were added as an integral part many millions of dollars. Had she known this when she had consented to marry him, or had he won her consent during a whirlwind of crocodile passion?

The truth of the matter is this: He got her alone and made a desperate effort to play the crocodile. She cut him short; said that she knew that no man would ever have a grand passion for her, and that if Cavendish wished to retain her respect he must tread a different measure. He did at once. He told her quite frankly why he wanted to marry her. He made her believe—and it was the truth—that he had no vices, a great deal of honest ambition, and

"Harry, I Suppose You Know That Mr. Cavendish Could Not Possibly Get Along Without You?"

that he would always be kind to her. She put him on probation for a year. During that year he was always in attendance, unswervingly kind and tactful, always did or thought the high-minded thing, and succeeded in winning her lasting affection, her hand and her millions.

He had promised her that he would not remain unknown. He kept that promise. A heavy contribution to the campaign fund of his party, when it was in sore need, made the incoming president think so highly of his financial ability that he offered him a seat in his cabinet. Beekman-Cavendish was no fool. He refused. And the country pointed to him as to one of its most distinguished and most disinterested patriots. Four years later the secretaryship of the treasury was again offered to him. This time he put duty ahead of desire. He said so in print; and everybody believed him. He said that whereas it was his desire to lead the quiet, unassuming life of a private citizen—and then some good things about the limelights that play on thrones and crickets on hearths—nevertheless, realizing that the financial condition of the country was actually precarious, he could not but listen to the clamor, and so forth, and so forth, that called him to the forefront of affairs.

Thanks to his wife's millions he knew very well that the country was going to have a great wave of prosperity. It came during the years that he held office, and was a great credit to him, and enabled him incidentally to double his wife's fortune and to become a rich man in his own right. Meanwhile the stocky and thick-set Fanny had borne him five healthy children. The oldest, a girl, promised to hark back to some ancestor who had been attractive. The four boys were near-sighted like their mother, but it seemed as if they might one day partake also of their father's far-sightedness.

It had never been Fanny's wish to be prominent as a hostess. It was one of those duties which her husband's prominence and success thrust upon her. He had leased a great house for her in Washington, and he spent money like water. She must have people—people all the time, he said. And she fought against her shyness and had people to lunch and to dinner, and gave musicals and dances, and kept her house full of hot-house flowers, and rare wines, and delicious foods, and ambassadors, and senators, and cabinet officers, and chairmen of committees, and highlights of Washington society—and even mere grovelling congressmen.

Now all this constant, unremitting entertainment kept her so busy that she hadn't time to be shy. Seated in the back seat—at the head of her table—and all dressed-up and jeweled and kotowed to, she had to talk and she had to be somebody. She had to share willy-nilly in her husband's importance, and she had to pick up this and that about politics and statecraft. And all sorts of people who came to her husband seeking favors were turned over to her, and she learned to stand between him and the great white light of being prominent when he didn't want to be. And she had to laugh at the stories to which he treated each new set of guests, as if she were hearing them for the first time. And she had to look happy and pleased and prepared to sit out half the night with any bore, when her heart was upstairs with the baby and his sudden rise of temperature.

One night a great amateur of music came to dine. He was a great, tall Englishman who made you think of one of Arthur's Knights. And he sat at her right hand and her heart went right out to him. And she became wonderfully happy and animated. Have I said that she had a low and sweet speaking voice? If you had heard her only and not seen her, you would have said at once: "What a charming woman!" But you saw her—and to see she became less attractive with the years. She wore beautiful clothes, but she dressed badly; and all the rice powder in France couldn't have concealed the tendency of her nose to freckle. And then there were the thick eyeglasses that she had to wear, and the sound teeth that weren't white, and the short neck, and all and all. But Sir John heard only the low sweet voice, a little shy, a little nervous, in his ear; and his great heart of a knight went right out to her, and his mind endowed her person with all the beauties of angels. But how could he do this, sitting next her at the brightly lighted table, his eyes turned toward her? He could do it, because he was blind as a stone. He could never see her as she was, only as his mind saw her. If the King of England had told him that she was ugly, he would not have believed.

He was in Washington for a week only. They met five times. To be together was rest and happiness. But she grew very tired with being awake and thinking about him. It had come, the great experience that couldn't possibly come. A man loved her with all his heart and thought that she was beautiful. That he couldn't see her did not matter in the least; for he never could. "Oh," she thought, "why didn't I wait? Why did I believe this was impossible for me? Why did I compromise with nature, and throw away all my chances of happiness in this world and the next?" And she wept bitterly. And she wept silently. And this was a miracle, for never before had she been able to cry without noise.

They parted without having declared themselves to each other; and for a time life was as dust in her mouth. Half a dozen months passed, and she had news of his death somewhere in South California. A little later a photograph of him came by registered mail. There was no writing on it or with it; nothing but the likeness of her blind knight. And her romance was all over.

"They are Saying That Your Poor Husband Killed Himself Over the Mexican Trouble. We Mustn't Rob Him of That Glory, Must We?"

But by no means the effect of it upon her future life. She had had that which is owing to all women, whether they are plain or beautiful. And the experience and the tragic triumph of it caused her nature to change in subtle ways. It was as if she had gone to bed nobody and risen up somebody. People who came to the house realized this change without realizing that they did. Old men brought her state secrets and public worries. Young men brought her ambitions and love affairs. And women gave her their friendship. She was no longer an ugly, dumpy little woman oppressed with grandeur and millions. She was a low, sweet voice and a benignant, honest, understanding mind. Into the new depths of her character the unprepossessing personality had sunk and vanished. You never thought about her looks any more, or the expensive clothes in which she was so badly dressed. You thought rather: "What a fine and friendly person!"

At this time it began to be whispered—not, of course, in the newspapers, which still gloried in Beekman-Cavendish, the great secretary, the prince of entertainers, but among wise men in high places—that all that glitters is not necessarily gold. It was whispered that Beekman-Cavendish was not really a great man, not really a continent man, nor a temperate one. It was whispered that he had in his employ a young man who in the pregnant American was "the whole show." That he himself was nothing but a press agent backed by unlimited means. That he had not achieved greatness, or been born great, or had it thrust upon him, but that he had advertised himself into it. It was whispered further that he was much too fond of the ladies and that he was a secret drinker.

These things, then, were whispered less as facts than as amusing and plausible speculations. But Fanny for a long time now had known them to be facts. The thought of other women did not make her jealous. It hurt her pride merely and disgusted her. The secret drinking troubled her immensely, for it was pretty sure, sooner or later, to lead to open scandal.

From the first Beekman-Cavendish had taken a great pride in giving his guests the most delicious wines that money could buy; and, although not a drinking man, he developed gradually into a most accomplished taster and buyer. The pleasure of discriminating tasting grew upon him, and one day he came from his cellars quite drunk and foolish. Nobody saw him in this condition, and he had the good sense left to go to his room and sleep it off. On another occasion Fanny found him sleeping heavily and not to be waked. Having a perfectly innocent mind, she sent for the doctor. News of the great man's illness and of the doctor's coming leaked out through the servants' quarters, and it became current gossip that he had a disposition toward heart trouble. Overwork, said the newspapers, was all that was the matter with their great man. And he went from bad to worse. He learned to drink more and to carry his liquor better. Nobody of his own sex ever saw him take a drink, but it was seldom too early in the morning for him to have had several. Fortunately he had the young secretary, Harry Brand, to see that he did not make an official fool of himself; and he had all the reporters and correspondents to keep his greatness ever in the public eye.

His party was again elected into power, and Beekman-Cavendish was offered the portfolio of state. An anxious country and a more legitimately anxious wife hung upon his answer. Fanny begged him not to accept. She told him frankly that if ever he had been fit to be a public servant, he was so no longer. "Suppose anything happened to Harry Brand," she said, "what could you do?"

She didn't mince matters in the least, and she gave the great man an evil half-hour. But he would not listen to common sense, for he was also drunk with his own position and greatness.

He let the public know that it was once more his dearest wish to retire into private life, to "cultivate his acres," to "read the works of master minds," to "listen to the cricket on the hearth"; but since duty once more called him to the helm, and so on, and so on.

"Harry," said Mrs. Beekman-Cavendish to her husband's invaluable secretary, "I suppose you know that Mr. Cavendish could not possibly get along without you?"

Harry Brand looked surprised, almost bewildered. This was his way of saying that he knew it very well—indeed rather better than anybody else could know it.

"I wish," Mrs. Cavendish said, hesitating a little, "that in the future you would talk everything over with me too. I will make it my business to understand. You see you might get sick, or married, or something, and then—there ought to be two of us."

Harry Brand smiled very winningly. "I'll tell you anything I know," he said, "and give you books to read, if you like. I—I think I understand you very exactly, Mrs. Cavendish."

"Is it," she said, "going to be very hard?"

He shook his head and laughed.

(Continued on Page 65)

The Grand Tour in America

By A. C. LAUT

The Big Tree "Agassiz." Badly Burned at Butt

IN THE old Colonial days of the South, and even yet in Great Britain, no education would be considered complete without the final touching up of the grand tour of the Continent. Youngsters from New England, from Virginia and from Old Mexico were sent home in specially chartered sailing vessels, slavers, tobacco ships, Spanish caravels, or on that fleet of deep-sea cruisers scouring the seas for the Boston and Salem men.

My young gentleman had scarcely doffed his doublet and donned his satins before he was fairly deluged with prints of how to take the grand tour. You could tramp it, as Tennyson and Ruskin did in Spain; or you could stage it; or, if your purse permitted, you could have coach-and-four and do it in style from Paris to Rome, or Spain to Italy—a fashion that most of the young Spanish dons and Virginians affected, to the subsequent burden of the American plantations.

We are doing the very same things in another way today; and you have scarcely doffed your weak sea-knees and donned your land-legs before you are deluged every breakfast-time mail with circular offers of personally conducted grand tours from Paris to Cairo. The thing has been organized—not into a trust, but into a militant Continental campaign. The traffic agents are given more liberal commissions on tickets sold to Europe than to the American West.

It begins about Christmastime. Then you get the first luring circulars of special steamer tours; charges are cheaper—seemingly—than staying at home. You bite, and answer a circular in a self-addressed stamped envelope—no expense at all to inquire. An agent calls. You buy a ticket abroad—then, after that, the deluge! You get circulars of hotels and baths and tours and cures to every spot in Europe. The steamboat man passes you on to the hotel man—the hotel man of London to his brother of the waxed mustache in Paris; and so it goes until you find yourself some morning in Egypt. You can do it cheaply, or you can do it dearly.

I have friends who have done Italy for six months on five hundred dollars, and other friends who spent two thousand dollars on the same tour in two months. And always the circulars keep piling in on you, luring you farther; and it is not until you have done it two or three times that you decide you have been the innocent victim of an organized and clever conspiracy. Surreptitiously, dexterously, secretly, suavely, painlessly and politely, you have been passed on from London to Cairo. The thing is not a trust. It is a militant Continental campaign for the promotion of travel in Europe to the tune of two hundred million dollars a year profit from American pocketbooks alone.

One of the recent slack years of travel, when sixty thousand Americans bought round-trip tickets to the West, one hundred and twenty thousand Americans bought round-trip tickets to Europe. You cannot make the round trip West much under four hundred or five hundred dollars; and you cannot make the round trip to Europe much under six hundred dollars. Indeed, if you average the big spendings with the little spendings in Europe the total is nearer two thousand dollars. Figure up the totals for yourself!

Did it ever strike you as anomalous that, where there are countless grand tours to Europe, there are practically no organized grand tours to the American West? The system in Europe is a clearing house for all travel. What clearing house—organized help to travelers—have we for our West? You hesitate about where to go in Europe—a thousand circulars are thrust into your hands; countless voices advise the way. Americans are lavish spenders when traveling. Why don't they spend at home?

When you ask yourself that question sit down with a pencil and do something! Take a travel edition of a big Sunday paper! Count up the number of personally conducted tours abroad that are advertised. Then count the number of personally conducted tours to the American West. The proportion stands about two to one. Why? Is it that we simply have not organized a clearing house for travel in America; or is it that we have no grand tours?

Palestine In Arizona

NOW do not begin talking about pyramids and mummies, and history and mystery and mysticism, and churches and ruins! We have pyramids and mummies and mystery and ruins and history of our own—only most of us do not know our own history as well as we know European history.

For instance, down on the Gila—pronounced Heela—which is a second Grand Cañon, you find the mummied remains of a dwarf race not three feet tall; and the Gila is only sixty miles off a main transcontinental line. Strike into San Antonio and cross to the Pacific, and up the Pacific from San Diego to San Francisco. You will pass a string of ancient missions dating back to 1540!

PHOTO. BY PUTNAM & VALENTINE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Grand Canon of the Colorado

At the Top of Mount Baker

"Oh, yes—ruined adobe, whitewashed and paraded off at so much per!" you say. Not a bit of it!

Shut your eyes and come with me to San Xavier, outside Tucson. You dip into a valley and come up into the smoking desert heat, where the giant cacti stand like century ghosts. Now open your eyes just as the car swerves up across the Papago Reserve. Is this America or Palestine? Maidens stand at the well with jars of water on their heads. Strings of red chilli hang against the pinkish gray walls that glare in the sun—then you see it—white-domed, twin-towered, shimmering and unreal, a gorgeous pile more like a Hindu temple than a frontier mission! And in that old church, which stood open to the bats and the winds of heaven for seventy years, you will find mural drawings executed by artists who came from the courts of Bavaria in the sixteen-hundreds.

The artist monks were stabbed, strangled, garroted on their own altar stairs. Know anything more historic than that in Europe?

Let us see what grand tours there are in the West and how you can make them. You cannot go with outriders and four as they did in the old days. There are only a few of the National Parks where you can stage it and tally-ho; but, generally speaking, you can make the entire circuit of the grand tour in one of four ways, or a combination of all four: You can go by train to the edge of pretty nearly everything worth seeing. Or you can motor. Or you can drive right into the heart of things in a democrat. Or you can ride to the very tiptop of things on horseback. If you do not own a motor you can hire one on the spot. As to a wagon, you can rent that or enter yourself as a stage passenger; and the hotels and camps where you stop will provide saddle horses for the narrow, hard trails.

The round-trip tourist ticket West today usually sells at one hundred and five dollars from New York and back, good for from six weeks to three months. Add your Pullman to that, and your meals; and I think you will find train travel, including fare, will run from six to eight dollars a day for the time you are in the cars. Hotel fare for the very best will run at about five dollars unless you take a suite of rooms. There will be places where you can keep your hotel charges comfortably down to three dollars a day. For instance, in the Pacific Coast cities and many of the Rocky Mountain cities, you can get a room and

bath for two dollars for one person. If there are two persons in one room the charge will be one dollar and seventy-five cents each. A table d'hôte breakfast and luncheon will run from fifty to seventy cents.

Dinner à la carte will be just what you make it, though one system of hotels, belting across the continent, still keeps the old style of a straight one-dollar charge for each meal; but you don't need to pay even these prices for good meals. One night, in one of the best hotels of Los Angeles, I had to foot a bill of one dollar and ninety cents for a plain course dinner. Just to see what the difference would be, the next night I went out to a good lunchroom—one of the restaurants where you wait on yourself and have little checks for each helping put on your plate. For precisely the same dinner, equally well cooked, the total was thirty-seven cents; so if you and a friend get a room for one dollar and seventy-five cents each you can keep your hotel charges down to a little over three dollars a day. To this should be added extras—taxicabs, and so on—which you can make as big or as little as you like.

COURTESY OF BAILEY WILLIS, U. S. GEOL. SURVEY

Watterton Lake, Glacier Park, Near Canadian Boundary

When you have to pay four or five dollars a day for mules and guides in some of the resorts it is going to run your daily total up to ten dollars; and frankly, where the daily total for mere travel runs up to ten dollars I think that total helps to explain why two Americans go abroad for one who visits his own West. Americans are lavish spenders; but out of one hundred and twenty thousand people only a small percentage can with ease spend more than ten dollars a day. Another point about hotels in the West: You know when abroad you can obtain first-class accommodation in a second-rate house for a second-rate price. You can't do that in the Western states. I have tried it repeatedly at a loss.

What It Costs to Escape From the Hotel

TO ILLUSTRATE: You want a room and bath—or if you don't you should after crossing the desert. At a first-class house—I mean the very best house in San Francisco or Los Angeles or San Diego—you will get a room and bath at from one dollar and seventy-five cents to three dollars a day. Go to one of the cheaper houses and ask for the same class of room and bath. Being the top-notch accommodation in the cheap house, they will charge you two dollars and fifty cents or three dollars for a stuffy room with an old-fashioned, dark bathroom. A still cheaper room and bath may be obtained at rooming houses; but the average traveler on the wing has no time to hunt up a first-class rooming house. There again Europe has us beaten. On every hand are directions to good and cheap rooming houses for transients. We are so busy in our West we do not care a stiver whether tourists come or go. The only receiving committee for passers-by in the West today is the real-estate boomer.

There is another toll that totals heavily against the transient, which is not wise on the part of our West; and when you analyze it, it is nothing but a gentle game of graft, like the extras for soap and towels and coals—note the coals; they sell you so few you can count them—in Continental resorts. You may be quite willing to travel in a handbag and bathe in a teacup; but after you have taken some of the hard trips on the grand tour of our West—a mountain climb, for instance—you will need your trunk and bag in the hotel at intervals. Very well; for that trunk and bag the charge will be one dollar each way.

You have arrived, perhaps, at midnight. In three of the big cities of the transcontinental tour, trains are so scheduled that you arrive at midnight; so you can't go on street cars, but must ride up in the hotel bus or cab. Add fifty cents more each way—or three dollars to get in and out of that city; and if you add twenty-five cents at each end for porter tips, the total is three dollars and fifty cents. In Europe you would carry your traps along with you in a shilling hansom. To the porters, who put the bags on and take them off, you give sixpence each. In other words, where it costs you three dollars and fifty cents a trip to escape from an American hotel in the West it costs you in Europe seventy-two cents, including tips.

Now when you make the grand tour of the American West you are going to stop at Denver and Salt Lake and Colorado Springs; at Albuquerque and Santa Fe and Grand Cañon; at San Diego and Los Angeles and San Francisco and Portland and Tacoma and Seattle—not to mention the entrance towns of the Yosemite and Yellowstone, Crater Lake and Tahoe and Glacier Park, Banff and Laggan, Glacier and Vancouver and Victoria. You multiply that three dollars and fifty cents by twenty-four different stops and you will realize why it should be seventy-two cents instead of three dollars and fifty cents. As I have crossed the continent six times in the last year, I think perhaps I know what that multiple total amounts to. It adds between seventy-five and one hundred dollars to every round-trip grand tour.

It is comical, too, when you try to beat out the game. I have tried it a dozen times. Here's my taxi—fifty to eighty cents, I've said. I'll have my trunk and bag put on—the bag inside, no charge; the trunk outside, twenty cents—total in and out of trains for baggage and bus, two dollars instead of three dollars and fifty cents. Don't you believe it! In the cities where the express charge is one dollar, the taxis have it rigged to charge forty cents for an outside trunk; so that by the time you have paid your tips—even small ones—you are paying three times more than you would have to pay in Europe; and when you are catching a train you can't stop to fight that kind of graft on the spot. If the city councils in the West—shouting their heads off for tourists—were wise they would smash those express and taxi charges down with a sledge-hammer.

Tipping at Home and Abroad

AS TO tips—will they total higher in Europe or in the West? Now you may talk your head off about "the principle of the thing" and "the iniquities of the tipping system." It is not the principle of the thing that concerns you when you are catching a train—it is the hurry of the thing! You must have your baggage quick—and you get it quick when you tip. It may all be very wrong; but is it as wrong as the selfishness of a woman who can afford a tip obstructing the passageway with bandboxes and birdcages and suitcases and shawlstraps? Americans may be the most chivalrous men on earth. There is not a man alive who would not rather tip a red cap to get that woman out of the way than wait and pother and load himself with her bundles from train to street car. When you talk principle, which end of the stick are you holding—your own or somebody else's? Selfishness or courtesy? In Europe you will tip sixpence at every turn. In America you will tip twenty and twenty-five cents at half as many turns.

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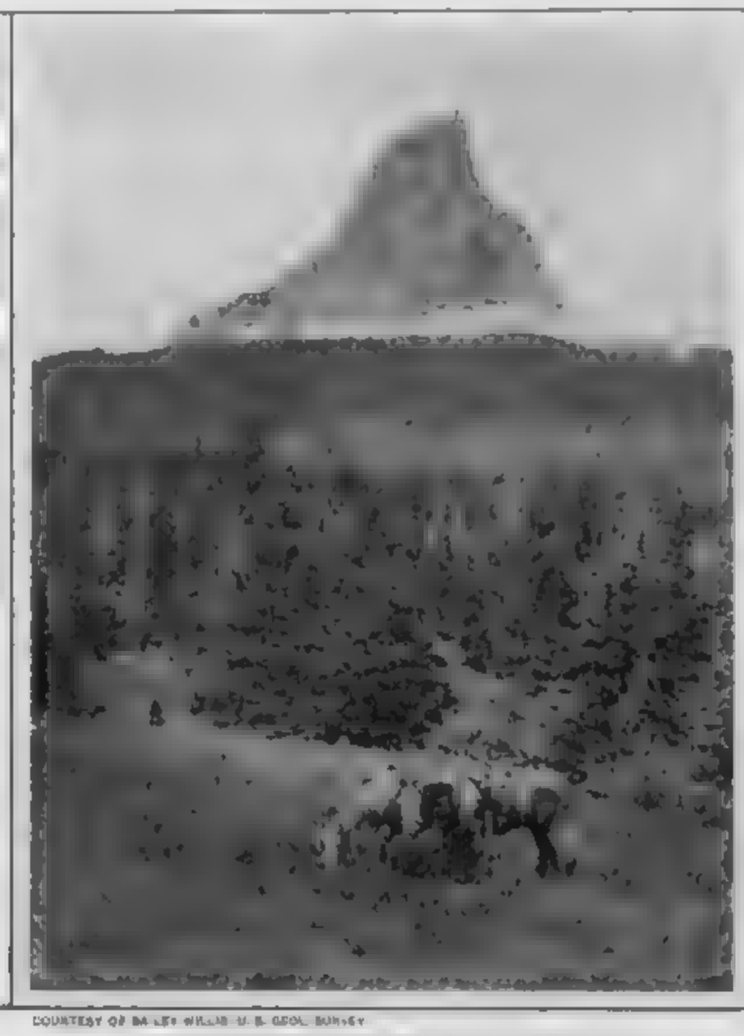
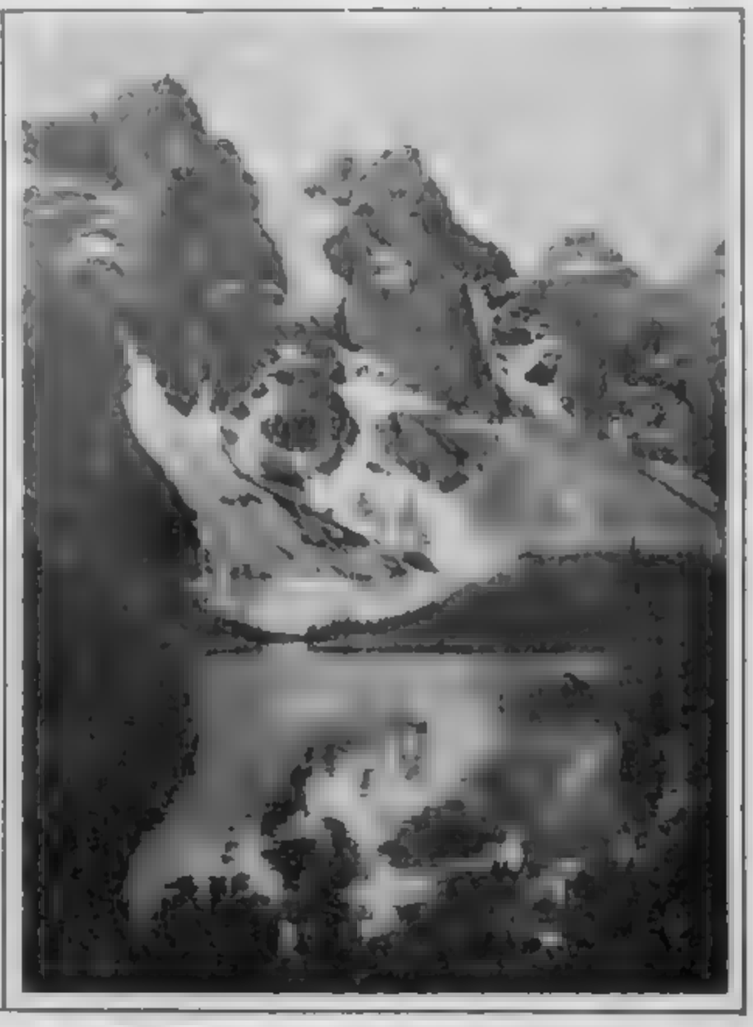
COURTESY OF BAILEY WILLIS, U. S. GEOL. SURVEY

A Typical View in Southern California



COURTESY OF BAILEY WILLIS, U. S. GEOL. SURVEY

Chief Mountain, Glacier Park, Montana



The Valley of the Ten Peaks, Laggan, Canada

APRIL'S LADY

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

I DON'T blame you for staring; she's the finest girl in the world!"

There was no doubt about it—I had stared! And turning guiltily, I found myself face to face with a small, slight woman who leaned upon an umbrella and gazed at me with frank curiosity. She wore a dingy raincoat and a plain cloth hat.

The place of this encounter was South Station, Boston, and the hour ten minutes before the departure of the one-seven for New York. I had just purchased a paper at the news-stand, and while waiting for change my eyes, roving the throng of hurrying pilgrims, rested upon a girl—a girl so handsome, so distinguished, that I had not scrupled to turn quite round and stare at her. I was chagrined to find that my bad manners had attracted the attention and evoked the comment of a stranger, but the appearance of the old lady, her tone, and her attitude quickly dispelled my displeasure.

The young lady was already passing through the gate into the trainshed. She was accompanied by a gentleman whom I assumed to be her father, a short, wiry little man who tripped jauntily beside her. Their luggage, borne ahead by a porter, was the worn impedimenta of accustomed travelers, and was gay with steamship and hotel labels. The girl seemed to carry the responsibility of their journey, for it was she who displayed the tickets to the gateman. The old lady apparently shared my interest and she remained beside me until they vanished down the long aisle to the express.

She produced from an ample sidepocket a handful of loosely crumpled bills, chose one, and handed it to a porter who stood near guarding her luggage, with instructions to buy a ticket to New York.

"There's a seat reserved," she said, "for Miss Octavia Hollister."

As she pronounced the name I looked at her more closely. It was incredible that in this incidental fashion I had met a woman whose vagaries were often described in the press, and whose benefactions had in a number of instances shown a curiously whimsical, not to say fantastical, turn of mind. The Hollister Refuge for Minor Poets and The Octavia House for Impoverished Millionaires had inspired much newspaper humor. Only recently she had endowed a Home for the Children of Truthful Plumbers, based, so I had read, upon the hypothesis that the offspring of trustworthy and veracious members of the plumbing guild must, from the mendacity universally attributed to that trade, be foredoomed to the poorhouse.

"You will pardon me for bringing myself to your attention," she remarked in a clear, resonant voice, "but something tells me that we are soon to become better acquainted; and as my life has been one long protest against convention I make it a rule to speak to any stranger who strikes my fancy. In this way I add greatly to the zest of life, and frequently meet with adventures that well repay me for the errors into which my intuitions occasionally betray me. From the look you bent upon that young lady—a glance that mingled perfect respect with the delight one of artistic temperament cannot conceal in the presence of the beautiful—I resolved to address you. I judge that you, too, are bound for New York, unless the dilatoriness of that porter causes us both to miss the express. Can it be possible that your seat is either thirteen or eleven in car six? I confess to a strong feeling that such may be the case."

I drew out my ticket and was astonished to find that it did indeed call for seat eleven in car six. Miss Hollister read the surprise in my face before I could speak; and when I held out the ticket she merely nodded, as though the reading of seat numbers in the pockets of strangers was nothing unusual. The porter returned with her ticket which she handed to me. It called for seat thirteen in car six! In the nature of my occupation, that of a nerve specialist, I am in the habit of discounting coincidences; but it was certainly odd that Miss Hollister had surmised that my seat would be either in front of hers or directly behind it. Her choice of seat thirteen, which I assumed to have been deliberate, was even more interesting to me professionally. In my book on Popular Superstitions I have thoroughly exploded the notion that fatality attends thirteen, together with the ladder superstition and other well-established fallacies of that order.

Miss Hollister seemed inclined to continue in my company, and as the Fates had evidently conspired to throw us together I hurried with her through the gates to the train. At the rear of car six I saw the young woman who had attracted my attention in the station, seated beside her companion, who, as the train started, swung his chair toward the window and devoted himself to the landscape.

I Was Seated Beside a Young Woman I Knew and Did Not Know

Miss Hollister surveyed the car with a comprehensive glance before taking her seat. As I was disposing of my hat and coat I caught what seemed to be an exchange of guarded nods, the slight bows of vague, uncertain recognition between her and the girl. This only mildly surprised me, as Miss Octavia Hollister's social position was, in spite of her eccentricities, indubitably established, and obviously the unknown girl had been born under the friendliest stars.

It was not until we had passed Providence that Miss Hollister spoke again, remarking that her only friends in the Rhode Island capital were the most improvident people she had ever known.

"Now that we are well started on our journey, may I trouble you to give me your name, occupation and place of residence?"

"Osgood Stewart, physician, specializing in nervous disorders. My home is Chicago. I have been in Boston delivering a course of lectures."

"Your statement," she began in her curious, stilted manner, "makes it all the more remarkable that we should have met at this particular time. And it may please you to know that I have known you for some time by reputation. Your Chats with Cheerful Goblins is in my library, and I not only have read it with profit, but have recommended it to friends, not merely as a sound contribution to science but for the charm of its style. You strike a much deeper note than Pinto, though the Italians have gone far in that direction; and the French Jailliet only twisted old fringes where you wove a new and sound fabric. It gives me the greatest pleasure to make your acquaintance!"

I could only murmur my appreciation. The light manner in which she had run off the names of the world's greatest authorities in demonology argued for a familiarity that was inexplicable in a layman. Pinto had never been translated, nor was Jailliet known outside the inner circle of alienists. My interest in Miss Hollister, already aroused, was immediately deepened. To her direct questioning I replied that I was not married; that I meant to spend a week in New York; and on severe cross-examination mentioned the names of people I knew well in that city.

"I assume," she said, when I had recited my brief and simple annals, "that I am not wholly unknown to you."

"On the contrary, Miss Hollister, your name is well known to me, and it is a great privilege to meet a lady whose good works are everywhere admired and praised."

In spite of myself I was adopting her high-flown way of speaking, a fact that seemed to amuse her. Behind her big glasses she appeared to be enjoying herself. Occasionally she pursed her lips as though to check a smile.

"Your words do me great honor; all the more in view of the fact that for years it has frequently been hinted by an ill-mannered press that I am a fit subject for treatment by gentlemen of your profession."

I laughed my assurances that I was unable to detect in her anything in the least disquieting. She expressed her gratitude and then remarked:

"I take it that you are not averse to another glance at the young woman who interested you in the station and who is sitting seven seats behind you. Would you mind telling me just how the gentleman beside her occupies himself?"

I turned as she directed. The girl was reading a magazine. Her companion had drawn the window-shade and lay back comfortably in his chair, sound asleep. There was something almost infantile in his face in repose.

"That gentleman," she said, "is my brother, Lorenz Hollister, and the young lady is my niece, his only daughter. And now, Doctor Stewart, permit me at this point to make a confession. Hearing that you were in Boston, I made a point of learning when you meant to leave the city and your destination. It is comparatively easy to follow the movements of a person as distinguished as yourself, and the porter who bought my ticket had been in touch with the diagram on which your reservation was noted and had pointed you out to me. My name had been penciled upon the diagram beside yours for two days; and I knew also that Lorenz and Edith were going to New York by this train. There you have it all in a nutshell. And I trust that you will pardon the care I exercised in making an opportunity for looking you over, before appealing to you in your professional capacity upon a matter of the greatest perplexity."

The words with which she ended this speech were uttered calmly, with no change of tone. If she were really in trouble and anxious for counsel, professional or otherwise, there was nothing in her manner to indicate it. She was plainly not a crank of any familiar species, nor was it clear just why she had taken such pains to attach herself to me.

"Yes, certainly, Miss Hollister; I am quite at your service," I murmured.

"You may think it strange that since boarding the train I have not communicated with my brother and niece. That is a sad story, Doctor Stewart. For a considerable period my brother has been pursuing phantoms—literally that. I hesitate to say that his reason has failed, but the signs are certainly disturbing. You doubtless know of The Hollisters, Limited, a corporation engaged in the manufacture of articles that have proved a boon and blessing to mankind. Lorenz and two other brothers founded the business. Lorenz has the inventive faculty highly developed. The corkless bottle and the ribless umbrella are among the most valuable of our patents. Lorenz broke down in trying to perfect a device for automatically bouncing encore fiends from theaters and concert halls. He spent a year attempting to make it operate also upon those misguided persons who applaud the opening chords of familiar numbers in operas and concerts, and his collapse was hastened by profound sorrow when a sample of the device, affixed to a chair in the Metropolitan Opera House, plunged into the cellar a cynical musical critic who was unfortunately suffering from chilblains and who, we learned from his lawyer, would never have spoiled the prelude of the Lucia Sextette by stamping his feet if it hadn't been for a spasm of irritation in his pedal extremities. Lorenz became the prey of many phobias, but the most malignant of these was the fear of ghosts. From the beginning of his troubles he has shown for me a curious antipathy, declining to recognize me in any way, and going so far as to refuse to allow Edith to visit me or have any intercourse with me whatever. He looked me over coolly in the station as I passed near him, but without the slightest sign of recognition. And by reason of this feeling Edith is compelled to

ignore me. She is, in fact, even as you see her there, virtually a prisoner. It is a strange, sad case; but I feel, doctor, that I am speaking to sympathetic and understanding ears. Meanwhile his business interests have suffered, and there is even now a conspiracy among the minor stockholders of the company to eject him from the presidency."

"But, Miss Hollister, such delusions are within the range of scientific aid. Just what have the doctors said about his case?"

"That, Doctor Stewart, is the saddest part of the story. May I ask whether you know Doctor Henry G. Bryson, an alienist of New York?"

"Yes," I replied shortly.

The thought of Bryson was immediately irritating. It was he who had encouraged the antics of a French medium who had for a time played upon the credulity of a number of eminent psychologists in American universities. After the exposure of that impostor, Bryson had advertised himself as the discoverer of a new system of psychotherapy, which was in fact a hodge-podge of rubbish that had long been discarded by all intelligent scientists. I recalled now that his expulsion had been proposed but defeated in the American Neurological Society. Miss Hollister's face had assumed a graver look than I had yet noted upon it.

"Your knowing Doctor Bryson simplifies everything. He wishes to marry my niece; and I am not sure"—she hesitated as though choosing her words carefully—"I have suspected that he was so manipulating my brother's case as to bring pressure to bear upon Edith. Instead of seeking to cure him of his delusion, Doctor Bryson is, I have come to believe, encouraging his pursuit of phantoms, while at the same time persuading Edith of his skill, and availing himself of his confidential relations as a physician to force his attentions upon the unfortunate patient's daughter. It is, as I believe your phrase goes, decidedly unethical."

"I should have a harsher word for it," I replied with asperity, noting down the aisle a profile that was exquisitely modeled, a gloved hand resting against a cheek that glowed with health. She lifted her head at the moment and our eyes met for an instant.

Now I have long flattered myself that I am a shrewd observer. Secrecy and dissimulation are among the major difficulties with which the neurologist must contend in his efforts at correct diagnosis. The eye must learn what neither patients nor their families will disclose. I speak of my cultivated sharpness of observation to justify my statement that as our eyes met Miss Edith Hollister smiled, the slightest, the most provokingly obscure of smiles.

Manifestly Miss Edith Hollister was not a young woman given to smiling at strange men. Nor on reflection could I positively affirm that the smile was not wholly impersonal, due to something in the tale she had been reading, or the memory of happier days, or attributable perhaps to a wistful yearning for the companionship of her Aunt Octavia. And yet as I analyzed that smile I could not free myself of a suspicion that I was the subject or the object of it. Until that instant I had considered Lorenz Hollister's case from a scientific angle only; but now his plight became a secondary matter; its primary interest lay in its effect and consequences upon his daughter.

"The case interests you, I can see that," said Miss Octavia, breaking in upon my reverie.

"I feel," I replied, "that the honor of my profession is at stake. Bryson, once a man of high reputation, has fallen into evil ways. Such a person is not from any standpoint worthy of your niece. The thought of her marrying him is abhorrent and hideous."

Miss Octavia touched my arm lightly and looked at me earnestly:

"Thank you more than I can say! You may not have heard that my brother and I had considered the gift of a large sum of money for the establishment of a permanent laboratory in which mental disorders may be studied. For a time we thought of entrusting that work to Doctor Bryson; but you can see ——"

My ejaculation of impatience clearly pleased her.

"I thank you again, Doctor Stewart. Lorenz and I wished to encourage particularly the treatment of unfortunates who in middle life lose their illusions. Metchnikoff and his clabber cure for old age fade before that thought! Ah! I see you take me at once! May I ask you, doctor, to tell me what this world would become if at middle age men and women could be reinoculated with the happy illusions of youth?"

"Heaven! Paradise!"

"Doctor Stewart," she said, in her most impressive manner, "it is a matter of the deepest gratification to me that you never fail to give the right answers to my questions. As it is far from my purpose to bore you, I shall now resume my reading of the advertisements in these periodicals. The Hollisters, Limited, spend millions a year in the purchase of space, and I have long been a student of the psychological problems relating to publicity. This full page of Eve handing Adam one of our ribless umbrellas, with no explanation but 'The Hollisters, Limited' printed in obscure type in the lower left-hand corner, is a scheme of my own that has well-nigh driven our competitors to despair."

I was less interested in this than in the fact that Lorenz Hollister had risen and was shaking his trousers down upon his preposterously short, thin legs. He took a cigar-case from his breastpocket, eyed the contents critically, smiled at his daughter and walked toward the smoker.

II

I FOUND him midway of the car, smoking a long black cigar, and reading with apparent enjoyment a copy of Punch. Though there is no reason why an American should not find amusement in Punch, I could not recall that I had ever before caught one in the act, and I noted the fact as perhaps worthy of professional consideration. Lorenz Hollister looked absurdly like his sister. He had the same wrinkled face and quizzical eyes, the same elusive smile. I sat down beside him and read my newspaper, hearing him chuckle now and then. He was one of those neat, precise little men, who, being small of person, seem to give greater care to their adornment than their brethren of more heroic mold. He wore a blue suit with a faint white stripe, and as he had carefully drawn his trousers far up his pipestem legs to protect the knees, a considerable area of polka-dot hose was visible above his tan shoes. A diamond horseshoe was thrust into a four-in-hand tie that matched his socks. His bald pate shone like a reflector and the hair on the back of his head was parted and combed toward his ears. He wore in reading a prodigious pair of tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles, which hid him like a barricade. Presently he took up a newspaper, turned the pages rapidly as though looking for a particular department, and then produced a pair of scissors and made a small excision. He held this up, read it carefully and placed it in his pocketbook. Then for the first time he glanced at me and remarked upon the day, which was fine. April was proving less fickle than usual. These were the commonplaces that might anywhere be exchanged between travelers, but they gave me an opportunity for which I was grateful of studying Lorenz Hollister at close hand. To all appearances he was an urbane, poised gentleman, in perfect control of his faculties and bent upon the full enjoyment of life. His manner of smoking his cigar testified in itself to an inner composure. For the life of me I could see nothing in him to justify a suspicion that his reason was impaired by eidolophobia or any other malady. In fact I liked him, just as I had liked his amusing sister Octavia.

"I think I saw you in my car," he remarked casually, in a rather high voice, "and if I'm not in error you were seated beside a lady who is, in fact, my sister, Miss Octavia Hollister. Perhaps you have had some conversation with her, and if it isn't impertinent ——"

I was surprised that he should mention her in all the circumstances; but I pricked up my ears and gave attention.

"Yes, we have had some talk, and she is most interesting and refreshingly original."

"I dare say! But you know"—he turned his head to make sure we were not overheard—"you will understand, sir, that I have no warrant for speaking to you, a perfect stranger, upon a matter so delicate, so complicated; but my sister's condition has given me the greatest concern for several years. As she has evidently taken a fancy to you and has probably talked to you of family matters, I feel that in all fairness I should tell you that she is subject to delusions. Pray don't misunderstand me, sir. I see that you are greatly shocked, and I wouldn't imply that she is of unsound mind; but certain symptoms are, in the most hopeful view of it all, distinctly disquieting."

My encounter with his sister had been astonishing enough, but his intimations as to her sanity took my breath away. I had known in my practice many instances of dementia where the patient entertained delusions as to the derangement of others, but I had never before known two persons to harbor the suspicion of each other. As a professional matter the situation was profoundly interesting; but in so far as it touched the life and happiness of Edith Hollister, it was nothing short of dismaying.

"I am greatly grieved and shocked by what you tell me, Mr. Hollister; the more so as I am a physician and give special attention to nervous diseases. Would you mind telling me the nature of her malady, as I assume you have consulted the best authorities as to its nature and treatment?"

He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his short arms despairingly, with the effect of shaking down his cuffs upon his small hands.

"Alas! my dear sir, the very best men in this country offer no encouragement. We are advised to let her have her way, on a theory, I believe, that any effort to restrain her might lead to manifestations of violence, and these fortunately we have thus far been spared. Octavia fancies herself the reincarnation of Captain Kidd, the pirate. She has assembled a great library touching the life and crimes of that monster, and threatens to house it in a marble building on a valuable piece of real estate she

"Draw Nearer, Gentlemen, and Kindly Sign These Proxies"

owns on Riverside Drive. She also declares it to be her purpose to maintain on the Hudson, within plain view from the library windows, a schoolship for the training of young men in the gay routine of pirate life. We have been informed that it is unique in the annals of your profession, though as a plain business man I will confess that I rather incline to the belief that piracy flourishes in our modern commercial life with a ferocity that was unknown to the old buccaneers."

He smiled benevolently; and then, as though reading my thought, added:

"I hasten to assure you that as far back as our family history runs there has never been the slightest taint of insanity. Eccentricity, yes; but if I may modestly say it, only the merest effervescence of genius. By glancing from the car window you will see proclaimed along the right-of-way the marvels of the Hollister Ribless Umbrella, and other novelties, that testify to the inventive genius of our family. I have just perfected the lorenzograph, a device by which one's thoughts are written by the mere laying of the hand upon a sheet of sensitized paper, which records the hurrying thoughts of the brain without any mechanism whatever. The secret is in the paper, with which I am now experimenting at a mill I have purchased on the Housatonic River. It will revolutionize literary composition, a perfect boon to authors"—he continued musingly, as though quoting from a prospectus—"the delight of reluctant letter-writers. And yet," he added, his smile full upon me, "you would never in the world question my perfect sanity, much as I dabble with the impossible."

It was inconceivable that I had fallen upon two lunatics who, irrespective of each other, were honoring me with their confidences. Lorenz was, in his way, quite as plausible as his sister Octavia. He continued talking, commenting upon topics of the day with what seemed to me excellent understanding and shrewd wisdom. His manner was that of any gentleman who keeps in touch with the world's progress and takes opportunity to express his views modestly, but with conviction, on such subjects as the curbing of trusts and the destiny of the Filipinos. Nor did he in any way refer to ghosts. If he harbored any delusions of that order he cleverly kept them to himself.

"I must return to my daughter," he said finally. "She's greatly grieved by her aunt's sad affliction. It's a great blow to all of us in fact. She fancies that we are all leagued against her, and there has been no intercourse between us for some time. But I have gone far with you, sir. It is wholly possible that we shall meet again, for the world is small. Only yesterday, as I was enjoying my eleven A. M. buttermilk at Codsby's bar—you know the place? Tom Codsby and I were born on adjoining farms near Keene, New Hampshire, and just for old sake's sake I hold a small interest in his business, though except for a hot rum toddy quadrennially, on the twenty-ninth of February, I never indulge in spirits. Where was I? Oh, yes; it was in Codsby's that I ran into a chap yesterday I hadn't seen since I met him nine years ago on the Upper Amazon, where I had gone to investigate a tree whose fiber I thought might serve as a substitute for asbestos. I had been grossly deceived by an unscrupulous ruffian, but it's now the basis of my Matchless Automatic Fire Kindler, which adds an hour to the cook's morning slumber. It's one of the biggest winners in our business. Good day, sir!"

At this juncture I was not at all sure that my own reason was not tottering. I watched him trip with a buoyant step into the vestibule and vanish toward car six; and came to my senses just in time to seize his discarded newspaper which the porter was about to confiscate. I laid my own paper upon the page from which he had clipped, found the advertisement that had interested him, and read the following:

WANTED. Within an hour by rail of Trinity Church, a haunted house Must be furnished and ready for immediate occupancy. Houses hitherto described in newspapers or investigated by psychical researchers not desired. Confidential, references. Owner need not fear publicity. Address, Phantom, this office.

Here at least was something confirmatory of Miss Octavia's statements as to his lunacy. Quite likely Lorenz was himself the advertiser. I tore out the advertisement, smoked a second cigar and returned to car six.

As I stood a moment looking down the aisle, Edith Hollister rose hurriedly from my seat beside her aunt and walked toward me. Her father was asleep with a handkerchief thrown over his face and his little feet planted before him on a cushion.

So much of the history of the house of Hollister had been poured into my ears, and so constantly had I been thinking of the girl, that my heart beat wildly when I saw that we must meet in the aisle. She did not look at me, but bowed slightly as I stepped aside to let her pass. And as she swept by I thought I saw once more that elusive, baffling Hollister smile. In Edith's case it was less guarded, as though the inner humor it betrayed were checked only with great self-restraint and might at any moment break forth irrepressibly in laughter. There was no question of the kinship of these three. It was a likeness, I argued, not of feature but of spirit.

She was quite tall, and even the swaying of the train availed nothing against her easy, graceful carriage. Her features were singularly fine and delicate, but character and firmness spoke in them. Her blue eyes and dead-black hair hinted of Irish ancestry; the hair curled prettily about her ears. I fixed her immediately as one of the glad company of American girls who dance nimbly in a tennis court, drive a golf ball with long clean shots, or ride fearlessly and for the love of it. I was sure that her cheeks had known sun and shower, and that she had run lightly over glistening dew in field and garden all the mornings of her life. That any shadow should dim the light for her; that any one near and dear to her should be menaced by the saddest fate that can pursue man, seemed utterly unreasonable. Not only did she attract me as no other young woman had ever done, but my professional pride was strongly aroused in her behalf. If her father was beset by phantoms and her aunt had fallen a prey to equally distressing obsessions I resolved to exert my best skill to restore their sanity.

As I resumed my seat Miss Octavia bent forward at once, remarking:

"I have had a word, just a word, with Edith, though without her father's knowledge. I am grieved to learn that his trouble has taken a new turn. He is bent upon finding a haunted house to live in, with an idea that if he makes friends with one ghost it may, in a sense, protect him from the rest of the grim fraternity. May I ask you, doctor, whether in your experience you have ever known the ghost-fear to take any such form?"

"I can't say that I have, though it might be possible, with a little ingenuity, to take advantage of that notion and destroy the illusion."

"That idea had already occurred to me," she replied crisply. "It seems that Lorenz has inserted an advertisement in a New York paper, inviting correspondence with the owners of haunted houses with a view of renting one. This I have just learned from Edith."

"I have just cut from the paper a copy of the advertisement. If you care to see it ——"

"That is not at all necessary. Let it suffice that you have decided to interest yourself in the case."

"I have resolved to do so, Miss Hollister, though it must be understood that this is not an employment in the usual sense. I shall do all I can ——"

My seat was so turned that my eyes roved easily to where Edith sat, absorbed in her magazine. Miss Octavia seemed aware of the direction of my glance, and she said with apparent irrelevance:

"Edith is a lovely girl; a trifle headstrong, perhaps, but big-hearted and generous and beautiful, as you see. I have been deeply grieved by the attentions she has received from Doctor Bryson. I am convinced that the man is a rogue and blackguard of the lowest type. Would you mind telling me whether you by any chance spoke to my brother while in the smoking car? In old times he was the friendliest and most affable of men."

"Quite so, Miss Hollister. We talked together for nearly an hour."

"I Don't Blame You for Staring; She's the Finest Girl in the World!"

"And perhaps you will state whether he did not refer to me and intimate that I suffer from disordered intellect. I neglected to inform you that such is one of his minor hallucinations. I trust, doctor, that you will give no credence to anything he may have said on the subject."

"None whatever, Miss Hollister," I replied glibly; and was grateful for my long apprenticeship in the art of lying to patients and their families. She seemed to be satisfied, and passed at once to a discussion of Chinese pottery. Her knowledge of this subject, which has been a passion of my own, was of the most thorough and intimate nature. New London I shall always remember as the point at which we abandoned the yellow marvels of the reign of Hung Chi; at New Haven we were toying with ginger-jars of the K'ang-hsi period. Nor were hers the familiar stereotyped terms of the textbooks, but pictorial phrases of her own making, colorful and suggestive, that made wonderful tints of blue and green and gold take marvelous form in the imagination. I listened spellbound to this most amazing recital by a woman whose brother had just told me that her reason was dethroned.

"And now," she said, when we had crossed the Connecticut border, "I dare say that poor Lorenz, who is the most persistent and practical of men, will not fail in his effort to find the haunted house for which he is advertising. Edith has promised to keep me informed of the result, and should he indeed go to such a place, I trust that you will be at hand to counsel me as to the future management of his case. Your New York address, if I may ask it ——"

"Is the Hare and Hounds Club, Gramercy Park."

"That clubhouse," she declared, "formerly belonged to my oldest brother, Lemuel, the inventor of the hookless shoebutton. He spent the fortune amassed in its manufacture in seeking the bones of mastodons in the suburbs of Omaha, where, he had been persuaded by an unprincipled clairvoyant, splendid specimens were to be found for the digging. Finding he had been grossly deceived he retired to a farm near Tallahassee, Florida, where he is happily engaged in perfecting a painless cucumber, hoping thus to reconcile his fondness for that vegetable with a deplorable tendency to indigestion."

I added Lemuel with his strange interests to the Hollister portrait gallery. Knowing Octavia and Lorenz, I could understand Lemuel. Already ghosts, buccaneers, extinct mammoths, innocuous cucumbers and pirate ships were tumbling about in my head, all collected in one short journey! If it hadn't been for Miss Octavia's review of oriental pottery I should have been convinced that she was quite as crazy as her brothers.

At the Grand Central Station Lorenz and Edith left the train without in any way recognizing Miss Octavia, who turned her back as they passed us on their way out. I remained with Miss Octavia, helping her with her belongings.

She Lifted Her Head and Our Eyes Met for an Instant

As I paused on the step a man met Edith and her father, raised his hat and shook hands with them. Miss Octavia touched my arm.

"Doctor Bryson," she said; but I had already identified the physician. I resented his being there and was indignant at the air of proprietorship with which he took charge of them. Edith had greeted the doctor cordially, and they walked toward the gates with Lorenz between them. Once the little man stopped short, flourished his arms and began shoutingas though haranguing a crowd. Passers-by stopped to stare. Bryson and Edith slipped their arms through his and they vanished. Miss Octavia held back until they were out of sight—a circumstance that she explained as we walked toward the gates:

"That man knows I suspect and dislike him, and for the present I prefer to avoid him. You saw Lorenz' performance, did you? Poor boy! His outbreaks are very painful; they distress Edith more than I can describe."

I put her into a huge touring car which she called to the curb by blowing a whistle she produced from her pocket.

"I shall communicate with you within three days. Meanwhile it is best for you to forget us. Home, Robert!"

The handsome car slipped away and I stood holding my hat inanely on the curb until the jostling of porters and travelers brought me to my senses again. She had not told me where she lived, nor did I know Edith's destination. A feeling akin to homesickness possessed me as I reflected that the trio might have been thrown in my way as a caprice of spring's madness; that April's lady might never brighten my horizon again.

I read my accumulated mail over a lonely dinner at the Hare and Hounds. Flattering requests for consultations or generous offers for lectures could not dispel my gloom. The Hollisters had proved disturbing, and I was irritated to find that I could be disturbed. My professional experiences had made me tolerant of nervous people, and here I was, impatient and irascible, and doubtful of my own senses. It was not I who had journeyed from Boston with two lunatics, between whom flitted the loveliest girl in the world! I symbolized her as Reason, radiant and strong, dancing through dark corridors and driving bewildering phantoms before her.

I went into the writing room to decline an invitation for dinner the following night. As I sealed the letter a page appeared and handed me an envelope. I tore it open indifferently and found a single theater ticket, good for that night only at the Avon. Verily the day's mysteries multiplied! The ticket had been inclosed in a sheet of blank notepaper; and there was nothing to indicate from what point of the earth's surface it had been sent. Beyond question this was another piece of Hollister freakishness. Possibly something had occurred to make it important for Miss Octavia to see me again, and this was her way of arranging a meeting.

I resolved to use the ticket. Edith Hollister's aunt was not a person I could ignore, no matter how unbalanced she might be. Lorenz' outbreak in the trainshed supported his sister's story of his mental disorder. Mere eccentricity does not go the length of a harangue with wild gesticulations on a crowded railway platform.

As I was leaving the writing room I saw Bryson pass out of the library adjoining. I had forgotten that he belonged to the Hare and Hounds, and my glimpse of him aroused a distinct feeling of antagonism. As I waited to give him time to reach the lower floor I saw lying crumpled in a waste-paper basket a copy of the paper I had been reading on the train.

Fishing it out, I opened to an oblong excision under Houses Wanted precisely where Lorenz Hollister had cut his advertisement from the same newspaper.

As it was a morning paper it seemed odd that the physician should so late in the day have carried a copy to his club to read its advertisements; but this was not so difficult to explain, as very likely Edith, or possibly her father himself, had told Bryson of the quest of a haunted house. Whether Miss Octavia was mad or sane, certain of her disclosures fitted neatly into my well-grounded belief that Bryson was capable of manipulating a professional case for his private ends. And the safe margin by which he had failed of expulsion from the American Neurological Society the previous year testified to the power he wielded. It was said that he was rich, and his social connections were with brokers and promoters rather than with men of his profession. I meant to go to the bottom of his relations with the Hollisters. My mind was full of this as I drove in a taxi to the Avon.

III

MY SEAT was on the right of the center aisle. The house was darkened, and as the infectious mirth of The Morning Lark already had me grinning, I sat down without looking at my neighbor.

A light laugh, preluding the general response of the house, caught my ear, and I looked round to find Edith Hollister beside me. Of all the surprises of that surprising day this was the most dumfounding.

(Continued on Page 57)

AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

VI

HE WAS interrupted by Sinnott, grimy and disheveled from an inspection of the engines.

"Well," Sinnott asked calmly, "did you attend to that?"

"I did, sir." Richardson shook his head gloomily.

"What did Miss Evans say?" came the crisp demand.

"She said, sir"—the steward shook his head twice and brushed his hair with trembling hand—"She said she couldn't think of it, sir."

"Nonsense!" Sinnott returned coolly. "What did she say?"

"She said she wasn't for sale!"

"Good! What else?"

"That was about all, sir," Richardson faltered.

Sinnott leaned his weight against the doorjamb and smiled faintly on his secretary. "Tell me, Richardson, exactly all Miss Evans said."

As if he were repeating a lesson, Richardson mumbled:

"She told me she—she directed me to tell you she preferred ——"

"Yes?"

"She preferred a working man to a fat man, sir."

"Good!" Sinnott grunted. "What else?"

"She directed me to state that she preferred a pink to—to a heavy complexion, sir."

"Did Miss Evans say 'heavy'?"

"P-purple was her word, sir."

Sinnott leaned still closer to his unlucky servant:

"And what did she do, Richardson?"

At this moment Ruth's door opened. Sinnott turned just in time to see Ruth very calmly throw two seaboots outside—his own seaboots. They thumped on the cabin floor. Ruth vanished. The door slammed after her.

"Pick those up and stow 'em in my room," Sinnott growled; "else she'll be throwing them at my head—which she would have liked to do."

Richardson removed the offending articles with the air of a man absolutely crushed by inexorable fate. Mr. Macey came down at this moment to look at the barometer and, when he saw the steward's gloomy expression, shook his head sympathetically:

"Bad business, steward!"

"Very bad, sir," Richardson returned.

"How's the weather top-side?" Sinnott demanded.

The mate tapped the glass thoughtfully.

Sinnott Turned in Time to See His Own Seaboots Thumped on the Cabin Floor

"If I had a farm I'd fix up the kitchen fire and sit snug for a week," he replied; "but as this old packet isn't a farm or yet a farmhouse—much as she sails like one—I'd just say that time will tell."

Sinnott stretched his big arms over his head, thumped two hard fists against the cabin ceiling and stared down at the two men. When he relaxed he crossed the tilting deck and started up the steps.

"Richardson," he called back, "please tell Miss Evans I should like to see her in a few minutes."

Mr. Macey supported himself by placing one mittened hand on the table, and gazed at the steward.

"Th' old man is quite a character," he said hoarsely. "Been with him long?"

"Twelve years," was the reply.

The mate shook his head:

"I shouldn't 'a' guessed that anybody could stand him that long. There's no accounting for tastes. I prefer a comfortable life—a sound ship and a skipper that has a reasonable fear of death. Th' old man seems to think we all signed on for Davy Jones'. I'll bet my best shore-going bowler that we spend Christmas toasting our toes on an icefloe, gnawing at the frozen wing of an Arctic gull—and I always did like turkey!"

Having given voice to this hopeful prophecy, Mr. Macey solemnly stumped up to the deck, leaving Richardson to knock feebly on Ruth Evans' door and murmur apologetically:

"Cup of tea, miss? Cup of tea?"

Presently she opened to him and he repeated his formula.

"Tea?" she said. "No, coffee! And don't bother me any more, please, Richardson!"

"Mr. Sinnott asked me to request a few minutes of your time, miss," he said hurriedly.

"Tell him I'll see him Christmas Day," she promptly rejoined—and the door closed!

VII

ONE quarter of an hour thereafter Archibald Sinnott crossed the cabin and knocked firmly on Ruth's door. It was opened slowly. Ruth looked at him haughtily.

"I told Richardson that I must not be disturbed, Mr. Sinnott," she said with icy coldness.

"I'd like to talk to you a little while," was the unperturbed reply.

"I—I'm busy!"

Sinnott carefully reached into a breast pocket, extracted a small purse and drew therefrom five shining five-dollar goldpieces. He offered these politely:

"For five minutes of your time."

"You are free to insult me; I am helpless."

He looked gravely at the coins.

"I believe you gave me these for five minutes of my time," he returned. "It is very important for me to speak to you. I assure you I am offering you my most valuable possessions when I tender these. They are worth a great deal to me; in fact, I value them at a sum that nobody

outside an insane asylum would possibly give me for them. They represent all the time I'll ever find worth while in this world!"

"I couldn't accept anything of such value from you," she said less icily. "What is it you have to say to me? Please be quick and to the point, Mr. Sinnott."

"Sit down, please," he said, giving Richardson a glance that sent him hastily out of the cabin.

Ruth seated herself; and he placed himself opposite her.

"My secretary spoke to you a little while ago," he began bluntly. "He told me what you said."

"Then you can ask no other answer to your preposterous proposal," she retorted.

"He had his answer," he corrected her; "and it was exactly what I hoped it would be."

"Mr. Sinnott!"

"Business is business," he went on steadily. "As I understand it, you refuse to look upon my offer of marriage from a business standpoint."

"You are quite right, Mr. Sinnott," she said bitterly.

"And he didn't happen to mention anything about—er—love and—er—affection, did he?"

"Not a word! It was not even suggested, Mr. Sinnott!"

"Good! That is all understood and settled then?"

"Quite!" she responded, almost in tears. "Please never refer to it again."

"I shan't," he assured her in a quiet voice. "You know most women look at such things from a purely business point of view. I don't like it myself, but one must follow the customs; so I thought I'd get that part of it over first. I see Richardson has done excellently. He is a very trustworthy man. I am glad you felt free to be frank with him. It simplifies matters."

"I hope it has!" she echoed fervently. "And I hope I shall never have to listen to such insults again!"

Sinnott nodded and continued:

"You brought up two matters in your conversation with Richardson that have not only a business side, but another one as well. That is what I wish to discuss with you."

She stared at him wonderingly, from his rumpled hair to the scarred hands that moved restlessly on the table.

"As I understood Richardson, you spoke of your inability to see a fat man as a husband—from a financial point of view, that is. You also mentioned a preference for pink complexions as opposed to—er—purple."

"I agree with you that your secretary is invaluable," she said with heightened color. "I have the highest respect for him."

"He's quite competent in business matters," he assented. "However, I did not speak to him about another thing that I can settle only with you personally. I want to be absolutely frank and aboveboard in this, Miss Evans. Though you object—from a money point of view—to a fat man with a purple complexion, have you considered the other side of it?"

"What other side?" she demanded, her eyes blazing. "Is there any other?"

Sinnott piled up the five coins awkwardly and then held up his heavy fingers and looked at them.

"I am too fat," he said slowly; "and I know I'm not pink." He paused a moment and she saw he was enormously embarrassed; but he went gamely on.

"As a matter of fact, I love you," he said with increasing difficulty. "I—it seems to me as if I simply couldn't live any longer without you. Maybe, under such circumstances, you might think differently about—the complexion."

His expression made her think twice before allowing the words on the tip of her tongue to escape. His big hands were shaking slightly and she caught a look in his eyes that made her heart suddenly throb. In the light of self-revelation she took refuge behind her last barriers. Suddenly she was a woman. She struck deep.

"How do I know you mean that?" she said distinctly. "You have just sent your servant to buy me. Now you offer me—less."

His eyes met hers. She saw she had cut him to the quick.

"Then I am less than my money?" he said heavily.

She looked round the little cabin and then forced herself to meet his glance again:

"Why did you offer me your millions first?"

"You told me you were going to marry—marry the other man for twenty-five thousand dollars. That was the only way I could figure it out; so I thought ——"

"I see," she responded quietly. "I suppose I did give that impression. Maybe it was true; but would you be willing to buy a wife?"

"Not any wife," he returned. "You!"

"But I should hate you!"

"I should risk that," he rejoined gravely.

"Would You be Willing to Buy a Wife?"

"You are the very man who told me it wasn't fair to—to Fred Haskins to marry him that way."

"That is true," he assented. "You were deceiving him. I was willing to take the risk because my eyes were open. I fancied you might—in time—learn to—to like me."

Ruth shook her head.

"That wouldn't be fair to me," she said, flushing: "to be married to a man one hates!"

"Possibly you might hate *him*," he argued.

She rose, managing a smile.

"Please don't talk any more about it, Mr. Sinnott. It is useless." She met his eyes and answered the unspoken plea with another shake of the head. "It's useless; but I'm sorry I—I'm awfully sorry I said ——"

"What?"

"That about the fat man and the—complexion. Please forget it."

Sinnott got up from his seat and dropped the coins into his pocket.

"I'll keep these anyway." His eyes traveled to the big mirror that stood in a panel of the wall. "That was all quite true," he said; "but I used to be—I guess my body grew older than—than the rest of me. I feel young." He sighed, picked up his cap and held out his hand.

"Will you forgive me for making you uncomfortable?" he asked. "It is so hard for a rich man to do things right when money is not a question. I—I wish I were poor!"

"It wouldn't help any," she answered gently.

"And that I weren't fat."

"You aren't very fat any more."

"And not purple in the face."

"That," said Ruth, smiling in spite of herself, "is the wind and salt air, I'm sure."

"Then I wish I were Fred," he said despondently.

"I wish you were too for a while," she returned saucily. "Then I could decide about him too!"

Archibald Sinnott looked at her gravely and thoughtfully. He straightened himself up.

"You've taken a lot of trouble for his sake," he remarked simply. "I wonder how far you would go for any man you really loved!"

She flushed delightfully.

"I'm sure it must seem very bold in me to do what I've done," she said with hesitation. "I'm really proposing for him again and then accepting him and then making you get me there for the wedding; but it's so different! He isn't here to do things for himself. Can't you see I'm trying to be fair to him? But if I find after all that I don't care—that I can't—then that will be settled."

Sinnott nodded understandingly.

"I think I see what you mean. We must be inside the Golden Gate the day before Christmas!" Again he held out his hand. As she laid her own in it he said: "At any rate, Miss Evans, I'll see that Captain Haskins has a clear show. I promise you shall see him on the day you set!"

"But the ship is leaky and we may not get there!" she answered.

He smiled:

"What becomes of your Uncle George's money if you don't qualify for it?"

"It goes to some horrid old charity."

"I see. I'm not specially charitable myself; so I think we'll just run into San Francisco and give you an opportunity to refuse it, at least. Then, if you feel really charitable, why, you can hand it over to the Home for Impecunious Husbands or whatever home your uncle was fond of—or you can keep it yourself." He turned his eyes on the barometer, tapped it thoughtfully and departed without another word. She heard his roar on deck and the swift trampling of feet in response to it. A moment later Richardson came down, shivering and dripping wet. She looked at him compassionately.

"That's too bad, Richardson, you had to get all wet."

"Quite so! Thank you, miss!" was the answer, given automatically. Within the sanctuary of his pantry the unhappy steward gave vent to a fiery, most disrespectful imprecation on Archibald Sinnott, his money, his manners, and the Eliza Brown. Above him the mate crouched by the wheelbox and also cursed Sinnott for abandoning the light of reason and seeking rashly the destruction of the ship and all hands, while the crew shook their muffled heads as they once more clothed the sleety yards with canvas.

VIII

MR. MACEY still relates the story of the last days of the ancient whaler. He affirms at the outset of his narrative that late one afternoon the captain came on deck with the gleam of madness in his eyes, refused to allow the laboring bark another hour's ease, hoisted all sail and laid a course for San Francisco in a rising gale and an ugly sea. Mr. Macey swears that the old vessel was thrice rerigged and rebuilt complete within the next fortnight, and that when the last spar was gone, the last bit of running gear resolved into a rope's end, the engines drove the dismantled and almost waterlogged hulk to within two hundred miles of the California coast before they were submerged and stilled forever. Having elucidated in detail the events of this period of struggle, incredible toil, wild seamanship and final dissolution, the old mate invariably loses professional interest in his tale and ends it with a curt: "We made the rest of the voyage in the whaleboats and landed at three P. M. at Meiggs' Wharf in San Francisco, December twenty-fourth."

Allowing this to stand a sufficient explanation of how Archibald Sinnott made good his promise to Ruth Evans, it may be said that the fortnight which appeared to Mr. Macey's recollection as a succession of gales, hurried and desperate expedients carried out under the direction of a madman, and a final inevitable catastrophe long foretold by his own skillful and seamanlike instincts, remained in Ruth's memory as the most wonderful time of her life; and that her vivid emotions and exultant thoughts centered about the grim figure of Sinnott, no longer a magnate, but a shipmaster pitting strength and unwearied sagacity and amazing fearlessness against the unyielding might of wild tempest and roaring seas.

Since that conversation held in the dim cabin, when she had refused his offer of love and retreated behind the promise she had made herself to leave all to the event of Christmas Day, he had said nothing more to her to indicate that he was determined with all the strength of his iron will that she should indeed decide once for all, in the presence of her lover, with the twenty-five thousand dollars within her grasp. Nothing, he resolved, should interfere with this plain, simple solution of the problem so vitally important to himself, to Ruth and to the unknown Haskins. With his every thought fixed on this, he did not realize the fresh light in which he showed himself or the prodigious appeal that his dominating personality made as day after day he fairly flung the old Eliza Brown toward his goal and defied the heavens themselves to make him abate an hour of his determined course.

She had heard his exhortation to the sullen sailors one gray dawn when the mate had practically given over hope of getting another pound of work from them.

"You say you are riggers," he had called to them. "Prove it! You give me sails and yards and I'll fetch you in."

She could never forget those faces upturned to the quarterdeck—faces ashen with salt, wrinkled with frost; cold, weary faces of men in whom despair ate inwardly. They had listened to those imperious, simple words and then they had gone to work again, with numbed fingers, with half-frozen joints, muttering husky oaths—but at work.

Gradually she had gained an idea of the whole scene that enveloped her: the strained, leaking old hull, the frozen, ill-stayed masts, the worn sails, the ropes that rotted with frost, the engines that seethed and hammered and choked below, the cook dodging in and out of his reeking galley, the dim light of the lantern that swung nightly at the black door of the fo'c's'le, the gray figures of the crew slipping and scrambling along the icy deck, the sardonic mouth of the mate with his frosted mustaches and red eyes, the huge, vibrant, tireless form of Sinnott, who never slept, who ate his food raw, who gulped hot tea out of a tin pannikin, whose eyes seemed to miss nothing of the wreck he commanded or of the racing surges and angry clouds that tossed the ancient bark from one to the other in a grim, unending, remorseless play of shuttlecock and battledore.

Sharp as if lit by a flash of lightning she would always see that afternoon of stormy purples, when for the third time Sinnott had driven his almost helpless crew about the final work of bending a new foretopsail. When it was finished and the cloth spread Mr. Macey had clipped his gray lip in his teeth, gazed at his commander with a sinister and malignant look, and then croaked to the comfortless sky: "That ends it! He's driving her under!" He had left the deck without a backward glance, as if he had completed his earthly course and would await the end in solitude.

Sinnott heard that, she knew; yet he paid no attention to this open desertion of him by his chief lieutenant. But Ruth felt for him. In that moment she seemed to know the self-sacrifice of strong men; the penalty of being strong; the price one pays, when one is master of his world, of loneliness, of the hatred of the weaker, of the scorn of ignorance. Clearly and plainly she saw how this same indomitable man, in a different setting, had crushed his way to supremacy. When all others slunk away he still believed in himself. Womanlike she bitterly resented the mate's defection.

She showed her feeling by never willingly leaving the deck thereafter except to reassure her mother or to snatch an hour's dreamless sleep. If Sinnott understood that she was showing him loyalty and sympathy, he gave no sign. Once in a while he would insist on her going below for warmth or food.

Yet they established an intimacy impossible under other circumstances. The hoarse-voiced, keen-eyed, relentless seaman missed her when she was gone from the shelter of the wheelbox. At times he would repeat his orders to her as a kind of explanation of his maneuvers. She grew accustomed to hear him growling in her ear during a lull: "I've made her steer a little easier by setting that stays'l"; or: "Wind's hauled a point and so I've hauled her up two points, allowing for the run of the sea."

Every noon he showed her the figures on the slate that marked their hard-won advance to the eastward.

When the Eliza Brown was past carrying sail and her engines were driving her stormily along into the southeasterly gales that rage along the American coast in winter, Ruth found Sinnott always near her. Together they would watch the seas and the swinging compass-card or study the barometer, whose erratic risings and fallings held out small hope of better weather. But in these last days neither spoke to the other. The bark was gradually breaking up. The crew huddled drearily in the after alleyway waiting for the end. The very men at the wheel would look at each other now and again as if to say: "Another plunge like that!"

The end came very quietly, just after Sinnott had made up his noon reckoning. Slate in hand he came down into the cabin and leaned over the table where Mrs. Evans sat trying to read while Ruth mended a glove.

"She may last a couple of hours more," he said simply. "Luckily I got a good sight this morning, so that I know just where we are. We will take to the whaleboats in one hour. We shall arrive in San Francisco the twenty-fourth."

As he spoke the rumble of the engines beneath them ceased.

Ruth rose and smiled. "Come, mother!"

Mrs. Evans had long accustomed herself to the thought of finishing the voyage in some other craft than the whaler and now merely sighed. "I must see if I have everything," she quavered.

When she was gone Ruth met Sinnott's eyes. She knew that the vessel was sinking fast; its sluggish rise and fall, roll and lurch, spoke of the end. She knew that within the discretion of the unshaven, salt-rimed, disheveled man lay her own life and that of her mother. She felt no fear. She allowed him to see this for an instant in her eyes. Then she turned to the steward who hovered near by.

"We'll have a couple of bags," she said quietly. "Will you see to them?"

"Certainly, miss."

"You see," she explained to Sinnott, "it would be awfully awkward for mother and me to land in the city without some clothes."

"Take all you wish," he answered briefly. "I'll have you in my boat. There will be room for your boxes too."

That evening, while the whaleboat slipped easily along before the falling gale, Archibald Sinnott suddenly spoke to one of the sailors and ordered him to come aft and take the steering oar. To Ruth he merely said: "He's a trained boatman and he's had some sleep. I'm going to sleep." Without further parley he seated himself on a thwart opposite her, dropped his chin into his upturned palms and closed his eyes. Half an hour later he clumsily dropped down into the bottom of the boat and there slept profoundly, quite oblivious of the fact that Ruth had covered him with her rug.

They made the Golden Gate on the dawn of the third day. Sinnott pointed out the heavy, low-lying bank of fog that allowed only the mountain-tip of Tamalpais to appear.

"Strong ebb tide and little chance of being picked up," he said curtly. "We'll not get in till afternoon."

For the first time since they had left the Eliza Brown, Richardson roused himself and stared at the lofty peak. It satisfied him apparently, for he presently began to rummage in his stores and before long served breakfast with his old suavity and professional skill, balancing himself in the whaleboat as if it were firm as the floor of a hotel and almost chirruping over the coffee made in a pannikin and sweetened with brown sugar.

Sinnott caught Ruth's amused glance and nodded. "Yes, we're almost home."

"So you call San Francisco home too?" she said without thinking.

His expression changed slightly. "Somehow I've got to look on it that way lately," he answered.

"I do hope you will keep looking at it that way," she said cordially.

"That," he said slowly, "depends."

Ruth understood and said nothing further.

When they were landed at last and Sinnott had satisfied the curiosity of a dozen loungers on the wharf and had been joined by the mate and the second boat's crew, he directed the latter to take all hands to a waterfront hotel and to report himself at his office uptown. Then he dispatched Richardson for a carriage and drew Ruth to one side.

"I'm going to send you to my quarters for the time being," he said with some embarrassment. "Please be my guests till you can get your telegraphing done and your purchases made. I always reserve a suite by the year at the hotel. Richardson will look after you."

"But you?"

"I have some business to attend to," he replied.

Ruth glanced at his unshaven face, his dripping clothes, and blushed for her own array. "That's awfully good of you, Mr. Sinnott. I don't know how to thank you. Wait till I'm dressed up again and in my right mind!"

"Strong Ebb Tide and Little Chance of Being Picked Up," He Said Curtly

"I'll call for your thanks tomorrow, Christmas morning," he replied hastily. "And—possibly you'll ask me to the wedding."

Her cheeks grew rosier than before. She seemed on the point of saying something, but bit her lip and held out her hand. Sinnott held it a moment. "Good luck!" he murmured, and turned away to give Richardson many low-voiced instructions.

When he had helped Mrs. Evans, too far gone for speech, into the carriage and tucked Ruth in beside her, he stepped back with his cap lifted till they drove off. Then he strode away in another direction.

"I wonder where he is going?" Ruth inquired of Richardson, who sat respectfully in one corner with an immense portfolio snugged to his breast.

"To the office, miss. Are you quite comfortable?"

"No, I am not! It seems awfully nasty of us to drive off and leave him that way."

For the first time in several hours Mrs. Evans opened her lips. "I think it was quite the thing for him to do," she said decidedly.

"But we haven't thanked him at all!"

Mrs. Evans gave a short laugh, indicative of her feeling that the less said the better all round, and they were silent until the carriage rolled into the hotel court.

Richardson alighted and offered his arm to Mrs. Evans, but after one glance at the throng of uniformed boys she intimated her determination not to disembark until the court was cleared of onlookers. Ruth laughed, stepped out and said: "Shipwrecked persons oughtn't to have false pride, mumsey!"

Richardson solved the problem by calling a chair, and within five minutes Ruth and her mother were installed in Archibald Sinnott's suite with three maids in attendance; and Richardson, having made a miraculously quick change of attire and locked up the precious portfolio, was busily engaged ordering a meal, commandeering the services of an army of messengers, sending posthaste summons to milliners and dressmakers and bootmakers, and generally conducting himself as if San Francisco had nothing else to do the day before Christmas except attend to the wants of Archibald Sinnott's guests.

At six o'clock he tapped at Ruth's door. When she appeared in charming negligee he bowed and said: "How many at dinner this evening, Miss Evans?"

"Why—I don't know, Richardson. What did Mr. Sinnott —— Isn't he going to be here?"

"No, ma'am. He told me you would have guests of your own this evening. I understood him to say that you would permit me to telephone the invitations. If you will let me have the addresses I shall attend to it."

"I'll send a note," she answered.

Provided with a seat at a desk she looked up at Richardson. "What time is dinner?"

"At seven-thirty, miss?" he suggested.

"That will do very well," she answered. She looked down at the toe of one slipper, dipped the pen, wrote the date, considered Richardson thoughtfully a moment and then fell into a deep meditation. Richardson coughed a discreet reminder that time was passing. She paid no attention. Slowly a flush spread over her face and mounted to her temples. When she spoke it was in a barely audible voice:

"Do you know where you could find Mr. Sinnott?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Quite so. I'll attend to it directly, ma'am."

Without further demur Ruth wrote as follows:

Dear Mr. Sinnott: Richardson says that dinner is to be at half-past seven o'clock. I have consulted him and he says that you might come if you were asked. I have great confidence in Richardson. I know that you feel the same way toward him. I am sure you would do nothing to shake his trust in you. We must always live up to what Richardson expects of us! He expects you to dine with us tonight!

Sincerely, RUTH EVANS.

Richardson took the envelope and bowed. "I shall see that it is delivered instantly, miss," he said.

Ruth sought her mother's room and informed her that Mr. Sinnott would come to dinner at seven-thirty.

Mrs. Evans felt very much better under the soothing hands of a hairdresser, but thought it best to demur faintly on the ground that Mr. Sinnott must be glad to have one evening to

(Continued on Page 52)

LE-LA-LES BUNQUE

The Truth is, the Cafés and Restaurants of Paris are Just as Reasonable as the Restaurants of New York and Chicago

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE prodigal North American has ceased to be the principal meal-ticket for the thrifty Parisian. The prodigaler—prodigalissimus—South American has usurped that proud position. It may be true that the North American who goes over upholstered with money continues as the meal-ticket for the grasping Frenchman; but the South American, who is not only upholstered with money, but upholsters his family and servants with it and uses it for stuffing in the seats of his automobile, is the *grand dîner vin compris* certificate.

Years ago the millionaires from Yucatan, who grew sisal, or henequen, and sold it to all the world, using what was practically slave labor and thereby gathering enormous stacks of scads, used to vie with the American spenders in the gay—so called—Paris; but there were not enough of the Yucatan millionaires to compete successfully with the hordes of Americans in similar circumstances. An occasional Brazilian popped in from time to time and blew his little blow, but the Americans were the real distributers of cash about the shops, the hotels, the cafés and other places where it is necessary to distribute cash in Paris, the same covering every square foot of that—alleged—frivolous center of population.

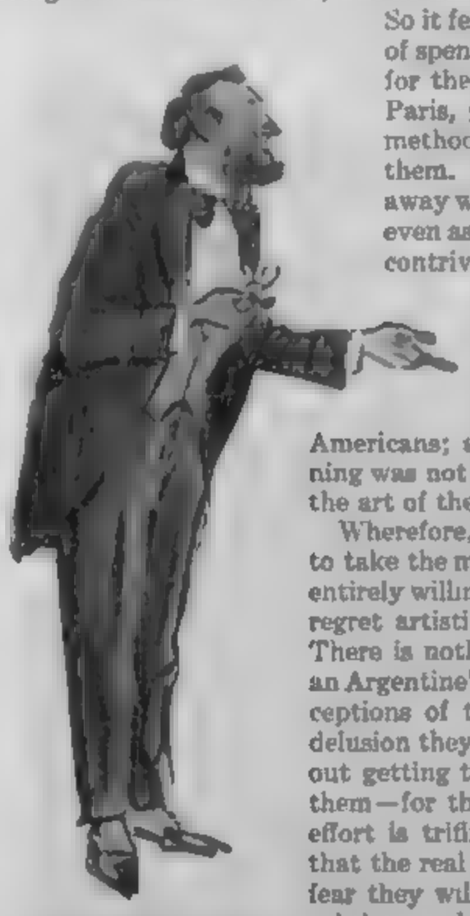
Now all that has changed. The Argentine is the lad with the legal tender. He is the pet of the Parisians. It appears that a large number of persons living down that way have recently arrived at fortune through the mediums of oil and mines and wheat and cattle, and in other ways—arrived at much money, not a little. Though Buenos Aires is the Paris of the West they have all taken their wealth to the Paris of the East; and the way they are throwing it about that town makes it quite certain business will continue good all the season, even though the North Americans—except the expatriates who live there because they do not want to spend—have gone back to New York and Pittsburgh.

Bunque for Art's Sake

PARIS dearly loves a spender. That is what Paris, the tourist Paris, is built for—spending! That is the principle on which Paris is operated—to get people to spend. Long practice at the exact science of extracting money from visitors has made the Parisians perfect, superperfect—preternaturally expert. They can get money out of those who have money in manners undreamed of in any other quarter of the globe. They scorn the visitor without money—scorn him with a refinement of scorn it has taken years to attain and which makes the victim humbly give them all he has and beg their pardons because it is not more. There is this to be said of them, however, they are amiable about their larger operations; they cheat you with a smile. When a Parisian shopkeeper hands you a bogus coin he does it so genially and with such perfection of politeness you take it as a boon—and as a bum two francs! In England it is different. A certain type of tradesman in England feels it an accomplishment to cheat you; but he does it in a sinister manner. Besides, that Englishman is joyful when he short-changes you for twopence. It is not much, maybe, but it is something.

Now the Frenchman will cheerfully cheat you for a sou if he cannot cheat you for a franc, but he makes no great ado about it. He considers the mere short-changing you out of thirty or forty cents an incident to be considered lightly. Any amateur could do that. But when he lands a bogus Spanish coin on you, which looks like gold, is brass, and is a counterfeit representation of a coin that never was minted, he looks on that as an artistic achievement and he gloats over it. It is not so much the money he makes—which, to be sure, is not to be despised—but it is the sense of accomplishment in an artistic manner. He has robbed, but he has robbed politely and temperamentally.

So it fell out many years ago, after many years of spending, the Americans with money, going for their various doses season after season to Paris, grew rather familiar with the French methods and it became more difficult to cheat them. The Frenchman was put to it to get away with his great method of livelihood; but, even as the Americans grew wiser, the French contrived new methods, amplified the art, took on new developments of it, employed it in the higher branches and gloried in the perfection that had been attained. They matched their craft against the increased wariness of the Americans; and, though they usually won, the winning was not so much to them as the satisfaction of the art of the endeavor.



The Most Commercial People on Earth are These Artistic French

Wherefore, though the French are entirely willing to take the money the Argentines are pouring out—entirely willing and, it may be said, even eager—they regret artistically that the Argentines are so easy. There is nothing of the triumph of skill in getting an Argentine's money. This offends the artistic perceptions of the French. Do not labor under the delusion they would let the Argentines escape without getting their money, even if they had to drug them—for they would not! The point is that the effort is trifling, the skill required so amateurish that the real bunco artists of Paris are beginning to fear they will forget how to lie with that exquisite subtlety and sell with that fastidious duplicity that have marked their dealings in the more extensive branches of the universal trade of deception.

The money came easily to the Argentine. He did not know he had it until he did have it; and then he could conceive of nothing to do with it but to rush away to Paris and throw it at the shopkeepers, the art dealers, the jewelers, the café men, and all the other human nets that are constantly spread to catch cash. Mostly he had been poor. His money came as a revelation. He did not have to calculate on cost or on resources. All he had to do was to reach down into his pocket and take out what was needed, and he knew the genii who had given him the first lot would provide more in unceasing amounts.

Well, he hit Paris—hit Paris with his millions—and Paris hit him! Paris hit him harder than Paris ever has hit any collection of American millionaires, because an American millionaire, though willing to be cheated and to spend freely, demands a little something in return. Apparently it makes no difference to the Argentine whether he gets anything in return or not. His chief desire is to hand out money. That is his joy in life. Paris grins and receives the money; but in her heart of hearts Paris despises the Argentines because of this very fact. What chance is there for a Parisian to keep in practice when he has nothing on which to practice? It really is a shame to take the coin, but under the circumstances the Parisian, much as he regrets it, forgets he has that sense of shame.

Prices That Never Stay Fixed

A MAN had an apartment for rent. It was a good apartment. He asked five thousand francs a year for it—asked, mind you! That is a thousand dollars, and for a thousand dollars a year in Paris you can get about as good as there is. Still he was willing, as is every Frenchman, to bargain. Five thousand francs was not a fixed price—neither is anything else in France, by-the-way, no matter how much the man who has fixed the price may protest. Always there is a shade if you positively refuse to take the article at the asked valuation—always! No matter what anyone may tell you or no matter how much the shopkeeper may protest, from almost all the biggest to the smallest shopmen there is a variety of prices on every article to suit various emergencies, and without fail absolutely a lower price for a French man or woman than for a visitor. The French deny this, but it is true. I have proved it a dozen times with French friends of mine.

However, we are digressing. The French landlord wanted five thousand francs for his grand apartment. An Argentine came along. He looked at the apartment hastily. It suited him. He wanted it for a few months, but the lease was for a year. That made no difference. He would take it for a year and let it remain idle when he had finished with it or give it back to the landlord.

"I like it," said the Argentine. "I will take it. I will give you fifteen thousand francs for it for a year."

The French landlord had expected to rent the apartment for about four thousand francs if he could get no more. His disposition was to fall into a fit. He prudently refrained, though, demurred a little, said that was too cheap, but wound up by binding that Argentine for the

year with a French lease, the same being more binding than any other legal document whatsoever. Then when it was all over he fell into his fit. He told me that, though he rejoiced in that extra ten thousand francs which had dropped into his lap, he felt humiliated that he should have secured the money so easily. He literally had to do nothing. He could not exercise a single wile or lie a single subtle lie. The Argentine entered and chucked the ten thousand extra at him. It was disgusting.

Conversely I have a friend who lives modestly in a little apartment beyond the Arch. He gets his milk at a shop near by. One day his maid was ill and he went down for the milk himself. His custom is not to run up bills. He paid for the milk. It was two sous more than the maid had been charged.

"Why?" he asked—not that the two sous made much difference, but merely because he was interested.

"The maid was born in my arrondissement," said the shopkeeper, "and you are an American."

I was talking to a dealer in antique furniture—an honest dealer in antique furniture, not a dealer in honest antique furniture. I trust you get the distinction. This man does not brag about his honesty or practice it very much, but he is reasonably honest with me because he knows there is not a chance on earth of his selling me even a brass tack. He has tried out that phase of it and has reached that conclusion. Wherefore, as I know friends of his in America and he knows friends of mine in Paris, we have arrived at a mutual understanding.

"I had a very successful trip," he told me when he had returned from an expedition after antiques. "I bought several hundred very admirable examples of old furniture and three of them are real."

Of course there is no need of going into the antique business. Everybody knows all about that. If everybody does not know all about it those persons who do not deserve to be stung and will. I merely cited his remark as a rather naïve summing up of the antique game abroad. What I started out to say is that this man had a piece of furniture. It makes no difference whether it was real antique or not. It was antique. That is the subject before the house. He priced it at twenty-five thousand francs—five thousand dollars—and he was anxious to sell it for seventeen thousand francs or a little less. It was a good piece: there is no doubt about that. One day an Argentine came in. He looked at this piece.

A Bale of Easy Pink Money

"I'LL take it," he said. "Here is the money." And he handed out thirty thousand francs—thirty one-thousand-franc notes that look like pink wall paper but really have a value. That was all there was to the transaction. He left his address and walked out. He never even asked the price. I went in a few minutes later and found the dealer standing in the middle of the floor, gazing with an odd light in his eyes at the wad of pinkish money.

"Don't wake me," he pleaded. "Don't wake me. The dream is too beautiful."

With these few preliminary remarks, let me state the object of the meeting. I desire here and now in the name of all Americans, whether from north of the equator or from south of it, to demand in the further name of the almighty dollar that the Parisians whom we support, for whom we are the meal-tickets, shall give us something new. They have not changed their show in fifty years—since the original wariness of the first crop of American millionaires. To be sure, it is hard to convince a person of the Latin temperament that anything that is good enough is not good enough, and especially anything efficacious in getting the money.

"Why?" they ask. "Why change anything? The old games still work—do they not? The old stuff gets the money, and what's the use? You come here year after year and do the same things at the same prices and we are content. Why vex our brains thinking up something new for a fly-trap when the flies continue to jostle to get into the old traps?"

Of course there is not much of an answer for that line of argument, but I demand a change just the same on broad humanitarian grounds. Inasmuch as we give them the money it is no more than simple justice that we shall not be compelled to give them the money year after year for the old performances and under old cajoleries. I admit we probably shall continue to come along and come on, but the French should be generous. They might change a few little things—get a small supply of new scenery and a new actor or two. The mere fact that the South American has arrived to the displacement of the North American to some extent, and is falling for the old games, does not excuse this utter indifference to the finer sensibilities of those who spend the money, whether from Argentina or Arizona.

I once heard a French speaker say he regretted that Christopher Columbus had delayed discovering America so long; for, inasmuch as it took France three hundred years to discover America after that event, if America had been in existence we should have discovered France in no time, and France would have had all the money earlier. The remarks after that last comma are my own. French people never refer to such matters. They simply get the cash. But here is the argument: If the positions of the countries were reversed—if the French were flocking to New York as Americans flock to Paris—Americans would see to it that the French had a new show every season, instead of putting on the old show year after year. Also it would be good business. I venture to say that even the most determined money-spender will not spend money on Paris—in Montmartre, for example—more than half a dozen times without being bored to extinction by the repetitions he sees and considers as Parisian life—which is a joke to the Parisians and on their life.

Before I go any further I want to admit everything about Paris that needs to be admitted. No person is more sensible of the beauty of that city than I am; no person likes it more. No person concedes more freely than I the vast artistic, historical, literary and other compelling interests of the place. I know the city fairly well. I grant every contention about the genius of the French, their cleverness, their art. I admit the excellence of their cuisine, the delights of their restaurants, the peace of their lives, the simplicity of their real characters, the domesticity of their real people, and the charm and chic of their women. I admit anything and everything else that the most fervent admirer of France and Paris may contend. It is all great—*magnifique!*

That being over, I again demand a change in the show. I again assert that half the artifices the French use to get our money artistically are unnecessary—that all of them are! I say that the bunco of it is the blot of it. I know it is quite impossible to change entirely the characteristics of a people congenitally constructed as the French are; but why not try to change them a little in the name of the long-suffering North American spender, and in the further name of the shorter-suffering but longer-spending South American? Why not give us a little something for our money instead of organizing and contriving and scheming and plotting always to give us nothing for it?

There seems to be no reply to this impassioned appeal. Therefore I consider myself free to continue as I list on this subject; and I list to set down here a few observations observed under most suspicious circumstances and in the company of one of the most expert money-getters this city of Paris boasts. This person is a man who is engaged in selling paintings—Old Masters—to North and South Americans. That is his business. That also is the extreme refinement of the art of bunco. It is the apotheosis of adept accretion, the sublimation of swindling.

Small need to go into the picture end of it! That has been told about for years and years. This genial friend of mine guarantees to produce in a given time an admirable and veritable—to all intents and purposes—example of any old or modern master signed! that will pass muster anywhere for such money as he may demand. Merely as a matter of passing interest he informs me they are able to say conclusively that Corot painted some eighteen hundred to two thousand pictures in his lifetime. He also is able to say with equal conclusiveness that there are several thousand Corots in the United States alone—and he knows, for he sold a few thousand of them himself.

"I Bought Several Hundred Examples of Old Furniture and Three of Them are Real"

Likewise antiques! The antique business has been exposed so many times that it now flourishes as it never did before. Exposure advertises the antique trade apparently. That is quite natural, too, when you come to think of it. Millionaires from the United States or Argentina might not know there were antiques if they were not warned so often to beware of bogus ones—probably they would not. So, if they choose to stuff their houses with antique furniture made in France and Italy within the year, and with other specimens of the art in silver, glass, wood, porcelain or what not, guaranteed antique but made in quantities everywhere, including the United States of America—U. S. A.—that is their affair. It is ninety per cent bogus, but what care we? The philosophy of the accumulation of antiques is this: Ninety per cent of all antiques other people own are bogus. Your own antiques are genuine, being of the remaining ten per cent. You are sorry for your neighbor who was swindled, but people should not buy unless they know. You know! And your neighbor thinks exactly the same thing about his collection and yours—only the other way round. Thus everybody is satisfied and antique factories are springing up every day.

Reasonable Restaurant Prices

NOR is there any necessity for sashaying into the restaurants and cafés. The truth about the restaurants of Paris is they are just as reasonable in their charges as restaurants are in New York or Chicago or in any other city—and much better! In many instances they are much cheaper. One or two places in Paris tuck it on extortionately, but you are paying for the show, not the food; and there are places just across the street where the diet is as good and the prices lower. The long squeal that has gone up about restaurant prices in Paris and other places in Europe does not come from people who are used to eating in restaurants—good ones—in the United States. It comes from people who are tripping in Europe and who never have eaten in any sort of restaurants at home save quick-lunch ones. Naturally any sort of a restaurant charge at all seems extortionate to these people, who mostly live at home or in boarding houses.

I am not addressing myself to the tribulations of the few-day trippers who go to Paris on an allotment of a few dollars. I am talking about the people—a great number of them—who go to Paris with a dignified amount of money and desire to spend it in a dignified way, with an occasion or two, mayhap, when dignity can be checked at the hotel to be called for on return from Montmartre or elsewhere. These people make up the bulk of the travelers from our country—good, substantial, well-to-do people of all ages, with money of their own and an inclination to spend it and nothing on earth but a desire to get an even break.

What I contend is this: The American traveler, being the principal support of a certain number of French people, deserves more for his money than he gets, and that goes for the South American as well as the North American—not

(Continued on Page 36)

"Why, You Robber, You Sold Exactly the Same Ties to a Friend of Mine for Three Dollars Each!"

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Helping the Helpless—By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

YOU don't mean to say that the orphans eat this stuff!" exclaimed Mayor Birchland as he threw out of the window the handful of musty oatmeal.

"Yes, but we even get it at the officers' table," replied the plump matron of the Bricktown Orphan Asylum, smiling engagingly from the mayor to the solemn "Deacon" Jameson.

"That's bad," declared the mayor sternly; "especially with an election coming on. Who is to blame for this?"

"The supe!" vindictively stated the matron. "I asked you to come out today because old Parson's gone. I want you to see for yourself. Why, the supe's family has sirloin and celery and ice cream; and the best we get is corned beef and — "

"Graft," Deacon Jameson remarked to the mayor in a contemptuous undertone.

"You bet it's graft and the supe keeps it all to himself," snapped Mrs. Gravely, clutching eagerly at the word. "Molly! Oh, you Molly!"

She hurried into the hall and pushed the door to with her foot, but it swung slightly ajar.

"If you don't shut up that brat I'll have another spell!" they heard the matron say.

"It's number thirty-six, Mis' Gravely," reported the pinch-nosed nurse. "I've shook her three times and she won't stop."

"Dope her then!" directed Mrs. Gravely, and came back into the room.

The mayor was again shocked.

"You don't give the children opiates!" he protested.

The matron was lost for only an instant.

"The supe's orders," she stated.

"I'll look into this," promised the mayor.

"Here's something for you to look into right away," suggested the matron, thanking Providence for a change of subject. "See out of the window!"

Birchland and Jameson obliged, and saw a thick-necked drayman driving round to the back of the building with two barrels of potatoes.

Beaming happily, the matron presently led them into the basement storeroom, where the two barrels of potatoes were now standing. A spry young steward was out talking to the driver and they were in time to see the steward receive a small coin and an envelope.

"Here's his duplicate voucher," whispered Mrs. Gravely, showing them a carbon impression in the book. "It's for hauling three barrels of potatoes instead of two at half a dollar each. Now look at the potatoes. They're rotten!"

With triumph glittering in her eye she sailed out to the steward and brought in the envelope; then, fluttering with excitement, she led the way upstairs.

"That drayage voucher was the steward's graft," she explained. "Jerry and the hauler split that extra half."

The mayor and his friend Jameson exchanged glances of disgust.

"That ain't all," Mrs. Gravely went on, now enjoying herself thoroughly. "The hauler saves up his two bits to pay the supe for handing him the job."

"It's an outrage!" muttered the mayor, unbuttoning and buttoning his prim coat.

"It's such a piker trick," objected the deacon.

"And that ain't all!" gloried the matron, whose voice rose as success crowned her efforts. "I'll show you this bill!" And, slipping it from the envelope, she displayed it. "It's for three barrels of select potatoes; and two barrels of rotten ones came. That's the supe's graft. He splits with the dealer and we get those bum spuds at the officers' table. Can you beat it!"

"Stealing potatoes from the babies!" declared the mayor angrily. "This must be stopped!"

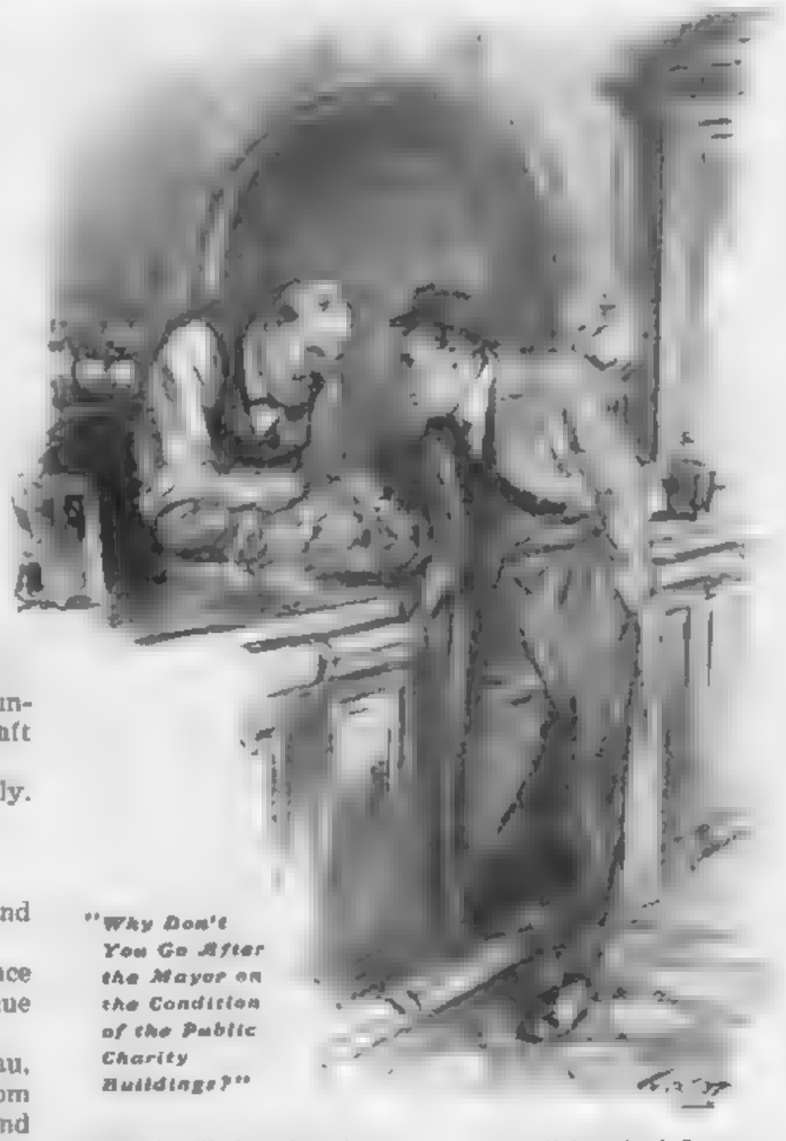
"Wait; I'll show you some more," offered the mother of the orphans, but the impromptu investigators declined. They had seen quite enough.

"To think that this cheap stealing should be going on in a clean business administration," regretted the mayor, much humiliated by the fact, as he and Jameson stepped into the latter's gray roadster.

"It's probably being done in every public institution in the city," speculated Jameson.

"Why, yes," mused the mayor. "There's doubtless hundreds of thousands of dollars being wasted in petty graft every year. This department should be systematized."

"I should say it should," agreed Jameson earnestly. "Birchland, we've been overlooking a bet."



"Why Don't You Go After the Mayor on the Condition of the Public Charity Buildings?"

"Wait till they hand you a real jolt," laughed Jameson, tossing the paper down. "A tax howl is nothing. They do that every campaign."

"It checks civic activity," fretted the mayor. "This plan, for instance, of improving our public institutions: it will have to lie over until after election, because it might require a few thousand dollars."

The deacon, who had seen politics from every angle, laughed at him.

"Call their bluff," he advised. "If they hammer you for spending money spend more. Let's raise the tax rate. Let's build a new hospital or a new orphan asylum or something."

"They'd never stand for it," considered the mayor.

"The people?" returned Jameson. "We'll make them like it! We'll make them demand it! I'll tell you what we'll do, Birchland—we'll make the Journal help us!"

II

MAYOR BIRCHLAND sat in his big armchair and picked a thread off his sheetiron coatsleeve.

"It's a corking idea," he admitted. "A Maintenance Bureau of Public Institutions would bring all the revenue under one head."

"That's it exactly," approved Jameson. "The bureau, under a good, safe man, would handle the rake-off from the supplies of all the hospitals, homes and refuges, and would even take charge of the assessments on salaries."

The mayor took a card from his desk.

"The figures are attractive," he stated. "I've been investigating our twenty-one institutions. The petty graft runs to about two hundred thousand a year—sheer waste!"

Jameson shook his head.

"We've been careless," he regretted. "A lot of money could be spent in improving those places."

The pink-haired stenographer brought in the evening papers. She was a neat girl with an entirely human streak in her, and she laid the papers on the mayor's desk with the Journal folded so he could see his picture.

The front page was mostly headlines, and it was the opening gun of the campaign.

"Bountiful Birchland!" was the Journal's invitation to the feast of education; and that lively paper displayed to the public just how much taxes it had cost them to support the extravagances of their wasteful mayor! It hinted of more startling revelations to come and it sternly demanded of the people how much longer they would permit this sort of thing! The mayor was more hurt than angry.

"That's what one gets for being progressive," he complained, passing the paper to Jameson. "We have driven out Bricktown's low groggeries and all its low criminal element; we have given them clean streets, miles of new paving, a school wherever we could find space; and this is my reward!"

"The Supe's Family Has Sirloin and Celery and Ice Cream; and the Best We Get is Corned Beef and "

III

"WHITHER, pal?" yelled little Tom Boles, slamming his long-nosed gray roadster up to the curb and stopping with a jerk.

The short, fat young man in the yellow raincoat looked up and down the street and into the deep-blue sky.

"To the devil, Tom," he stated. "I'm sent out to secure Mrs. Tupper-Collins' views on trial marriage."

"Then you need a drink, Bobby," commiserated the little president of the Bureau of Municipal Construction. "Jump in and Pet will whirl you there."

"Get me pickled!" begged Bobby, hopping into the machine that Tom had invested with a personality. "Did you see the few lines I addressed to the mayor?"

"If that was your dope it was rotten!" declared Tom as he headed Pet up the street.

"Wait till I get warmed up," defended Bobby. "Why, Tom, I'm just bulging with cute little surprises for your friend Birchland."

"Of course!" mocked Tom. "You've worked on the Journal seven years and now you're writing politics at thirty-five a week, while Birchland has only made this town over. Why shouldn't you roast him?"

Bobby, who was great friends with Tom when they were great friends, flushed at this insinuation of inferiority.

"Don't you get gay, because your funeral sermon's typewritten too," he observed. "You don't think you'll get through this campaign without a slice of the omelet, do you?"

"I'll eat all that comes in my way," laughed Tom; "but it won't bother me. I'm only a piker anyhow."

"You got a strong job for a piker," grumbled Bobby, whom Tom had dug into deeper than he had intended.

"The paving graft alone in your so-called bureau was half a million dollars last year—to say nothing of the graft on the eight schoolhouses the city didn't need."

"Well, what do you think of my guest, Pet!" exclaimed Tom to his car, almost cutting the wheel off an express wagon to avoid running over a pup. "Bobby, I didn't know you were so full of facts and figures; I thought you were only fat."

"Where did the money go?" inquired Bobby, who, since he had been assigned to hunt scandal for the campaign, was not particular whether he stole it out of a man's desk or angered him into telling it.

"You talk like a headline!" scorned Tom; and with great relief he stopped at Alderman Waldubbel's saloon, where he had been instructed to decoy Bobby as soon as he found that enterprising young reporter.

They invaded the place at a lazy hour when four well-dressed thugs, who worked occasionally because it was popular to work in the ward, were the only occupants besides Waldubbel himself. That creation leaned on the bar in his shirtsleeves and was so big that Bobby hated to talk with him because it gave him a pain in the back of his neck.

"Hello, runt," hailed Tom. "I wish you'd give my friend Bobby a cheerup cocktail. He has his mean streak on today."

"I've been eating raw meat for the opening of the campaign," explained Bobby. "Know any scandal, Waldubbel?"

Big Waldubbel grinned as he set forth the bottle Tom had pointed out.

"Heaps; but I'm a dummy."

Tom poured himself a drink.

"Excuse me till I telephone," he begged, and left Waldubbel and Bobby Gossap alone.

Big Waldubbel leaned over to Bobby confidentially.

"You was askin' about scandal for the campaign," he observed. "Why don't you go after the mayor on the condition of the public charity buildings?"

Bobby looked into his glass and as he reflected he began to smile.

"There might be a lead in that," he mused.

"They're a disgrace!" asserted Waldubbel, knotting his brows with indignation. "I was out to the orphan asylum the other day and the plastering's droppin' off the ceiling. Down at the foundlings' home it's a shame the way they're crowded. But the home for the blind, Bobby! Let me tell you about that."

Tom Boles came back from the telephone, but, with a speculative glance at the bar, he wandered over to keep nonchalant company with Terry Search, who had the third precinct bluffed to the extent of forty votes; and with Jimmy Clancy, who always had a black patch over one eye or the other; and with two lesser celebrities, not good enough fighters to be of much use in politics, but fine to run errands.

"Come have one on me, Tom," presently invited the alderman, and Tom knew that the interview was over.

"Talked any scandal?" asked Tom as he joined the two.

"Wait till you see the Journal," advised Bobby, his round nose becoming a little bull as he grinned.

The Journal Printed a Picture of the Scrawniest of the Dear Little Tots

IV

THAT was a ferocious attack the Journal made on Mayor Birchland for his neglect of the city's helpless in the hospitals, the refuges and the homes for the various maimed, defective and incurable—and especially for his neglect of the babies! Why, here was this man who had spent wantonly of the taxpayers' money for unnecessary paving and unnecessary buildings, and he had not even plastered the orphan asylum or added a cot to the foundlings' home! That man was a monster who could neglect helpless and friendless babies; and Mayor Birchland was a monster!

In order to get the public properly incensed against their whited sepulcher of a chief executive the Journal printed on Monday a picture of the orphan asylum, showing a broken eavestrough; a picture of a corner of the dining room, showing the broken plaster; and a picture of the scrawniest of the dear little tots, in the charge of its kind mother and protector, Matron Gravely.

In contrast to this the Journal printed a picture of young Mayor Birchland in his stiffest suit, with a thousand-dollar white collie, and a picture of the mayor's luxurious, entirely wainscoted library, in which there was no plastering knocked off!

It was a shameful contrast; and, if the public was not awakened to hatred of a man so heartless, it was not the Journal's fault!

On Tuesday the Journal printed pictures of the neglected foundlings' home, showing eight cribs in one small room, with an underline explaining that the cribs were not even white-enameled; and it carried a picture of the sickliest baby it could find in the home.

In contrast to this the Journal printed a picture of the mayor's baby niece—a beautiful, plump child in furs! Think of that, oh, you mothers and fathers! Furs! Now would it be believed what sort of man was this mayor!

On Wednesday the Journal printed a pathetic picture of a blind child—a sweet little girl, with her dress sticking out all round—learning to read with her fingertips; and it showed the disgraceful condition of the blind-asylum fence!

In contrast to this it pictured the mayor's fence, straight as a die! Not a wabble in it! Now!

On Thursday it showed the neglect of the city infirmary, with a picture of a child; and on Friday the neglect of the hospital, with a picture of another child!

Quite pleased, Mayor Birchland, with Deacon Jameson at his side, called up the offices of the afternoon Blade and the afternoon Forum, and the morning News and the morning Bugle, all of which were administration papers, and said: "I guess it's ripe now."

Thereupon the Saturday afternoon Blade and Forum, and the Sunday morning News and Bugle—all of which had enormous circulations on these days—immediately interviewed the mayor in articles that had been in type so many days they were dusty.

By George, Mayor Birchland was a man! He had tried to forward the best interests of the city in every particular! He had served the public honestly and faithfully and well! He had given them cheaper and better paving, cheaper and better buildings—and plenty of them! He had cut out the middleman from all the city contracts and had given the city a good, clean, business administration!

Yet the city was ungrateful! In spite of all the gifts he had showered upon it, it had listened to the picayunish charge of a seven-mill advance in the rate of taxation!

In the face of this charge the opposition had cut him to the quick with its statements that he had neglected the city's helpless, particularly the babies! He acknowledged that he was hurt by this just criticism—hurt because he was guilty! It had been the dearest wish of his heart to help the city's helpless—particularly the babies—but he had been coward enough to hang back because of the tax rate.

Now, however, he was through! He would follow not the dictates of picayunish public policy, but the dictates of his own heart! He would provide the city's helpless with the things that were theirs by right, no matter what the cost! Because of this, instead of attempting to lower the city's tax rate, he would probably have to raise it. His immediate intention was to put the public institutions on a generously humanitarian basis, if that should prove to be his last official act! For this he would probably be beaten at the polls!

All right; let them beat him! He might retire a defeated candidate, but at least he would retire a man!

Immediately after the printing of this interview Mayor Birchland and Deacon Jameson prepared their Maintenance Bureau of Public Institutions for the next meeting of the city council, and privately purchased the land to resell to the city for four immense new public buildings!

V

SENATOR BENJAMIN F. MURDOCK beamed on the seven reporters who surrounded him in the lobby with the pleasure of an old acquaintance.

"I'm glad to be among you again, gentlemen," he declared. "My rare visits to Bricktown are always a pleasure; for, if for no other reason, here, more than anywhere else in the state, I am the most kindly treated by the gentlemen of the press."

"I guess you didn't see the Journal's roast of your public-utilities charter the other day," chuckled fat little Bobby Gossap in his yellow raincoat, elbowing his way up to the whiskerless senator until he touched.

The senator smiled benignly on him.

"I considered that a very kindly article," he responded; "I might have been treated so much worse."

"What are you doing in Bricktown?" asked the tall reporter, pushing the Journal's cub out of the way.

"I am making a study of the various police departments of the state," the senator replied. And to prove that he was not deceiving them he went straight out to the Central Police Station, where, waiting for him in Chief Satterly's most private private office, he found Dan Fox, the shrewd old ex-boss of Bricktown, who looked so much like the late King Edward of England that passing Britons always doffed their hats and sang God Save the King.

"Sorry I can't meet you like a white man, Dan," laughed the senator as he shook hands; "but I can't afford to be seen with an old villain like you."

"I arranged to meet you here on account of my own reputation," chuckled Dan. "What's on your mind, Ben?"

"I'm cleaning up all my outstanding interests," explained the senator briskly. "You and I had dealings with certain corporate bodies which are still providing us with an income."

"They'd better, Ben," returned Dan. "We know where their solar plexus is."

"I want to forget that species of anatomy," smiled the state senator. "I wonder whether you could persuade these people to discount my remaining ten-year payments."

"I'll try it," puzzled Dan. "I hope you're not hard up."

"No," denied the senator; "I'm just cashing in. I can't afford any embarrassing affiliations."

"I was afraid you were going out of politics!" Dan's eyes twinkled.

"Going on up, I hope," explained the senator. "Dan, there's going to be a change and I'm going to be on the curl of the surf."

Dan offered the senator a cigar from his jeweled case.

"That's what I told Mayor Birchland. I said for him to beat it while the beating is good."

"Tell him again," advised the senator.

VI

EVERYBODY was interested in helping the helpless! The Blade, the Forum, the News and the Bugle led in the mad, merry riot of pathos about the condition of the city's dependents in the homes and hospitals; and not even the Journal had the audacity to say much in rebuttal.

(Continued on Page 44)

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

XIX

WHEN I was with people who did not drink I never thought of drinking. Louis Shattuck did not drink. Neither he nor I could afford it; but, more significant than that, we had no desire to drink. We were healthy, normal, non-alcoholic. Had we been alcoholic we should have drunk whether or not we could have afforded it.

Each night, after the day's work, washed up, clothes changed and supper eaten, we met on the street corner or in the little candy store. But the warm fall weather passed, and on bitter nights of frost or damp nights of drizzle the street corner was not a comfortable meeting-place, and the candy store was unheated. Nita, or whoever waited on the counter, between waitings lurked in a back living room that was heated. We were not admitted into that room and in the store it was as cold as out-of-doors.

Louis and I debated the situation. There was only one solution—the saloon, the congregating place of men; the place where men hobnobbed with John Barleycorn. Well do I remember the damp and drafty evening, shivering without overcoats because we could not afford them, that Louis and I started out to select our saloon. Saloons are always warm and comfortable. Now Louis and I did not go into this saloon because we wanted a drink; yet we knew that saloons are not charitable institutions. A man could not make a lounging-place of a saloon without occasionally buying something over the bar.

Our dimes and nickels were few. We could ill spare any of them when they were so potent in buying carfares for oneself and a girl—we never paid carfare when by ourselves, being content to walk. So in this saloon we desired to make the most of our expenditure. We called for a deck of cards and sat down at a table and played euchre for an hour, during which time Louis treated once, and I treated once, to beer—the cheapest drink, ten cents for two. Prodigal! How we grudged the money!

We studied the men who came into the place. They seemed all middle-aged and elderly workmen—most of them Germans—who flocked by themselves in old-acquaintance groups and with whom we could have only the slightest contacts. We voted against that saloon, and went out cast down with the knowledge that we had lost an evening and wasted twenty cents for beer we did not want.

We made several more tries on succeeding nights, and at last found our way into the National, a saloon at Tenth and Franklin. Here was a more congenial crowd. Here Louis met a fellow or two he knew, and here I met fellows I had gone to school with when a little lad in knee-pants. We talked of old days, and of what had become of this fellow and what that fellow was doing now—and, of course, we talked over drinks. They treated and we drank. Then, according to the code of drinking, we had to treat. It hurt, for it meant forty to fifty cents a clatter.

We felt quite enlivened when the short evening was over; but at the same time we were bankrupt. Our week's spending money was gone. We decided that was the saloon for us, and we agreed to be more circumspect thereafter in our drink-buying. Also we had to economize for the rest of the week. We did not even have carfare. We were compelled to break an engagement with two girls from West Oakland with whom we were attempting to be in love. They were to meet us uptown the next evening, and we had not the carfare necessary to take them home. Like many others financially embarrassed, we had to disappear for a time from the gay whirl—at least until Saturday-night payday. So Louis and I rendezvoused in a livery stable and, with coats buttoned and chattering teeth, played euchre and casino until the time of our exile was over.

Then we returned to the National Saloon and spent no more than was decently necessary for comfort and warmth. Sometimes we had mishaps, as when one got stuck twice in succession in a five-handed game of Sancho-Pedro for the drinks. Such a disaster meant anywhere between fifty cents and a dollar, according to how many of the players ordered ten-cent drinks. But we could temporarily escape the evil effects of such a disaster by virtue of an account we ran behind the bar. Of course this only set back the day of reckoning and seduced us into spending more than we should have spent on a cash basis.

When I left Oakland suddenly for the adventure path the following spring I well remember I owed that saloonkeeper one dollar and seventy cents. Long after, when I returned, he was gone. I still owe him that dollar and seventy cents, and if he should chance to read these lines I want him to know that I will pay on demand.

Nineteen Hours a Day I Studied

The foregoing incident of the National Saloon I have given in order again to show the lure or draw or compulsion toward John Barleycorn in society as at present organized, with saloons on all the corners. Louis and I were two healthy youths. We did not want to drink. We could not afford to drink. And yet we were driven by the circumstance of cold and rainy weather to seek refuge in a saloon, where we had to spend part of our pitiful dole for drink. It will be urged by some critics that we might have gone to the Y. M. C. A., to night school, and to the social circles and homes of young people. The only reply is that we did not. That is the irrefragable fact—we did not. And today—at this moment—there are hundreds of thousands of boys like Louis and myself doing just what Louis and I did, with John Barleycorn, warm and comfortable, beckoning and welcoming, tucking their arms in his and beginning to teach them his mellow ways.

XX

THE jute mills failed in their agreement to increase my pay to a dollar and a quarter a day; and I, a freeborn American boy, whose direct ancestors had fought in all the wars, from the old pre-Revolutionary Indian wars down, exercised my right of free contract by quitting the job.

I was still resolved to settle down, and I looked about me. One thing was clear: unskilled labor did not pay. I must learn a trade, and I decided on electricity. The need for electricians was constantly growing. But how to become an electrician? I had not the money to go to a technical school or a university; besides, I did not think much of schools. I was a practical man in a practical world. Also I still believed in the old myths that were the heritage of the American boy when I was a boy.

A canal boy could become a president. Any boy who took employment with any firm could, by thrift, energy and sobriety, learn the business and rise from position to position until he was taken in as a junior partner. After that the senior partnership was only a matter of time. Very often—so ran the myth—the boy, by reason of his steadiness and application, married his employer's daughter. By this time I had been encouraged to such faith in myself in the matter of girls that I was quite certain I could marry my employer's daughter. There was not a doubt of it. All the little boys in the myths did it as soon as they were old enough.

So I bade farewell forever to the adventure path and went out to the power plant of one of our Oakland street railroads. I saw the superintendent himself in a private office so fine it almost stunned me. But I talked straight up. I told him I wanted to become a practical electrician, that I was unafraid of work; that I was used to hard work; and that all he had to do was look at me to see I was fit and strong. I told him I wanted to begin right at the bottom and work up; that I wanted to devote my life to this one occupation and this one employment.

The superintendent beamed as he listened. He told me that I was the right stuff for success, and that he believed in encouraging American youth who wanted to rise. Why, employers were always on the lookout for young fellows like me. And, alas! they found them all too rarely. My ambition was fine and worthy, and he would see to it that I got my chance. And as I listened with swelling heart I wondered if it was his daughter I was to marry.

"Before you can go out on the road and learn the more complicated and higher details of the profession," he said, "you will, of course, have to work in the carhouse with the men who install and repair the motors." By this time I was sure that it was his daughter, and I was wondering how much stock he might own in the company. "But," he said, "as you yourself so plainly see, you could not expect to begin as a helper to the carhouse electricians. That will come when you have worked up to it. You will really begin at the bottom. In the carhouse your first employment will be sweeping up, washing the windows, keeping things clean. And, after you have shown yourself satisfactory at that, then you may become a helper to the electricians."

I did not see how sweeping and scrubbing a building was any preparation for the trade of electrician; but I did know that in the books all the boys started with the most menial tasks and by making good ultimately won to the ownership of the whole concern.

"When shall I come to work?" I asked, eager to launch on this dazzling career.

"As you and I have already agreed, you must begin at the bottom," said the superintendent. "Not immediately can you in any capacity enter the carhouse. Before that you must pass through the engine room as an oiler."

My heart went down slightly for the moment as I saw the road lengthen between his daughter and myself; then it rose again. I should be a better electrician with knowledge of steam engines. As an oiler in the great engine room I was confident that few things concerning steam would escape me. Heavens! My career shone more dazzling than ever.

"When shall I come to work?" I asked gratefully.

"You could not expect to enter immediately into the engine room," said the superintendent. "There must be preparation for that—and through the fireroom of course. Come—you see the matter clearly, I know. And you will see that even the mere handling of coal is a scientific matter and not to be sneezed at. Do you know that we weigh every pound of coal we burn? Thus we learn the value of the coal we buy; we know to the last penny the cost of every item of production; and we learn which firemen are the most wasteful, and which firemen, out of stupidity or carelessness, get the least out of the coal they fire." The superintendent beamed again. "You see how very important the little matter of coal is; and by as much as you learn of this little matter you will become that much better workman—more valuable to us; more valuable to yourself. Now are you prepared to begin?"

"Any time," I said valiantly. "The sooner the better."

"Very well," he answered. "You will come tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

I was taken out and shown my duties. Also I was told the terms of my employment—a ten-hour day every day in the month, including Sundays and holidays, with one day off each month and a salary of thirty dollars a month. It was not exciting. Years before, at the cannery, I had earned a dollar a day for a ten-hour day. I consoled myself with the thought that the reason my earning capacity had not increased with my years and strength was because I had remained an unskilled laborer. But it was different now. I was beginning to work for skill, for a trade, for a career and a fortune—and the superintendent's daughter.

And I was beginning in the right way—right at the beginning. That was the thing. I was passing coal to the firemen, who shoveled it into the furnaces, where its energy was transformed into steam, which in the engine room was transformed into the electricity with which the electricians worked. This passing coal was surely the very beginning—unless the superintendent should take it into his head to send me to work in the mines from which the coal came in order to get a completer understanding of the genesis of electricity for street railroads.

Work! I, who had worked with men, found that I did not know the first thing about real work. A ten-hour day! I had to pass coal for the day and the night shifts; and, despite working through the noon hour, I never finished my task before eight at night. I was working a twelve or thirteen hour day, and I was not being paid overtime as in the cannery.

I might as well give the secret away right here. I was doing the work of two men. Before me, one mature, able-bodied laborer had done the day shift and another equally

mature able-bodied laborer had done the night shift. They had received forty dollars a month each. The superintendent, bent on an economical administration, had persuaded me to do the work of both men for thirty dollars a month. I thought he was making an electrician of me. In truth and fact he was saving fifty dollars a month in operating expenses for the company.

However, I did not know I was displacing two men. Nobody told me. On the contrary the superintendent warned everybody not to tell me. How valiantly I went at it that first day! I worked at top speed, filling the iron wheelbarrow with coal, running it on the scales and weighing the load, then trundling it into the fireroom and dumping it on the plates before the fires.

Work! I did more than the two men I had displaced. They had merely wheeled in the coal and dumped it on the plates. But though I did this for the day coal, the night coal I had to pile against the wall of the fireroom. Now the fireroom was small. It had been planned for a night coalpasser. So I had to pile the night coal higher and higher, buttressing up the heap with stout planks. Toward the top of the heap I had to handle the coal a second time, tossing it up with a shovel.

I dripped with sweat, but I never ceased from my stride, though I could feel exhaustion coming on. By ten o'clock in the morning so much of my body's energy had I consumed I felt hungry and snatched a thick double slice of bread and butter from my dinner pail. This I devoured standing, grimed with coal dust, my knees trembling under me. By eleven o'clock, in this fashion, I had consumed my whole lunch. But what of it? I realized that it would enable me to continue working through the noon hour, and I worked all the afternoon. Darkness came on and I worked under the electric lights. The day fireman went off and the night fireman came on. I plugged away.

At half past eight, famished, tottering, I washed up, changed my clothes and dragged my weary body to the car. It was three miles to where I lived, and I had received a pass, with the stipulation that I could sit down so long as there were no paying passengers in need of a seat. As I sank into a corner outside seat I prayed that no passenger might require my seat. But the car filled up, and halfway in a woman came on board and there was no seat for her. I started to get up, and to my astonishment I found that I could not. With the chill wind blowing on me my spent body had stiffened into the seat. It took me the rest of the run in to unkink my complaining joints and muscles and get into a standing position on the lower step. And when the car stopped at my corner I nearly fell to the ground when I stepped off.

I hobbled two blocks to the house and limped into the kitchen. While my mother started to cook I plunged into bread and butter; but before my appetite was appeased or the steak fried I was sound asleep. In vain my mother strove to shake me awake enough to eat the meat. Failing in this, with the assistance of my father she managed to get me to my room, where I collapsed dead asleep on the bed. They undressed me and covered me up. In the morning came the agony of being awakened. I was terribly sore and, worst of all, my wrists were swelling. But I made up for my lost supper by eating an enormous breakfast, and when I hobbled to catch my car I carried a lunch twice as big as the one the day before.

Work! Let any youth just turned eighteen try to outshovel two man-grown coal-shovelers! Work! Long before midday I had eaten the last scrap of my huge lunch. But I was resolved to show them what a husky young fellow determined to rise could do. The worst of it was that my wrists were swelling and going back on me. There are few who do not know the pain of walking on a sprained ankle. Then imagine the pain of shoveling coal with two sprained wrists!

Work! More than once I sank down on the coal where no one could see me and cried with rage, mortification, exhaustion and despair. That second day was my hardest; and all that enabled me to survive it and get in the last of the night coal at the end of thirteen hours was the day fireman who bound both my wrists with broad leather straps. So tightly were they buckled that they were like slightly flexible plaster-casts. They took the stresses and pressures which thitherto had been borne by my wrists; and they were so tight that there was no room for the inflammation to rise in the sprains.

In this fashion I continued to learn to be an electrician. Night after night I limped home, fell asleep before I could eat my supper, and was undressed and helped into bed. Morning after morning, always with huger lunches in my dinner pail, I limped out of the house on my way to work.

I no longer read my library books. I made no dates with the girls. I was a proper workbeast. I worked and ate and slept, while my mind slept all the time. The whole thing was a nightmare. I worked every day, including Sunday; and I looked far ahead to my one day off at the end of the month, resolved to lie abed all that day and just sleep and rest up.

The strangest part of this experience was that I never took a drink or thought of taking a drink. Yet I knew that men under hard pressure almost invariably drank. I had seen them do it and in the past had often done it myself. But so sheerly non-alcoholic was I that it never entered my mind that a drink might be good for me. I instance this to show how entirely lacking from my make-up was any predisposition toward alcohol. And the point of this instance is that later on, after more years had passed, contact with John Barleycorn at last did induce in me the alcoholic desire.

I had often noticed the day fireman staring at me in a curious way. At last one day he spoke. He began by swearing me to secrecy. He had been warned by the superintendent not to tell me and in telling me he was risking his job. He told me of the day coalpasser and the night coalpasser, and of the wages they had received. I was doing for thirty dollars a month what they had received eighty dollars for doing. He would have told me sooner, the fireman said, had he not been so certain that I would break down under the work and quit. As it was I was killing myself, and all to no good purpose. I was merely cheapening the price of labor, he argued, and keeping two men out of a job.

Being an American boy—and a proud American boy—I did not immediately quit. This was foolish of me, I know; but I resolved to continue the work long enough to prove to the superintendent that I could do it without breaking down. Then I would quit and he would realize what a fine young fellow he had lost. All of which I faithfully and foolishly did. I worked on until the time came when I got in the last of the night coal by six o'clock. Then I quit the job of learning electricity by doing more than two men's work for a boy's wages, went home, and proceeded to sleep the clock round.

Fortunately I had not stayed by the job long enough to injure myself—though I was compelled to wear straps on my wrists for a year afterward; but the effect of this work orgy in which I had indulged was to sicken me with work. I just would not work. The thought of work was repulsive. I did not care if I never settled down. Learning a trade could go hang. It was a whole lot better to roister and frolic over the world in the way I had previously done. So I headed out on the adventure path again, starting to tramp East by beating my way on the railroads.

Work! Let Any Youth Try to Outshovel Two Man-Grown Coal-Shovelers!

XXI

BEHOLD! As soon as I went out on the adventure path I met John Barleycorn again. I moved through a world of strangers, and the act of drinking together made one acquainted with men and opened the way to adventure. It might be in a saloon with jingled townsmen, or with a genial railroad man well lighted up and armed with a pocket flask.

Yes—and it might be in a prohibition state, such as Iowa was in 1894, when I wandered up the main street of Des Moines and was variously invited by strangers into various blind pigs—I remember drinking in barber shops, plumbing establishments and furniture stores.

Always it was John Barleycorn. Even a tramp in those halcyon days could get very frequently drunk. I remember, inside the prison at Buffalo, how some of us got magnificently jingled; and how, on the streets of Buffalo after our release, another jingle was financed with pennies begged on the main drag.

I had no call for alcohol, but when I was with those who drank I drank with them. I insisted on traveling or loafing with the livest, keenest men; and it was just these live, keen ones that did most of the drinking. They were the more comradely men, the more venturous, the more individual. Perhaps it was too much temperament that made them turn from the commonplace and humdrum to find relief in the lying and fantastic sureties of John Barleycorn. Be that as it may, the men I liked best and desired most to be with were invariably to be found in John Barleycorn's company.

In the course of my tramping over the United States I achieved a new concept: As a tramp I was behind the scenes of society—aye, and down in the cellar. I could watch the machinery work. I saw the wheels of the social machine go round, and I learned that the dignity of manual labor was not what I had been told it was by the teachers, preachers and politicians. The men without trades were helpless cattle. If one learned a trade he was compelled to belong to a union in order to work at his trade. And his union was compelled to bully and slug the employers' unions in order to hold up wages or hold down hours. The employers' unions likewise bullied and slugged. I could not see any dignity at all. And when a workman got old or had an accident he was thrown into the scrapheap like any worn-out machine. I saw too many of this sort who were making anything but dignified ends of life.

So my new concept was that manual labor was undignified and that it did not pay. No trade for me was my decision, and no superintendent's daughter. And no criminality, I also decided. That would be almost as disastrous as to be a laborer. Brains paid, not brawn; and I resolved never again to offer my muscles for sale in the brawn market. Brain, and brain only, would I sell.

I returned to California with the firm intention of developing my brain. This meant school education. I had gone through the grammar school long ago, so I entered the Oakland High School. To pay my way I worked as a janitor. My sister helped me too; and I was not above mowing anybody's lawn or taking up and beating carpets when I had half a day to spare. I was working to get away from work and I buckled down to it with a grim realization of the paradox.

Boy-and-girl love was left behind, and along with it Haydee and Louis Shattuck and the early evening strolls. I had not the time. I joined the Henry Clay Debating

Society. I was received into the homes of some of the members, where I met nice girls whose skirts reached the ground. I dallied with little home clubs, wherein we discussed poetry and art and the nuances of grammar. I joined the Socialist local, where we studied and orated political economy, philosophy and politics. I kept half a dozen membership cards working in the free library and did an immense amount of collateral reading.

And for a year and a half on end I never took a drink or thought of taking a drink. I had not the time and I certainly did not have the inclination. Between my janitor work, my studies and innocent amusements, such as chess, I had not a moment to spare. I was discovering a new world, and such was the passion of my exploration that the old world of John Barleycorn held no inducements for me.

Come to think of it I did enter a saloon. I went to see Johnny Heinhold in the Last Chance, and I went to borrow money. And right here is another phase of John Barleycorn. Saloonkeepers are notoriously good fellows. On an average they perform vastly greater generosities than do business men. When I simply had to have ten dollars—desperate, with no place to turn—I went to Johnny Heinhold. Several years had passed since I had been in his place or spent a cent across his bar; and when I went to borrow the ten dollars I did not buy a drink either. And Johnny Heinhold let me have the ten dollars without security or interest.

More than once in the brief days of my struggle for an education I went to Johnny Heinhold to borrow money. When I entered the university I borrowed forty dollars from him, without interest, without security, without buying a drink. And yet—and here is the point, the custom and the code—in the days of my prosperity, after the lapse of years, I have gone out of my way by many a long block to spend across Johnny Heinhold's bar deferred interest on the various loans; not that Johnny Heinhold asked me to do it or expected me to do it. I did it, as I have said, in obedience to the code I had learned along with all the other things connected with John Barleycorn. In distress, when a man has no other place to turn, when he has not the slightest bit of security that a savage-hearted pawnbroker would consider, he can go to some saloonkeeper he knows. Gratitude is inherently human. When the man so helped has money again, depend upon it, a portion will be spent across the bar of the saloonkeeper who befriended him.

Why, I recollect the early days of my writing career when the small sum of money I earned from the magazines came with tragic irregularity, while at the same time I was staggering along with a growing family—a wife, children, a mother, a nephew, and my Mammy Jennie and her old husband fallen on evil days. There were two places at which I could borrow money—a barber shop and a saloon. The barber charged me five per cent a month in advance—that is to say, when I borrowed one hundred dollars he handed me ninety-five. The other five dollars he retained as advance interest for the first month. And on the second month I paid him five dollars more, and continued so to do each month until I made a ten-strike with the editors and lifted the loan.

The other place to which I came when in trouble was the saloon. This saloonkeeper I had known by sight for a couple of years. I had never spent my money in his saloon; and even when I borrowed from him I did not spend any money. Yet never did he refuse me any sum I asked of him. Unfortunately before I became prosperous he moved away to another city. And to this day I regret that he is gone. It is the code I have learned. The right thing to do, and the thing I should do right now did I know where he is, would be to drop in on occasion and spend a few dollars across his bar for old sake's sake and gratitude.

This is not to exalt saloonkeepers. I have written it to exalt the power of John Barleycorn and to illustrate one more of the myriad ways by which a man is brought in contact with John Barleycorn, until in the end he finds he cannot get along without him.

To return to the run of my narrative. Away from the adventure path, up to my ears in study, every moment occupied, I lived oblivious to John Barleycorn's existence. Nobody about me drank. If any one had drunk and offered it to me I surely would have drunk. As it was, when I had spare moments I spent them playing chess, or going with nice girls who were themselves students, or in riding a bicycle whenever I was fortunate enough to have it out of the pawnbroker's possession.

What I am insisting upon all the time is this: In me there was not the slightest trace of alcoholic desire, and this despite the long and severe apprenticeship I had served under John Barleycorn. I had come back from the other side of life to be delighted with this Arcadian simplicity of student youths and student maidens. Also I had found my way into the realm of the mind, and I was intellectually intoxicated. Alas! As I was to learn at a later period, intellectual intoxication, too, has its katzenjammer.

XXII

THREE years was the time required to go through the high school. I grew impatient. Also my schooling was becoming financially impossible. At such a rate I could not last out and I did greatly want to go to the state university.

"Your First Employment Will Be Sweeping Up, Washing the Windows, Keeping Things Clean"

When I had done a year of high school I decided to attempt a short cut. I borrowed the money and paid to enter the senior class of a "cramming joint" or academy. I was scheduled to graduate right into the university at the end of four months, thus saving two years.

How I did cram! I had two years' new work to do in a third of a year. For five weeks I crammed, until simultaneous quadratic equations and chemical formulas fairly oozed from my ears. And then the master of the academy took me aside. He was very sorry, but he was compelled to give me back my tuition fee and to ask me to leave the school. It was not a matter of scholarship. I stood well in my classes, and did he graduate me into the university he was confident that in that institution I would continue to stand well. The trouble was that tongues were gossiping about my case. What! In four months accomplish two years' work! It would be a scandal, and the universities were becoming severer in their treatment of accredited prep schools. He could not afford such a scandal; therefore I must gracefully depart.

I did. I paid back the borrowed money, gritted my teeth and started to cram by myself. There were three months yet before the university entrance examinations. Without laboratories, without coaching, sitting in my bedroom, I proceeded to compress that two years' work into three months and to keep reviewed on the previous year's work.

Nineteen hours a day I studied. For three months I kept this pace, breaking it only on several occasions. My body grew weary, my mind grew weary; but I stayed with it. My eyes grew weary and began to twitch, but they did not break down. Perhaps, toward the last, I got a bit dotty. I know that at the time I was confident I had discovered the formula for squaring the circle; but I resolutely deferred the working of it out until after the examinations. Then I would show them!

Came the several days of the examinations, during which time I scarcely closed my eyes in sleep, devoting every moment to cramming and reviewing. And when I turned in my last examination paper I was in full possession of a splendid case of brain-fag. I did not want to see a book. I did not want to think, or to lay eyes on anybody who was liable to think.

There was but one prescription for such a condition, and I gave it to myself—the adventure path. I did not wait to learn the result of my examinations. I stowed a roll of blankets and some cold food into a borrowed Whitehall boat and set sail. Out of Oakland Estuary I drifted on the last of an early morning ebb, caught the first of the flood up the bay, and raced along with a spanking breeze. San Pablo Bay was smoking, and the Carquinez Straits off the Selby Smelter were smoking, as I picked up ahead and left astern the old landmarks I had first learned with Nelson in the unreefed Reindeer.

Benicia showed before me. I opened the Bight of Turner's Shipyard, rounded the Solano Wharf, and surged along abreast of the patch of tules and the clustering fishermen's arks, where in the old days I had drunk deep.

And right here something happened to me, the gravity of which I never dreamed for many a long year to come. I had no intention of stopping at Benicia. The tide favored, the wind was fair and howling—glorious sailing for a sailor. Bull Head Point and Army Point showed ahead, marking the entrance to Suisun Bay, which I knew was smoking. And yet, when I laid eyes on those fishing arks lying in the waterfront tules, without debate—on the instant—I put down my tiller, came in on the sheet and headed for the shore. On the instant, out of the profound of my brain-fag, I knew what I wanted. I wanted to drink. I wanted to get drunk.

The call was imperative. There was no uncertainty about it. More than anything else in the world my frayed and frazzled mind wanted surcease from weariness in the way it knew surcease would come. And right here is the point: For the first time in my life I consciously, deliberately desired to get drunk. It was a new, a totally different manifestation of John Barleycorn's power. It was not a body need for alcohol, it was a mental desire. My overworked mind wanted to forget.

And here the point is drawn to its sharpest: Granted my prodigious brain-fag, nevertheless had I never drunk in the past the thought would never have entered my mind to get drunk now.

Beginning with physical intolerance for alcohol, for years drinking only for the sake of comradeship and because alcohol was everywhere on the adventure path, I had now reached the stage where my brain cried out, not merely for a drink, but for a drunk. Had I not been so long used to alcohol my brain would not have so cried out. I should have sailed on past Bull Head, and in the smoking white of Suisun Bay, in the wine of wind that filled my sail and poured through me, I should have forgotten my weary brain and rested and refreshed it.

So I sailed in to shore, made all fast and hurried up among the arks. Charley Le Grant fell on my neck. His wife, Lizzie, folded me to her capacious breast. Billy Murphy and Joe Lloyd and all the survivors of the old guard got round me, and their arms were round me. Charley seized the can and started for Jorgensen's saloon across the railroad tracks. That meant beer. I wanted whisky, so I called after him to bring a flask.

Many times that flask journeyed across the railroad tracks and back. More old friends of the old free-and-easy times dropped in—fishermen, Greeks, Russians and French. They took turns in treating, and treated all round in turn again. They came and went, but I stayed on and drank with all. I guzzled. I swilled. I ran the liquor down.

And Clam came in—Nelson's partner before me—handsome as ever, but more reckless, half insane, burning himself out with whisky. He had just had a quarrel with his partner on the sloop Gazelle; knives had been drawn and blows struck, and he was bent on maddening the fever of the memory with more whisky. And while we downed it we remembered Nelson, and that he had stretched out his great shoulders for the last long sleep in this very town of Benicia; we wept over the memory of him and remembered only the good things of him, and sent out the flask to be filled and drunk again.

They wanted me to stay over; but through the open door I could see the brave wind on the water and my ears were filled with the roar of it. And, while I forgot I had plunged into the books nineteen hours a day for three solid months, Charley Le Grant shifted my outfit into a big Columbia River salmon boat. He added charcoal and a fisherman's brazier, a coffee-pot and frying-pan, the coffee and the meat, and a black bass fresh from the water that day.

They had to help me down the rickety wharf and into the salmon boat. Likewise they stretched my boom and sprit until the sail set like a board. Some feared to set the sprit; but I insisted and Charley had no doubts. He knew me of old, and knew that I could sail as long as I could see. They cast off my painter. I put the tiller up, filled away before it, and with dizzy eyes checked and steadied the boat on her course, and waved farewell.

(Continued on Page 48)

The Newspaper—An Undeveloped Business

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WHAT SEEMS TO BE WRONG

MORE people today than ever before feel that they could edit a newspaper better than the editor; but they feel this in a different way. Formerly the average newspaper reader believed he could make a better paper all round on general principles. Today, however, he is disposed to let the editor make the paper in a general way, but earnestly wishes to reform that part of it which deals with his own work and interests. The business man, the public official, the judge and attorney, the doctor, educator, scientist, engineer, churchman, social worker—all would fight vigorously against anything that threatened our free representative press. Yet at the same time all feel that the press constantly misrepresents them and makes a hash of matters with which they are familiar.

There is a good deal of solid dissatisfaction with newspapers; and in trying to give it expression and formulate definite charges critics of the newspapers specify various things that seem to be wrong. They say that it has degenerated from the high standards of old-fashioned journalism; that it is controlled by corporate or other interests, or manipulated for the newspaper publisher's private ends; that it is inaccurate, untruthful, biased, dishonest, and so forth.

The newspaper man himself is as persistent a critic as any. It is he usually who contrasts our yellow journals with newspapers of the past and sighs for the dignity and ethics of former generations. But past journalism will not bear a very strict examination! Newspapers in father's and grandfather's times were violently partisan. Their editors not only took sides but indulged in personalities—and even came to blows! Such dignity as marked the news columns was due largely to dullness. The narrow range of news offered no comparison with today's journals, which are national and international in scope. A newspaper man has illustrated this by showing that when Pope Plus IX died, in 1878, even the New York papers published only a dozen lines of cable—and they came from London; whereas when Pope Leo XIII died the business of newsgathering had improved to such a degree that even provincial American dailies were able to print a page of cable about it.

The Percentage of Truth in Daily Papers

AS FOR corporate control of newspapers and the grinding of publishers' private axes, these things are not so easily managed as the critics fancy. The newspaper is always powerless the moment it is wrong. About the worst charge that holds in this respect is that almost all newspapers—and particularly the New York dailies—reflect the personal grudges and ambitions of their proprietors. Nevertheless in just the degree that a newspaper is used in the attempt to control public opinion it becomes weak; and every newspaper man knows of instances where gentlemen of considerable wealth, acquiring a newspaper property for private ends, have run it so closely along this line that eventually they ran it into the ground.

Our newspapers today are unquestionably more impartial than ever before; because, where the old-fashioned editor had chiefly politics in which to take sides, we have great economic and moral questions peculiar to an era of change and growth. Newspaper readers hold strong opinions on all these questions, and so do editors and writers and publishers. Yet our newspapers manage to give all sides of exceedingly complicated public questions with an astonishing fairness.

As to the charge that newspapers are inaccurate and untruthful, this is most easily disproved of all. You can see for yourself with a footrule. Take up any issue of any American daily paper—even one of the sensational sheets—and go over it article by article and page by page. You will find that from fifty to seventy-five per cent of its news is not only true and correct but it is of a kind that nobody ever questions; for from one-half to three-quarters of every newspaper is made up of police and court intelligence, sports, amusements, public gatherings, markets and routine matters, and these are faithfully reported and cannot be open to suspicion.

It is when the remaining news is examined—that twenty-five per cent or maybe so little as ten per cent which lies outside the mass of true, accurate, routine news printed in every daily paper—that one begins to get some insight into what is really wrong with our newspapers.

Routine news is always more or less dull. Every skillful editor understands that the articles making up the bulk of his paper from day to day are certain to be pretty much alike. There will be so many accidents, so many crimes, so many shows, sporting events and public gatherings, so much market and financial news, so many escapades in high life and so many back-fence affairs among the lowly. Today a big railroad disaster holds attention on the first page, and tomorrow it will be a political scandal; but there will be just about so many happenings of the same sort from month to month, and the staple news that pours in from all over the world is alike from year to year. It runs through a fixed cycle of sameness. Scenes and actors change, but the incidents are unchanging. All the staple news is weighed down by an unalterable monotony, because it is all governed by the law of averages. Much of it, like markets and sports, is of such narrow scope that only part of the readers are interested in it at all; and the paper generally is such a composite of special news for special readers that nobody ever reads the whole of it.

Some years ago a new owner took over that cornerstone of solid journalism, the London Times, and various changes in editorial methods followed. The Times had always been complete and accurate—almost forbiddingly so. The new management undertook to make it humanly interesting as well, and succeeded in a conservative sort of way. One of the business staff said, however, that the famous Thunderer would never get the circulation it ought to have until the editor consented to print on the first page each day an article telling How to Read the Times; for that paper is a bulky portfolio of formal news, painstakingly classified and indexed. It is not meant to be read so much as consulted—like a reference work. The reader who knows how to follow the threads of news in which he is interested enjoys the Times, but the reader who tries to use it as a newspaper usually gives it up as a bad job.

Newspapers in Father's and Grandfather's Times Were Violently Partisan

People Consume the Newspaper as Regularly as Food

News Based on Trifles and Oddities

NOW the Times is merely a striking illustration of what all newspapers are in respect to routine news. The yellowest journal has to print much routine information, and differs from a serious old-fashioned daily only in the arrangement of this staple news and in the extent to which the latter is lightened up with matter of another kind.

The chief art in newspaper editing is to diversify regular news with something of broad human interest to all readers. Editors, reporters, copy writers and correspondents are eternally on the hunt for feature stories as they are called. These feature stories make the paper individual and interesting, and hold up its circulation; at the same time they are responsible for most of the shortcomings of which people complain in newspapers.

A feature story may be humorous or odd or pathetic. It may be based on real news or have only the slightest news foundation. It is written now by a reporter and again by a special writer engaged for just that class of work. It may be telegraphed by a country correspondent or be the product of a copy man who gives a whimsical turn to some dull item without ever going out of the office.

Thirty miles north of New York, for example, a hawk picks up a chicken—a news happening that in itself is worth hardly a line in the local weekly paper; but the chicken and the hawk both belong to John D. Rockefeller. Sent in by a country correspondent and fitted with a funny heading, the item lights up a corner of the paper between the court calendar and the steamship sailings.

Again the city-hall reporter turns in a matter-of-fact statement about the organization of a Greek political club. As news it has little interest, but a copy reader turns it into an amusing article by picking a lot of Greek words out of the dictionary and fitting the club with imaginary members. He states that the meeting was called to order by Philosophic Analysis; that Typographical Apparatus took the chair; Denominational Paradox was elected president, and so on. Behold—a feature story that readers remember more clearly than anything else in the paper that morning!

Yet again a policeman is shot dead by a thief; and the reporter who talks with his mother succeeds in expressing with such simple pathos the latter's pride in her son and her Christian pity for the miserable wretch who killed him that the article becomes a classic of newspaper writing.

When the feature story hits the nail exactly on the head it is a fine production indeed. Many of the ablest American writers and some of our most notable writing have developed from this constant necessity for putting into newspapers something that will relieve the sameness of the news.

However, the feature story hits the nail squarely on the head only about once in a hundred times; and when it misses it is apt to be mighty poor stuff. The country correspondent frequently lacks invention and taste, so he too often sends in a fake yarn that is malicious instead of amusing. The rewrite man has not always been endowed with humor or feeling, so he exploits humanity's vein of superstition by inventing a hoodoo automobile. Chance remarks of public men are distorted; the horrible and the disgusting are pressed into service; privacy is violated; people are set by the ears or persecuted—all to make spicy reading.

At its best the feature story is the work of an artist. At its worst it is the product of a cobbler in words. If any newspaper reader will take the trouble to clip one thousand feature stories, as they come along day by day, and study them from the standpoint of workmanship, interest, range of subjects, and general suitability for reading in homes where there are young people, he will be likely to come to the conclusion that newspapers are written chiefly by the cobblers and that their outstanding defect is just plain bad work.

The newspaper business, so far as editing and writing are concerned, is still one of our most prominent sweated industries; and it seems as though it will be one of the last to profit by sound business methods that have brought improvement in other industries.

Within five or ten years many of our industries have been modernized. Processes have been improved; marketing put on a national basis; discrimination in prices and rates done away with; responsibility has been distributed on a wider basis among employees; opportunities opened up for them; salaries and wages increased; employment made more secure and promotion easier; a spirit of mutuality developed, and so on. Some industries have not been affected yet, but all are bound to be eventually.

What a little order will accomplish is shown very clearly in the theatrical business, for example, where the actor's average employment through the year has been greatly extended, salaries raised and made more secure, the physical plant in theaters worked to better advantage, good amusement extended to smaller communities, and real business methods applied to an industry that was once largely temperamental.

The newspaper has developed, too, in certain directions. Its mechanical equipment has been improved wonderfully and its facilities for gathering routine news have been extended. As a manufactured article it gives big value for a nominal price; and its organization for dealing with standardized news happenings is both comprehensive and accurate, ready to handle anything from a petty court case to a Titanic disaster.

Publishers Who Pick Patrons' Pockets

IMPROVEMENTS in mechanical equipment have come largely from the outside. They have been forced on publishers by the demand of other business for advertising space. The newsgathering organization still sticks pretty closely to what might be called ready-made news. A large percentage of the matter printed in every daily paper is gathered from the police, the legislatures, the courts, the news bureaus and other agencies.

The newspaper is well manufactured, but not always well marketed by strict mercantile standards. For example, only two morning papers in the city of New York proper have as great a circulation in that territory as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Many newspapers give false figures and defend the practice by timeworn sophistries—that is, they conceal their true circulation from the advertisers. Newspaper advertising rates are often as complicated as the crookedest tariff ever put out by a railroad, and for the same purpose—to make the traffic pay all it will bear.

There are plenty of newspaper publishers who see nothing ethically wrong in getting twenty-five or fifty thousand of their townsmen together and then inviting skillful pickpockets to work in the crowd—for they print advertisements of loan sharks, quacks, tipsters and fraudulent promoters, with just that result to their readers.

These are some of the business shortcomings of newspaper publishing as an industry. There is a tendency toward improvement all along the line, but good business methods are adopted very slowly, despite the efforts of the best element of publishers to clean up the industry for its own good.

The worst-managed department of every daily paper is the editorial end. Even the actor has stopped walking home on the ties as a result of better organization and management in his business; but the newspaper editor and reporter still labor under disadvantages that elsewhere have been improved out of existence. To enumerate these disadvantages is to go a long way toward explaining what is wrong with newspapers.

For example, every live executive nowadays knows that people must be trained for their work. The old plan of turning greenhorns into the plant to pick up methods anyhow—sink or swim—is being abandoned. It was always wasteful of the greenhorns, and costly to the business in time and particularly in recruits, for the best classes of employees would not come hunting a job with that sort of concern. Training has been found necessary not merely for the greenhorn but for the established employee too—it is not enough for him to know his present job, but he must be fitted for the next job.

Despite the development of training in business generally, however, practically nothing of the kind has been applied in newspaper work. Every year the editorial departments take in hundreds of young fellows of fair education, more than average intelligence, and such a spirit of loyalty and honesty toward their chosen calling that the president of a corporation would value that spirit alone as a prime asset; but they are turned loose in the newspaper offices to sink or swim. Very little is done to teach them their business, conserve their spirit, develop initiative. Naturally a good many never swim.

Newspaper wages are pitifully small. Starting at about what is paid an errand boy, the beginner may work up to twenty or twenty-five dollars a week after he has become an all-round man—or thirty to forty dollars in a few of the largest cities. But under scientific bonus wages the average machine-shop hand can earn a good deal more than the average reporter and has a far better chance to rise.

What is worse than low wages, however, is the lack of good positions at the top of the newspaper ladder. Newspaper work is what the English economists call a "blind-alley occupation." It has been estimated that there are not more than twenty-five newspaper editors in the country who get more than five thousand dollars a year; and most of these are part owners of publishing property or have a hand in business management. Less than four hundred get five thousand dollars, or the average wages of a first-rate salesman. Thus it comes that the newspaper is constantly losing good men to other industries, for the more ability a reporter has and the more he is able to profit by the exceptional acquaintance newspaper work gives him, the more quickly he gets into some other line of work—a leakage that would be considered dangerous by a corporation executive and studied with a view to finding out what was wrong.

Newspaper work offers no stability of employment. Editors and reporters are constantly coming and going—being hired and fired—and there are cases where men have been degraded by a cable fiat from the absentee publisher in Europe, or half the staff discharged over a telegraph wire. This, of course, is rank injustice and, what is more, the worst sort of business!

His Notion of a Truly Great Executive is Embodied in the City Editor Who Jumps Up and Down With Excitement as the Paper Goes to Press

Newspaper work is done at high speed and during unnatural hours. It is naturally a fidgety trade; and that fact is supposed to excuse many shortcomings of temper on the part of editors and to warrant summary discharge for errors. Yet it is no more fidgety in its nature than railroading or telephone engineering, or various other callings subject to peaks and emergencies. In these latter industries the emergency factor is met by first-rate executive ability—men well paid to keep their heads when the emergency comes and between times to coach the staff constantly to meet it. The newspaper worker unfortunately has few opportunities to know what good executive management really is. His notion of a truly great executive is embodied in the kind of city editor who jumps up and down with excitement as the paper goes to press, discharging somebody with an oath every few minutes; or in another kind who is inscrutably silent, speaking to subordinates only when he discharges them with a witticism.

Mental work calls for quiet, privacy, congenial surroundings; and in business houses nowadays the mental worker gets these essentials. The newspaper staff, however, is usually thrown together in one big noisy room which very often, from the standpoints of cleanliness, light and ventilation, would not pass factory inspection. In England it has been found that self-respect and capability increase among policemen, firemen and soldiers as soon as they are moved out of a common dormitory where all sleep together and into one fitted with modern ideas where each man has his own little cubicle to himself. If it is good for a policeman it ought to be good for a reporter; and when the newspaper business is developed, as eventually it must be, on modern business lines, the reporter will have his cubicle too.

The Old Lady Journalist

IT WILL be good business to give it to him. It will be good business to develop in a newspaper staff that sympathy and personal touch which produce such corps spirit and good results in other business concerns. It will probably be good business also to plan a newspaper in conference, parcel out the responsibility and let subordinates grow upon it, cultivate their suggestions for the fine plants they are, and so manage the executive end that the experiences of employees will be utilized, including their mistakes.

That is about the general line upon which other business is now modeled. The newspaper has stood outside the industrial reorganization on somewhat the same principle that deprives the shoemaker's wife of shoes—publicity being its peculiar product, there has been no publicity for itself. It is bound to come into line though; and when it does and the business of gathering information and reflecting public opinion is pursued in a broader way, the reader in the street may not be so certain that he could edit a newspaper better than the editor.

In Boston some years ago an elderly lady living in retirement made up her mind that she would start a daily paper. It was a project she had cherished a long while. She had established a successful monthly publication and later a thriving weekly, but wanted a daily, too, managed in her own way.

Now she had the money and an organization that would help; and the time seemed to be ripe if she was ever going to start the daily at all, for the old lady was getting pretty well on toward the age of ninety.

Looking round a little she found a newspaper man who seemed to have the qualifications for her editor. He was summoned to Boston and she outlined her idea.

Something seemed to be wrong with newspapers, the old lady felt. Much of the matter they published was not fit to be read in homes; and she knew from personal experience that they were often blind and malicious to an extent not suspected by readers, because, as a person working for her own conception of progress, she had been rather freely hammered by the newspapers from time to time and was always a fair mark for a feature story. So she told her editor it would be well to study existing newspapers first, to see what was wrong, in order that her own might be started right, even if it did not last.

Like all newspaper men, the editor knew that newspapers are not perfect; and now he had the chance—dreamed of by all who follow his craft, but coming to few—of shaping the policy of an ideal newspaper. Therefore his

investigation was as thorough and intelligent as he could make it, and presently he went back with a plausible explanation of what seemed to be wrong.

He found that a very large proportion of the news printed from day to day was destructive in its tendencies. Much of it came from the police and courts where humanity was seen in its worst aspects. Very little came from places where people were normal and busy, and most of that was dull. Even when the newspapers tried to make the world better they went about it in a destructive way, exposing, denouncing, tearing down. Editors and reporters imagined that the one sure remedy for every wrong was the office shake-up—that heroic treatment so sadly familiar in their own calling. If the community happened to be going along pretty well and news lacked excitement, the newspapers would inject excitement into it by some destructive tendency—such as a manufactured wave of crime, or a wave of heat, or a wave of graft, or a wave of anything else abnormal. Even the humor and cartoons were destructive in tone.

Pleasant News Makes Pleasant Reading

THE old lady agreed that this man had hit on one of the newspapers' chief defects—if not the chiefest—and declared that they would start their new daily on a platform of constructive news for a beginning. Instead of dishing up disorder and disaster they would try to interest readers in the normal affairs of normal people—show people at work, play and study, planning, celebrating, helping other people, and so forth. Then, having decided, she was eager to see the first issue as soon as possible; and the plant and organization were brought together in a hurry and her newspaper launched.

This old lady no longer lives in Boston. She has disappeared from human perception, as she would probably explain it herself; but her newspaper is still perceptible enough—so much so that it is said to have become self-supporting in its first year, which is considered a remarkable publishing achievement. The old lady was the late Mrs. Eddy; her paper the Christian Science Monitor; and its policy of printing constructive news has become of decided interest to other publishers. Some of its circulation and advertising patronage are due to loyal work on its behalf by members of Christian Science churches all over the world; but it had merit as a practical newspaper, for it is sold like any other sheet in Boston, and the circulation in that city is said to be far larger than would be the case if it were supported merely by followers of the church. Its religious aspect is confined to a single daily article on one of the back pages, and its appeal to readers rests largely on its constructive news, together with a fine correspondence organization all over the world that gives an international view of affairs.

An army officer wrote from the Philippines, saying he could keep track of all the crime and scandal in his home town in Illinois by reading the Chicago papers, but it was only in the Monitor that he learned about the new bridge lately built across the river, on Main Street. This illustrates the constructive attitude, which has both merits and shortcomings from a newspaper man's viewpoint. At its best constructive news is interesting as to facts and hopeful in its tone. At its worst it may become trivial and insipid. There is no doubt, though, that a newspaper of this sort offers splendid opportunities to the press agent who is a tireless promoter of constructive enterprises.

The newspaper man might say that the Monitor lacks proportion. People die very quietly in its pages; big disasters are sometimes dealt with in a subdued way, and some of the old-fashioned evil in the world is rather ignored. When the late E. H. Harriman came home from Europe mortally sick, and newspapers were speculating about the effect of his death on the stock market and whether he was going to die or get well, the Monitor published an interesting article announcing his return and giving his opinions about business at home and abroad, but saying nothing about his health! However, proportion is a matter of drawing the line somewhere, and nobody pretends that other newspapers developed any marked beauties of proportion in dealing with Mr. Harriman's final days, whereas it is certain that this constructive journal in Boston has opened up an exceedingly fruitful field of newspaper development.

The world just now is entering a wonderful constructive era. At the same time it is passing through a period of destructive tendencies, violent but benign. Old institutions and policies are being criticized and demolished, and new ones are emerging. The world is on its way to a great renaissance of the human spirit through a far-reaching revolution.

Newspapers are still in the revolutionary period and readers who have begun to get a footing in the era of better things are inclined to grumble about them.

A young man is on his way home with the evening paper. He works for a big public-service corporation. On the first page there is an attack upon his company. A citizens' association charges it with stealing nickels from the poor and is going to petition the legislature about it. The newspaper has printed the charges by way of giving publicity to complaints and put the story on the first page because it has feature points. Now this young man's corporation operates in several states and is a big concern. In its past it has been a bad corporation beyond doubt, but lately the management and policy have changed and it is trying to do right. He himself has charge of the new complaint department for dealing with just such charges. Furthermore he knows that this citizens' association is a dummy affair, maintained by an attorney who is using it to advertise himself. He is sorry the newspaper should be taken in, considers it bad newspaper work and feels that he could edit that part of the paper with more intelligence.

On the same street car is a doctor greatly interested in sociological work. He has studied social problems for ten years and knows that as soon as scientific men are permitted to deal with them in a scientific way, backed by public spirit, they will begin to disappear. The knowledge is at hand, the machinery ready, and only public understanding needed to set things going. Yet in his evening paper he finds half a page of sensation over the latest graft in connection with vice, written to startle people. Now there will be two weeks of agitation, with pointless editorial comment; then the subject will be dropped, leaving the public ignorant of real methods. Naturally the doctor feels that he could edit that part of the paper better.

There is an engineer on the car too. His newspaper tells of the collapse of a moving-picture theater during construction. A mass of reenforced concrete fell without warning and several laborers are dead. The account is an effect in features—two lucky escapes and a brave rescue, stories of witnesses, work of the firemen, and so on. Tomorrow a scolding editorial on The Latest Concrete Horror! Then by the end of the week, surface aspects of the accident being exhausted, the subject will be dropped. Nevertheless the engineer knows that his professional journals will later give an engineering account of the accident and the story will probably be familiar. The theater-owner had plans drawn by an architect, helped by an engineer. They designed a safe structure. When bids came in, however, the owner thought them too high; so a contractor took the job at a low price, scaled the plans, substituted cheap material, went ahead without engineering supervision—and the theater fell down before it was finished. Sometimes it falls down afterward. This engineering story will hardly appear in the papers. Readers would be interested in the technical facts and after hearing of such an accident repeated a few times in the same old way would want to stop it. So the engineer believes he could make that part of the paper better.

Ask him how and he says he would try to put engineering knowledge into news of an engineering nature. Most of the work of a city and of a state is engineering work. Many of the big industrial problems are engineering problems. Newspapers deal with engineering matters in a sensational way. They will attack a railroad and lead the public to sink money in canals to punish that railroad, though the weight of engineering experience is against canals as unprofitable; or they praise the promoters of a new subway so fulsomely that engineering defects are hidden until it is completed, when it develops that the subway is wretchedly ventilated and its stations located on curves hurt a couple of thousand persons yearly. The engineer sees the public led blindly round the edges of engineering questions, with personalities, politics and features plentiful enough, but few impartial engineering facts. These facts are interesting. If people knew them—if they could think as engineers think about canals, subways, roads, waterworks, street cleanings—many big public questions would be settled tomorrow. So the engineer says if he were editing a newspaper he would have some engineer reporters.

If Editors Were Sociologists

ASK the sociological doctor what he would do and he says, instead of featuring crime as something thrilling, mysterious or funny, and filling half the paper with police happenings, he would put all the criminal news together on one page, try to link the different stories with real causes of crime, and deal with the whole question as something wrong with the community.

There are suicides, for example. Proper newspaper treatment of suicide news would do much to cut down deaths of this kind, for statistics show that they follow a regular course through the year in each community and are largely due to causes that a newspaper could influence. As an illustration the doctor tells about a gloomy patient he thought of one night right at the apex of the year's suicide peak. The papers had been printing stories of self-destruction all that week and that night there was a particularly sensational one. "When Smith sees this," reflected the doctor, "it'll make him feel like slipping off his own mortal coil—better see him before I go to bed." He did and found Smith much downcast, sure enough, and quite attracted by the idea of hanging himself, until the doctor's talk put some fiber into him. So the doctor declares if he were editing a paper he would counteract these peaks of self-destructive news with news of a self-constructive nature.

As for the young man running the corporation's complaint department, he would probably select half a dozen good reporters and send them out to get acquainted with real business conditions, handling them somewhat like a salesforce, working to build up confidence for the paper as a medium for intelligent business news, and opening up sources of information not available to the ordinary reporter now. Business news of the feature kind is handled with so little knowledge of business conditions that business men are afraid to talk to reporters, and when of the routine kind it is buried in the dry summaries of the market pages.

The manufacturer, merchant, banker, labor leader, farmer, scientist, railroader, educator,

(Continued on Page 50)

He Feels That He Could Edit That Part of the Paper With More Intelligence

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 12, 1913

Dollar Diplomacy

WITHDRAWING from the Chinese loan arrangement is one of the best things the new Administration has done. That arrangement involved an export of American capital to China, and this country's proper rôle is that of an importer of capital, not an exporter. We are a debtor nation—not, like Great Britain and France, a creditor nation—which means that we have not capital enough for our own needs. Why should the Government take great pains to force the exportation of an article that we are short of? Probably the answer is to be found in Secretary Knox's ambition to have a finger in as many foreign pies as possible.

The Chinese pie was not an attractive dish. The loan arrangement implied a provisional guaranty on the part of this Government that might easily have led it to take a hand in the administration of China's internal affairs. It was a situation that we are happily out of.

We do not, however, accept the newspaper interpretation that withdrawal from the Chinese loan means an end of dollar diplomacy. As we have no proper share in the political intrigues and territorial ambitions of European chancelleries, trade ought always to be the first object of our foreign relations. We hope there will be plenty of dollar marks on Mr. Bryan's diplomacy; but he need not drum up customers for reluctant Wall Street bankers or mix in the domestic politics of foreign countries.

Taxation and Timber

NEARLY all states use the power to tax as a small boy does a gun—firing at the first available object that comes in sight, without duly deliberating on the obvious fact that the same charge of shot which riddled the hired man's hat might have brought down a rabbit. Partly for this reason a small Pennsylvania innovation is noteworthy. Two bills introduced there provide that land planted to timber shall be exempt from the ordinary rate of taxation while the timber is maturing, paying only a low special rate during those years, while the remainder of the tax is deferred until the trees are cut.

The state is amply protected, because land so exempt must be put under control of the Forestry Commission. Growing timber is a long-time investment. Yearly accumulation of taxes at the ordinary rate handicaps it. The bills propose to remove the handicap—to the ultimate advantage of the state; for no one seriously doubts that increased timber culture would be advantageous to every state—east of the Rocky Mountains at least. Taxation is a business proposition, and no business proposition that is unable to look beyond the dollar nearest at hand is good. This year's revenue should no more be the sole consideration than this year's trade is with a merchant.

The Dumb Stockholder

STOCKS of large American corporations become more widely distributed every year. Stock ledgers of a hundred or so of the biggest companies contain a million names, but though the American small stockholder multiplies he remains the dumbest creature known to natural history. As an almost invariable rule he asks no questions and makes no protests, but silently accepts whatever is handed out to him. The annual meeting of an English company will often be attended by a hundred or more shareholders. If there is anything in the annual report or in the position of the company they do not understand or approve they proceed to heckle the chairman until they get the information—or at least relieve their feelings. This is a decidedly wholesome habit; but the American stockholder does not indulge in it.

The typical and completely detached attitude of the American securityholder was illustrated when a large issue of Union Pacific bonds became convertible into stock that was worth a round premium—that is, every bondholder was entitled to a handsome bonus by simply asking for it. But a great number had taken so little interest in their investment that they did not know of this widely advertised privilege. If an investor will not even ask for the money that is due him what chance is there of his asking anything else? This dumb acceptance of whatever the higher powers vouchsafe may be praiseworthy in theology, but not in finance.

Making Votes for Women

BEFORE many months, probably, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania will vote on constitutional amendments granting suffrage to women. Michigan is already voting again on the subject—the amendment that was defeated last November by a very narrow and dubious majority having been resubmitted. The orderly suffrage propaganda in this country has reached a stage where legislatures are generally ready to adopt the necessary resolutions and pass the issue on to the voters—often, no doubt, in pious expectation that the voters will say nay.

Among voters there is much perfectly respectable opposition to equal suffrage, based on the honest conviction that it would be good neither for women nor men. But that is not the sort of opposition women need fear. The sort that is really formidable was finely exemplified by incidents attending the suffrage parade in Washington—when women peaceably exercising an undoubted right were buffeted, trampled upon and jeered by edifying representatives of the more muscular sex, some of whom were drunk. Those men resent female suffrage because it implies that a being whom they can thrash may be their equal, which would entirely upset their standards of value. They believe in woman's inherent inferiority; and the more inferior the man is the more tenaciously he clings to that notion. It is the old Stone Age male who wants a female as his personal property that suffragists—and other women—finally need to fear.

And the fact that that is the most effective opposition makes a great number of men desire votes for women.

A Magnate's Estate

YOU used to see exciting articles in the newspapers showing how all the railroads in the United States were divided into four or five great groups. The largest group was labeled Harriman and the capital invested in it ran into the thousands of millions. An inventory of the estate of E. H. Harriman was filed the other day. It showed that his total holdings of railroad stocks amounted in par value to considerably less than twenty million dollars. The voting power of his Union Pacific stock would be insufficient to elect a second assistant doorkeeper to the third vice-president.

In this respect, of course—as in many others—he was a typical magnate. Since Mr. Carnegie's elimination by the conversion of his steel stocks into bonds, Mr. Rockefeller is the only magnate who really owns anything to speak of.

It is true that Mr. Harriman dominated great railroads, exercising a larger autocratic sway than any other man of this generation—not excepting Mr. Morgan; but he was an elected autocrat. He ruled by consent of the governed. His purely personal power, derived from personal ownership, was utterly insignificant. Other stockholders sent their proxies to him because he made profits for them. You cannot expect a stockholder to look beyond that. For the larger look—as to how justly the profits are made—you must depend upon Government intervention.

What are Boys Worth?

SAYS Judge Richard S. Tuthill, of Chicago: "One day I went over to the Criminal Court Building and I found there one hundred and twenty-eight little boys, many of them under ten years of age, just as nice-looking boys as yours or mine, shut up in the old jail, four or five of them in a cell, waiting to be tried. These boys had first been placed in a police station, where they heard everything bad that could be heard in Chicago, vile language and vile thoughts. When they were graduated from the jail they were sent out to the Bridewell, or back to jail to serve a term; and when they came out they had learned their trade—crime."

That sounds like something from the Dark Ages, but it was the standing condition in Illinois and other states only a few years ago. By way of remedy came the Juvenile Court, founded on the idea "that children should be treated with kindness"—a very revolutionary legal innovation! Next came agitation for a school out in the country, where delinquent boys could be kept in wholesome surroundings and taught something besides crime.

After prodigious effort the legislature was induced to pass a bill appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars for such a school—provided some philanthropist would give the state three hundred and twenty acres of good farmland for a site! That also sounds like something out of the Dark Ages.

To this farm school at St. Charles more than two thousand delinquent boys have been sent, remaining there an average of twenty months. They live wholesomely in the open, are taught farming and manual trades, besides the ordinary elementary school subjects. The superintendent says that not over six per cent of them have resorted to crime after leaving the school.

The St. Charles institution is overcrowded now. The legislature is asked to found a like farm school in the central or southern part of the state; and again the shadow of the Dark Ages obtrudes. Nobody denies that another farm school would be a good thing; but there is the awful question of expense. It would cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars—and there has been grave doubt at Springfield as to whether Illinois can afford to spend all that money merely to avoid making criminals of boys!

Bank Deposits and Credit

TURNING back to 1830, you find that banks in the United States had a hundred and ten million dollars capital, forty-eight millions of outstanding circulating notes, a hundred and sixty millions of loans and only thirty-nine millions of deposits. At that time, in other words, a bank loaned its own capital and circulating notes. Its deposits were insignificant; and the purchasing power of the country was pretty accurately measured by the volume of specie and banknotes outstanding.

At present banks hold more than two-fifths of all the money in the country; and for every nine cents and a quarter of money in their vaults they have one dollar of deposits. It is these bank deposits—in the ratio of more than ten to one to actual money in vault—that now represent the country's purchasing and investing power. Broadly speaking, nobody purchases with actual money nowadays. For such purpose he uses a bank credit.

At the date of the comptroller's last report banks in the United States had extended credit to the amount of nineteen billion dollars—fourteen billions in the form of loans and five billions in the form of bonds and stocks held for investment. On the other side of the ledger you find that depositors had extended credit to the banks in the sum of seventeen billion dollars, that being the aggregate of their deposits. In fine, the banks owed the public seventeen billions and the public owed the banks nineteen billions.

It is this huge structure of bank credit in the form of deposits—practically an invention of the last two generations—that carries on the whole business of the country. For every dollar of actual money in the country there are nearly five dollars of bank deposits vested with the more important economic functions of money itself.

Currency and banking are generally linked together in political programs, and the currency end is usually more attractive to politicians; but it is the least important end.

The Conservative West

IT HAS long been said that the East is more conservative than the West, because it has more savings-bank deposits and investments in bonds and mortgages—an explanation that harks back to the pre-Adamite theory that money and negotiable securities constitute the only really important forms of wealth.

There are seventeen million savings-bank depositors in the United States, with six billion dollars and a half to their credit. Much more than two-thirds of these deposits and depositors are found in the relatively small patch of country lying east of the Alleghanies and north of the Potomac; but savings deposits are no sure measure of relative thrift or prosperity. Rhode Island has twice the savings deposits of Indiana. Connecticut has over forty dollars of savings deposits to Kansas' one. Maine beats Oregon in the ratio of nine to one. The Westerner puts his spare money into land, cattle, orchards or manufacturing enterprises at home, which on the whole pay a return much higher than savings-bank interest. In this respect the absence of savings deposits is a sign of prosperity.

And in a true sense the Westerner is quite as conservative as the Easterner—only he is trying to conserve a different sort of investment. He wants low railroad rates, because that is good for his cattle, wheat and apples—just as high rates are good for the Easterner's railroad stocks and bonds. Wall Street likes to inculcate the notion that possession of savings accounts and bonds generates a higher political virtue than the possession of corn and steers. But Wall Street is usually wrong on politics.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Prose Poet of the Cabinet

GODFREY DE BOUILLON was not, as many have hastily concluded—owing to some slight similarity in the spelling—the inventor of a soup; but was instead an earnest little crusader, who wore a red cross on his shoulder and waled the everlasting tar out of the wicked old Sultan of Egypt on the Plain of Ascalon. Further to identify this enterprising person, who undoubtedly would be a Progressive if he were fighting now instead of eight hundred-and-odd years ago, when he did fight, let me say, he was the Josephus Daniels of his day.

Indeed, it has always been the regret of the students of the new Secretary of the Navy that his parents did not give mature thought to their nominal activities when Josephus was the subject of their attention, or they would have christened him G. de Bouillon Daniels instead of tacking the name of a musty historian on him—and the more so had those parents reflected that Godfrey de Bouillon Daniels would look much niftier on the label of the horrible oil portrait of their son that shall hang for a space in the inner office in the Navy Department, and then be relegated gradually to the attic—which, together with a permanent place in the lists printed in the almanacs of those who have been Cabinet members, comprises the ultimate measure of fame of these powerful ministers of state.

He should have been Godfrey de Bouillon Daniels or, at the very least, Frederick Barbarossa Daniels; for when it comes to being a crusader Josephus is one of the most expert and effective we wot of—and we wot of quite a bunch. Moreover, Josephus is a crusader with all the fervor of the old boys combined with certain practical slants that were lacking in those who have gone before. When he has gone crusading he has had certain definite ideas in view, not the least of which was his political supremacy in North Carolina; and the result has been that he not only has advanced a great many reforms down among the tarheels, but has established himself as the boss of that state—a pleasant, agreeable, kindly boss; but a boss none the less.

You see it fell out this way: After Josephus got his stride in newspapering he began to use his newspaper to attack and destroy certain political abuses that existed, and to correct certain political tendencies—to say nothing of chastising numerous politicians who were privy to the abuses and promoters of the tendencies. In addition to this Josephus sailed into various political-economic situations—such as railroad domination and other things of like import—and, all in all, took a considerable quantity of upholstery out of conditions that were stuffed far too lavishly to suit his reform ideas.

His Fight for a Free Press

GRADUALLY the idea percolated through the length and breadth of North Carolina that here was a young fellow who, knowing, dared to proclaim. The politicians and jobsters discovered that Josephus had a pen that could write things that helped along corrective results, and that he had a medium for the publication of the work of that pen which reached the people. Hence, though they protested and squirmed, they came into camp. They couldn't buy Josephus, or scare him, or cajole him, or soften him, or ignore him, or beat him; so they promised to be good and joined him. And for some years about all that has been done politically in North Carolina has been after consultation with and with the acquiescence of Josephus, or at his direction, when he chose to take an active hand.

Once before Josephus held public office. He went to Washington when Hoke Smith was in the second Cleveland Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, and was given the post of appointment clerk. He didn't like the job; and, besides, he had other ideas. He wanted to be an editor. He had fussed at editing in an amateur way when he was a lad and the virus was in him. So he returned to Raleigh, bought a paper called the State Chronicle, and began to crusade. The opposition paper was the News and Observer. Josephus soon had the opposition paper in difficulties; then he acquired it, put his own paper in with it, retained the name News and Observer, and went at things on a bigger scale. There was much in North Carolina that needed attention and Josephus had plenty to do. He took up the railroad situation, the corporation situation, the political situation, and numerous other situations, including the liquor situation; and he made himself the biggest political and editorial power in the state.

He is a fighter who has courage to come out in the open, not one of those editorial dabsters who seek to get results by indirection. When Josephus went after an abuse he went after it in all its phases and without regard to comebacks. He hit every head that seemed to him a fair target, and they couldn't get him to quit after he had decided he was right. If he had anything on his mind that needed editorial expression that particular thing was editorially expressed—not in the cautious, then-on-the-other-hand manner, but in plain and vigorous American, so that all who ran might read; and usually those to whom the subject matter had personal reference kept on running after they had read.

An Editor Who Would Rather Fight Than Edit

He was ardently for Bryan in all Bryan campaigns; in 1908 he went to Chicago, acted as chief of the press section, and did what he could to help stem the tide. He has long been a national committeeman for the Democrats from North Carolina, and he was very active in the Wilson campaign last year. His ability and his endeavor were recognized by the President, who made him Secretary of the Navy, a post four other North Carolinians have held in the past.

In 1904 he made a great fight for the freedom of the press in his state. He charged in his paper that a Federal district judge, named T. R. Purnell—now dead—had acted wrongly in connection with a receivership appointed for the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, the property of the state. Daniels said the governor of the state was in league with men who wanted to wreck the property and get control of it, and that the judge was a party to the agreement. Judge Purnell had Daniels arrested and charged him with contempt. Daniels appeared, was fined twenty thousand dollars, and ordered to jail until the fine was paid. Josephus is ordinarily a mild-mannered man, soft of voice and courteous of speech; but he rose up at that moment and told the judge he would rot in jail before he ever paid a cent of that fine.

The judge took counsel with himself and moderated a bit. He did not put Daniels in the county jail, but instead confined him in a room in a hotel in Raleigh, where Josephus was kept for four days, closely watched. There was plenty of paper and pens and ink in the room, and Daniels wrote his editorial articles right there—red-hot ones, too, each one scorching the judge and reiterating the determination to stay there all summer and never pay a cent of the fine. An appeal was made to Judge Pritchard—himself a North Carolinian, but a Republican—and he released Daniels, who returned to the office of the News and Observer and took another fall out of Judge Purnell.

Like almost every real fighter, Josephus does not look like a fighter at all. He has a mild and kindly eye, a pleasant smile and an air of non-combativeness which make him seem one of the least aggressive of men. His voice is soft and low, though he talks rapidly; and his general appearance is that of a philosopher rather than a fighter. He talks like a Southerner, moves about in a quiet fashion, and has no other interests than politics, his paper and his family. He isn't concerned particularly about money, pays little attention to his dress, and has worn white socks since he was a boy. In the summer he puts on a crash suit that immediately wrinkles like the neck of a turtle—and wears that suit constantly. He looks like an accordion after the first few days. His face is serious, thoughtful and smooth-shaved, with deep lines at the corners of the mouth. His manner is pleasantly polite, and his whole aspect is that of a most kindly and considerate man. So he is too—but not when he is crusading. Then he cuts loose and makes pointed remarks.

In his gentler moments Josephus is a prose poet, and rhapsodizes over the various aspects of Nature he observes in and about Raleigh—but that need not delude anybody. The mere fact that he spins silvery sentences over the first pussy-willow of the spring doesn't mean that he will not hammer out iron sentences about the politician who is endeavoring to put something over that Josephus does not like. He reserves his poetical moods for poetical subjects; on other occasions he uses an ax.

The Kindness of Kansas

A MAN from Illinois moved into a Kansas community. He was impressed with his own importance, and one night soon after his arrival he found an opportunity to make a speech at a social gathering.

He began as follows:

"Fellow citizens of my adopted state of Kansas: A few years ago I was a member of the Illinois legislature ——"

An old farmer rose right here and interrupted.

"Of course," he said, "it is right and proper for the new brother to let us know about his past life and what he has done; but I want to say, if he has lived a decent and honest life since his term expired nobody round here will throw up the past at him!"

The Taft Vote in Ohio

GUS J. KARGER, a Washington newspaper man, wrote much of the press stuff for Mr. Taft's campaigns both before the convention and afterward. He is a very close friend of Mr. Taft.

Karger is from Ohio and served on the reception committee at a dinner given by the Ohio Society to Mr. Taft.

"Hello, Gus!" joked the President. "Are you one of these Ohio chaps?"

"Sure!" replied Karger. "I'm the fellow who voted for you out there."

"But," persisted Mr. Taft, "I got two votes in Ohio."

"Well," said Karger, "the other one was your own!"

Rough on Little New York

A WASHINGTON singer went over to New York one night on the invitation of some friends of his in the Lambs' Club, to sing at a gambol by that club of actors.

Willie Collier, Digby Bell, Hopper and half a dozen more shining lights were in the clubhouse when Wilton Lackaye brought the Washington man round. "You fellows think you're great actors," said Lackaye; "but here's a boy who plays New York as a one-night stand!"

The Pauline Precedent

UNCLE ISAAC STEPHENSON, who, in addition to being United States senator from Wisconsin, is rising eighty years of age and worth a whole heap of money, gave ex-President Taft the pedigreed cow, Pauline Wayne.

"Say," said Uncle Ike, "it's odd how precedents get established in this Government of ours. Something is done and then it is always done after that. Now I established a precedent myself."

"How was that?" asked a bystander.

"Why," said Uncle Ike, "I see somebody is going to give President Wilson a cow. I gave one to ex-President Taft; and from now to the end of time you'll find some monkey giving each president a cow!"

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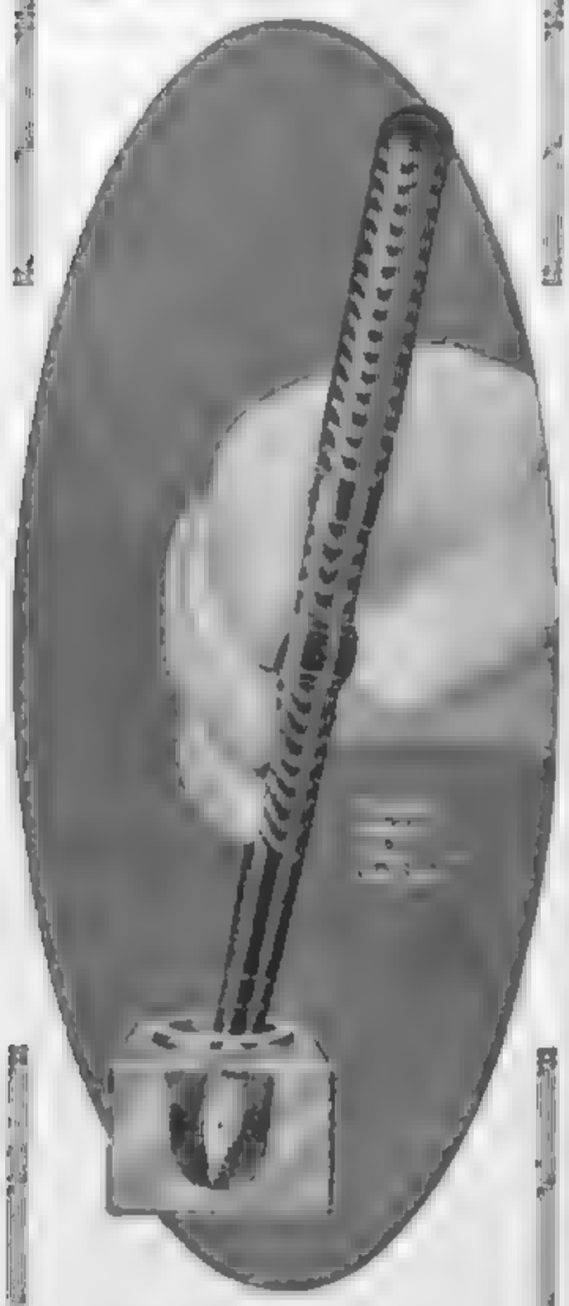

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: One night not long ago some patriots were sitting round discussing the new Cabinet and elaborating on the importance of the jobs and the great power and responsibility thereof.

"Oh, I dunno!" broke in a little chap, who had been listening and saying nothing. "If this Cabinet membership is such a great thing and makes men famous, as you say it does, kindly name for me the members of Mr. Cleveland's second Cabinet, who went out of office in 1897, on March fourth."

Now all those men were reasonably familiar with governmental affairs, and the only one of the lot who could come anywhere near naming the members of that Cabinet was a newspaper man—and he got only six out of the eight, as reference to a political almanac proved.

"Let me go a little farther," said the disturber. "I defy any of you men to name the latest eight secretaries of state—or the latest eight secretaries of the treasury—or the latest eight of any other Cabinet members. Go to it!"

Of course not a man could. You try it, Jim, without refreshing your memory and see how you come out. It reminds me of a time a Cabinet member, flown with his temporary importance, was making a speech and telling how big he and his colleagues were.

"Huh!" said a wise person who was at the dinner. "That sort of talk is puerile. You come in and go out, and nobody remembers your names. Quick now—who were your ten predecessors?"

He couldn't remember. And then he was gently reminded that the only permanent Washington institutions are the correspondents. They remain and watch patriots come and patriots go.

Why, Jim, if I should recite to you the names of the procession of men I have seen walk up and down Pennsylvania Avenue there would be several hundred in the list everybody has totally forgotten, but who were of considerable size in their day—and I am only an onlooker and with no especially good remembering faculties. But the correspondents are permanent. They stay. No change of Administration affects them. They welcome the coming patriot and speed the departing statesman—and it's all grist to their mill.

How Houston Held His Tongue

I am moved to these reflections because of the great pother and to-do there was about the Wilson Cabinet. Do you know, Jim, I am beginning to suspect that man Wilson knows something about the art of securing publicity! The only reason there was such vast interest in the prospective membership of the Wilson Cabinet was because nobody could find out who was to be there. By carefully guarding the names and surrounding the whole affair with that air of impenetrable mystery, Mr. Wilson attached to his Cabinet deliberations an importance not warranted by the actual conditions, and had the eyes of the entire country focused on the ten men he did select when he finally made their names public. Everybody was guessing. Everybody was speculating. All hands were drawing up slates and rubbing out slates, and everything was excitement in our fair city and in the newspaper offices elsewhere.

Then the names came out and ten very estimable gentlemen became much more important than they ever will be again. And the whole affair proves not only that President Wilson knows how to whet public interest but that he is the marvel of the age for keeping his own counsel and for making others remain dumb also. He released Postmaster-General Burleson because that was necessary, inasmuch as Representative Palmer could not take the war portfolio, being a Quaker, and everybody wanted Palmer to succeed Burleson as chairman of the Democratic caucus in the House of Representatives. Burleson came to a place where he had to announce he was not a candidate to succeed himself as chairman of the caucus, and the rest was easy; but the others remained under cover very successfully.

Take the case of David F. Houston, of St. Louis, the new secretary of agriculture. He came up on the train from St. Louis with a party of notable Missourians, including former Governor David Francis, former Governor Joseph W. Folk, and a lot of others. They all talked politics during the twenty-four-hour ride, and discussed the Cabinet. Each one, except Houston, gave his ideas of who would be in the Cabinet and who would not be—and Houston listened and said nothing.

When they got off the train some correspondents for St. Louis papers met them.

"Governor," said one of them to Francis, "who is David F. Houston, of St. Louis, who is to be in the new Cabinet?"

"What's that?" demanded Francis, and "What's that?" demanded Folk and the others.

"David F. Houston, of St. Louis, is to be secretary of agriculture."

They turned to look for Houston, but he had disappeared; and he had ridden with them for a day, had heard their wise speculations and prognostications about the Cabinet, and had a letter in his pocket all the time, asking him to be secretary of agriculture! A close-mouthed man, that Houston, and fully in line with the example of his chief!

Passing the Buck to the Cabinet

However, now that we have the Cabinet everybody is pleased with it. Taking the combination as a whole, President Wilson has selected a good, workable, sane, dependable, sturdy lot of men—all excellent Democrats and nothing flighty about them. There are one or two weak spots; but as a whole it is an excellent Cabinet. Of course Mr. Bryan is most in the limelight, as is natural; but when it comes time to tot up the achievements of that gathering you will find that Franklin K. Lane, of California, the secretary of the interior, will be very close to the head of the efficient list, and that Burleson and Garrison will not be far down on it.

And everybody wishes them well—and everybody pities them in their desperate plight. It's this way, Jim: There are, by conservative count, six million-and-odd more Democrats than there are Democratic jobs; and you can't make any Cabinet member—even Secretary Wilson, of the new Department of Labor, who has no salary, no office, no perquisites, and nothing but a title—think that each one of the six million-and-odd has not filed on him for jobs.

Of course the Democrats have spread a little, and not more than forty per cent of them have filed for more than half a dozen places each; but no Cabinet member thinks that—nor can he. He is firmly convinced that every Democrat in the country is lying down on him individually for a place; and the sad verse of it is that, aside from the postmaster-general, the Cabinet members have so few jobs to give out that their number is scarcely worth considering.

The astute President, having acquired a Cabinet, signalized that fact early in the proceedings by sawing off on that Cabinet all the job-hunters—or, at least, all the job-hunters he does not want to see himself. He gave notice that the Cabinet members are the boys to see when a connection with the payroll is desired. Then, I'll bet, he sat back and groaned, for he hadn't been there very long before he discovered that he, as President, hasn't as many jobs—by about ninety-nine per cent—to dispose of as he thought he had before he looked into the matter, and that the Cabinet members have fewer yet. But he gayly passed the buck to his colleagues—and their woes are until this day a fit subject for tears and lamentations.

The boys are hungry. They want sustenance. They can all prove they were for Wilson from the break of day; and they desire recognition, recompense and repose in office. There is no way on this earth that the workings of the civil-service law and its exactions can be satisfactorily explained to a bunch of ardent partisan job-seekers. There was no talk of civil service when they were urged to go out and harry the voters to the polls for Wilson, and they do not understand why that civil-service

When the band begins to play

you fall in step before you know it. Musical impulses travel naturally to the feet; that is why. In the same way, when you play a player-piano, you instinctively pedal on the accented beats and try to express your musical feeling through the pedals. It is because the

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HY-O

thing is pulled on them now that the victory is won and the spoils should be theirs. But there it is! Practically all the good jobs—in the second flight—in the Government are under the civil service; and the only way—or about the only way—to get a civil-service person out is to file charges against him and prove them. This is a contingency that makes the boys weep. But there it is!

You'd be surprised to know how little patronage there is, really—just as you need not be surprised at the pressure on the Cabinet members and others, including the President, for place. Take a big city like Chicago, for example. There is not a dozen good presidential places in Chicago—not a dozen—exclusive of letter carriers and such small fry—or in any other big city; and there are a hundred applicants for each place! And I'll stake a small sum on the proposition that Roger Sullivan, in Chicago, has a hundred places of good size he can fill to one that President Wilson has. And so it goes elsewhere.

However, that doesn't relieve the pressure, which is double-jointed. Every Democratic senator and every Democratic representative has bales of letters and petitions in his office from constituents who want jobs ranging in size from ambassador to Great Britain to rural-free-delivery carriers.

The senators and the representatives must get what action they can, and they join the throngs that besiege the Cabinet members in the hope of obtaining indorsement for some of their people.

The Cabinet members are between these two fires; and they are losing flesh by pounds a day.

Inasmuch as the President slipped one over on the Cabinet members when he said they must recommend, the first fortnight of their accession to office was devoted exclusively to trying to find some way to do a little public business. They couldn't do it! Not a Cabinet member did anything for days and days but explain to office-seekers the workings of the civil service and show the lack of places there are in the public service.

It was the same way with the senators and the representatives who are Democrats. Job-hunters followed them round the streets, camped in their offices, harried them in their hotels, wrote to them, telephoned them, besought them, urged them, cried, begged, threatened and pleaded. Nothing like this onrush of place-hunters has been seen in Washington in years. And the tragedy of it all is that there are fifty applicants for every job, and that necessarily there will be forty-nine sore ones to the one who is pleased.

They kept Postmaster-General Burleson standing on his feet for ten hours a day for the first two weeks after he took his place, just doing nothing but receiving senators, representatives, job-hunters of all kinds, delegations of all sorts; and every man he saw wanted something. His rooms were so crowded that it took two hours for any visitor, no matter how important, to get in. It was the same elsewhere. The Cabinet member of a new Administration certainly leads a jolly life!

Meantime the President has been getting his full share of it. There is a certain sort of statesman too important to see anybody but the president, no matter what is wanted—that is, too important in his own estimation. And the President, not wishing to offend when he can help it, sees a lot of them, listens to their pompous recommendations of themselves, and wearily passes them on.

The astonishing part of it is the fierce demand from men who are well-to-do, who have good businesses and comfortable homes, who can be happy and live comfortably—their insistent, clamorous requests for ribbons to tie on their coats to show they have been "recognized"! Ours is a great nation, Jim, and we are a great people; but, believe me, there are no folks on the face of the globe who think so much of and strive so hard for some little bauble of office that will enable them to appear superior to their neighbors, as these free-born, liberty-loving, monarchy-hating, form-despising, title-deprecating brethren of ours.

Are you looking for anything, Jim?

BILL.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

THE extent to which big life-insurance companies have gone in for real-estate mortgages—especially mortgages on city realty—of late years is certainly an interesting testimonial for that form of investment.

The six largest companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department have two and a half billion dollars of invested assets, and nearly seven hundred millions of it is in real-estate mortgages. Ten years ago the same companies had less than three hundred million dollars in that form of investment.

The life-insurance investigation of 1905 brought the companies' investments under much more rigid scrutiny than ever before, and was followed by changes in the law that were designed to keep them out of all kinds of speculative holdings. One result has been to increase very greatly their loans on real estate; for, on the whole, they can get a little higher interest out of such loans than from any other kind of investment that is open to them.

Last year, for example, the New York Life invested eighty-two million dollars, of which thirty-five millions—or more than two-fifths of the whole—went into real-estate loans. These loans were made in forty-six cities, located in twenty-five states; and the average yield to the company was five and one-third per cent interest. During the same year the company bought state, county and municipal bonds issued by forty-nine counties and municipalities, located in twenty states—including Canada—the average yield from which was slightly under four and a half per cent; while the railroad bonds it purchased yielded on the average slightly over four and a half per cent, and the miscellaneous bonds four and three-quarters per cent. No doubt there was greater expense attached to the real-estate loans than to the bond purchases; but the higher interest yield more than compensated for that.

Of course the life-insurance companies are thoroughly equipped for lending on real estate, having their own staffs of experts, appraisers, lawyers, and so on; and they can do for themselves what the small investor has to pay somebody else a commission for doing. Nevertheless, the fact that they have turned so decisively to real-estate mortgages is rather significant, for the insurance companies are exceedingly keen investors—out for the last eighth of one per cent that is to be had on what they consider satisfactory security. It is somewhat significant, also, that they go in more for city loans than for farm loans.

They lend almost everywhere; but, of course, much more in the city of New York than in any other place. The New York Life, for example, now has a hundred and forty-four million dollars in real-estate loans against only twenty-five millions at the end of 1905—and a hundred and seven millions of it in the state of New York.

For real-estate loans in the city of New York five per cent is the going rate even for large business-property loans. This is about half of one per cent higher than the going rate for large central business-property loans in Chicago; but the situation in the latter city is exceptional. Business there centers in the Loop District—a comparatively small area in the heart of the city, bounded on all sides by the elevated railroad. There are found all the big department stores, banks, office buildings, and the topography of the town is such that they will no doubt always remain there. This gives an unusual permanency of value to real estate in that district. The whole growth of the city focuses upon it and real-estate men calculate that the focus will never change. In many other places the center of business gravity may shift. New York's, for example, has been steadily drifting northward for a hundred years. No doubt the financial district round Wall Street is firmly anchored; but what was once a fashionable retail district may now be useless for that purpose. A large retail establishment first appears somewhere round

Three "Onyx" Days
April 14th, 15th, 16th

have been set aside by us for the Benefit of

Our Best Friends—the American Public

whose deep and abiding Faith in the "*Onyx*" Brand has been our Strongest Support

We recognize our obligations, and, as custodians of the "ONYX" Reputation, we stand pledged to maintain the Standard which has won their Confidence and Approval.

SO ON THE THREE
"Onyx"
Trade *Mark*
Hosiery
DAYS
MONDAY, April 14th
TUESDAY, April 15th
WEDNESDAY, April 16th

through our Splendid Allies, the Merchants of America, we will offer the following **Extraordinary** "ONYX" DAY Values:

FOR WOMEN

B 2205 Women's "ONYX" Seamless Silk Lisle Black, White and Tan. Hand [illegible] Fine, High Lustre and Durable. Sole Made on same Machines as our 50c Silks.
This is the first time a Mercerized Lisle has been made with these features. Value $1.00
35c per pair

E 408—Women's "ONYX" Silk Lisle in Black, Finest Gauge, Seasonable Weight, "D" High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole.
3 pairs for $1.00

1160—Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black, White and all wanted [illegible] High Spliced Heel and Doublex Sole. Value $1.50
3 pairs for $1.00

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, a Fine Medium Weight in Black only with "Dub-L" Top of Silk or Lisle, High Spliced Heel; "Doublex" Sole of Silk or Lisle. Value $1.35-$1.50
$1.00 per pair

FOR MEN

E 328 Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle in Black and [illegible] Spliced Heel, Fine Gauge and Sole. Elastic and Long Wearing. Value 50c
3 pairs for $1.00

1218 Men's "ONYX" Pure Silk Hose, Spliced Heel and Doublex Sole, with Fine Gauge Silk Plated Cuff. Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Cadet, Burgundy, Helio, Purple and Smoke. Value 50c
3 pairs for $1.00

Should your dealer be unable to supply you, leave your name and address, and all orders will be honored within a reasonable time through him.

Lord & Taylor
Wholesale *New York*

Outdoor Days Are Almost Here

Porch and Porch Furniture need touching up now. Use Acme Quality Paints and make them look like new

The days are coming fast when we can live outdoors and enjoy the summer breezes from the shade of the porch. Get ready for summer by giving the porch a new coat of paint. Touch up the porch furniture. Last summer's use has made it dingier than you realized. It is always surprising to see how different things look after being painted.

Paint not only renews, but is the best kind of protection against weather. It keeps things from going to pieces and the expense is trifling. You can do the work yourself in odd moments, and find real pleasure in doing it, if you use

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

We make a finish for every purpose. Select what taste and fancy dictate. We will show you a complete assortment of colors. Then order from your dealer as much or as little as you need—sold in cans from quarter pints up. It is all ready to use. Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel and Acme Quality Porch Floor Paint are especially prepared to withstand the dust and rain and the hot blistering sunshine of summer. Try them on floors, chairs, flower stands and railings.

Let us help you to decide

If you appreciate helpful suggestions for fixing up or redecorating, let us send you "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." These books have beautiful etchings in color, and give helps and methods to freshen up woodwork, floors, old cherished bits of furniture. Best of all, they tell you how to do these home-improving things with little effort and at small cost. We will also tell you where you can buy Acme Quality Paints, much or little, as you need them.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego

Grand Street, toward the lower end of the island. It moves up to Twelfth Street, then to Twenty-third, and is now settling down in the Forties. The next jump may be to the Sixties.

Perhaps another reason why Chicago gets a shade the best of it on large business property loans is that, on the whole, real-estate loans in New York are made for a rather larger proportion of the appraised value than elsewhere. The reason given for this is that the real-estate market is broader in New York than anywhere else.

Though five per cent is the common rate in New York, it is not, of course, the invariable rate. As a matter of fact, real-estate loans are made all the way from four and a half per cent to ten; but the variations from five per cent are the exception.

Naturally there is more money in the hands of trustees in New York than anywhere else—mainly estates that have been left in trust, sometimes for very long periods. Trustees are usually selected on account of their conservatism, and it is no doubt characteristic of them on the whole to be more solicitous for perfect security than for the best possible rate of interest. The income is not theirs anyway, and they prefer to be on the safe side. So money belonging to estates in the hands of trustees is sometimes loaned as low as four and a half per cent where the margin of security is exceptionally large—the loan being, say, for only fifty or fifty-five per cent of the appraised value.

Then the savings banks sometimes loan at four and a half per cent—the loan being, say, for fifty-five or sixty per cent of the appraised value.

Second-Mortgage Investments

New York, however, commonly wants as much money as is to be had; and the rule is to lend quite two-thirds of the appraised value. As elsewhere in the investment field, the tendency of late has been toward firmer rates. Indeed, for some time one very large lender has made no loan under five and a half; yet five is the common rate.

New York pretty often wants even a little more money than is to be had, and a loan of two-thirds the appraised value by no means exhausts the borrowing power of a piece of improved real estate.

There is a quite extensive business in second-mortgage loans, the second mortgage being usually for ten per cent of the appraised value—on top of a first mortgage for sixty-six per cent.

Of course this is risky business and the borrower pays accordingly. His second-mortgage loan frequently costs him nine or ten per cent, the note itself drawing six per cent and the remainder of the compensation to the lender being in the form of a commission. There are even concerns that make a business of selling these second-mortgage loans.

No doubt a shrewd, well-informed man can find some good picking among them; but it is an exceedingly sharp sort of business which the ordinary, non-expert investor should let severely alone.

A second mortgage on a piece of real estate gives the borrower a somewhat waterlogged appearance, which some borrowers dislike. They avoid it by arranging what is known as a participation loan.

To illustrate: Suppose you bought a piece of property for two hundred thousand dollars. You would be able to arrange a first-mortgage loan for a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars; but you need fifteen thousand more. To avoid giving a second mortgage, you find a participator. A straight first mortgage for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars is then drawn and put on record; but the actual first-mortgage lender advances only a hundred and thirty-five thousand, while the participator advances fifteen thousand. In case of foreclosure he cannot recover anything, however, until the actual first-mortgage lender has been satisfied in full. His position is substantially that of a second-mortgage lender; in some respects, in fact, it is not so favorable—and, of course, he charges you a very stiff commission over and above the five per cent interest the mortgage bears.

Formerly these participation loans were very popular; but they are more or less of a fraud, and are not made so often now as they used to be. In the case supposed above the records would show one first mortgage for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—perhaps to a big life-insurance

Feel as Husky

After a day's work as in the morning.

There's no reason for feeling fagged or "worn out" after the day's work if body and brain are properly nourished.

Give Nature a chance.

Consider quality of food rather than quantity.

Grape Nuts
FOOD

made of wheat and barley contains the elements of a perfectly balanced ration for strengthening and sustaining both Body and Brain.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

EXTRA!

68,570 "BABY GRAND" Inquiry Letters Burned!

If You Wrote Us, WRITE AGAIN!

The fire which, on February 13, destroyed the General Offices of The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company in Chicago, swept away all the accumulated correspondence and card records resulting from our advertising of *Brunswick Home Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables* in this and other publications.

We wish to announce that our factory facilities were untouched. We have nine factories and sixty branch houses, with complete stocks of all sizes and styles of Brunswick Tables, ready for immediate shipment.

We are now established in new General Offices and are equipped to transact business with our customary promptness. In order to avoid confusion and delay, we ask all who have already corresponded with us to WRITE AGAIN, AT ONCE.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Play Billiards at Home

On the Superb Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

Billiards affords the delightful combination of physical exercise, mental relaxation excitement and *fun* for young and old. *Real billiards* can only be played on a *real* billiard table. You can now secure, *in home sizes*, the famous Brunswick tables, used exclusively by the billiard experts of the world

The Brunswick "BABY GRAND" is the world's finest Home Billiard Table. Genuine mahogany [illegible] highly finished. Celebrated Baby Monarch cushions. Vermont slate bed. Concealed drawer and cue [illegible] ment Unexcelled [illegible]

The Famous "Baby Grand"

The "Baby Grand" is furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table, as desired

Billiard-Dining Table

Our Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables serve also as Dining or Library Tables and Davenports. Equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand."

Over a Year to Pay!

Full Playing Outfit Free

Play while you pay! Our low prices and easy terms bring Brunswick Tables within reach of all who love the game. Complete Playing Equipment and all accessories furnished free with each table. Outfit includes cues, balls bridge, rack, markers, rules and book, "How to Play.

Send the Coupon N-O-W!

Circular describes and illustrates *in full colors* the many styles and sizes of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy-Payment Proposition. (87)
Address

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. F. L., Wabash Ave., at Harrison St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below, Illustrated Circular of Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Town *State*

(If you have already corresponded with us, please write, giving full details)

company. A purchaser of the property who was not up to all the tricks of the trade would assume that he had only the life-insurance company to deal with; but when it came to renewing the loan he would discover that he must deal also with the participator, paying a round bonus for that privilege. Again, the fact that the record showed a first-mortgage loan for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars might deceive an innocent purchaser as to the true value of the property.

The State Insurance Department, in fact, felt called upon to criticise the making of participation loans by life-insurance companies—not all of which ever did make loans of that character—and such loans are becoming more rare.

Another little device for beguiling the innocent purchaser consisted in making it appear that the loan was obtained at a lower rate of interest than was actually paid. If it was a five and a half per cent loan the mortgage would be made out to draw five per cent; but the borrower would pay a cash commission, bringing the actual rate up to five and a half. Of course, if the borrower were going to sell the property he would rather have it appear that the loan had been made at five per cent than at five and a half; but the purchaser of the property would be in for a disappointment when he came to renew the loan. There is a tolerably general feeling that life-insurance companies especially should not be parties to any device that essentially falsifies the record.

A great amount of money of ordinary, non-expert investors goes into loans on New York City real estate—usually in the form of guaranteed mortgages. When made by a responsible company this form of investment can be thoroughly recommended.

Guaranteed Loans

The two companies that do the larger part of the business in this line are both offshoots of the title-insurance business. In New York, and other places where titles are old and there have been a great many transfers, the abstract of title to a given plot of ground is usually a very formidable affair, which only an expert could understand. So purchasers require that the title be insured by a company of good reputation and large capital; and in any real-estate transaction, after the details have been verbally agreed upon, the first step is to a title-insurance concern.

Usually the next step is a loan; so there would be an obvious economy in taking both steps at the same place. Having arranged to make the loan, the title-insurance company would wish to find a purchaser for it; and in that way the two mortgage selling and guaranteeing companies to which I refer had their beginning.

In brief, these companies make loans on New York City real estate with their own capital and then sell the loans to investors, guaranteeing payment of principal and interest. For this guaranty they make a uniform charge of one-half of one per cent a year, to be deducted from the interest as it falls due; so the five per cent loan, when guaranteed, nets the investor four and a half per cent.

Of course a great deal of investors' money is placed in unguaranteed mortgages. Some lawyers make a specialty of lending money for clients on city realty, and of selling such mortgages unguaranteed to investors; but for ordinary investors the standard form of putting money into city real-estate loans is by way of the guaranteed mortgage. When made by the right concern it is a first-class investment, of which I will say something more in another article.

Knew His Writing

THERE is a man in Texas who is daft on politics. All summer he thought he was the regular Democratic nominee for president and would be elected. Some time ago a joker handed him a telegraph blank on which was written in pencil: "Withdraw in your favor. Your election is certain. Woodrow Wilson."

He took the telegram all round Dallas and showed it to everybody.

"Why," said one man, "Wilson didn't send you that telegram. They are just kidding you."

"Kidding me?" he shouted. "Not much! Can't you see it's in Wilson's own handwriting?"

The Active Man's Underwear

The Superior crotch opens when you want it open—closes when you want it closed.

Bases full! Nobody out!

Just see that pitcher boy "wind up!" No bunched-up, sagging drawers to bother *him*. Every motion of the body is free and easy in a Superior Union Suit, and its *reinforced crotch* gives double strength where the leg seams get the strain. What's more,

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

—can't gap in the seat;—can't bind in the crotch

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever these ordinary union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it interlocks like a close front collar. It can't bind in the crotch, because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, and *always* sets snug and smooth. Make a run to the nearest haberdasher and get Superior today.

Watch for window displays this week—by good dealers everywhere

All sizes, styles and fabrics, $1.50 to $5. In Canada $2 to $7.
Send for handsome free style book. It contains a large list of fabric samples, and will aid you in selecting the Superior Union Suit you want.

Mail Orders: If there is no Superior dealer in your town write for Style Book and samples. We have fitted hundreds of men by mail—we can fit *you*.

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., DEPT. S, PIQUA, OHIO

When You Build

the Surpassing Beauty and Economy of Hy-tex must be Considered.

There has long been a popular fallacy that brick is beyond the reach of persons who must build economically.

Yet it is a fact—which you can prove to your own satisfaction by a little investigation—that the more one is forced to economize in building, the less can one afford not to build of brick.

Hy-tex Brick

is the one building material which can give you the utmost of beauty, comfort and permanence—and give it to you at the greatest saving in the long run.

Much more than "first-cost" enters into the cost of building. In building, as in everything, economy is judicious expenditure. Maintenance is the cost of a lifetime and Hy-tex reduces maintenance to its absolute minimum. The saving in repairs and painting alone soon makes up for the difference in "first-cost" between Hy-tex and cheaper building-materials.

Furthermore, a Hy-tex home is genuinely fireproof—your family is SAFE. It saves from 20% to 25% of the fuel bill, reduces fire insurance premiums, eliminates frozen plumbing, and by the same token keeps the house cooler in summer.

We have just issued a new booklet, "Genuine Economy In Home-building," dealing with the problems that are of vital interest to prospective builders. It is illustrated in colors throughout—but it's the FACTS in it that make it profitable and necessary for you. Easily the finest book ever printed in its field. Send for your copy now.

HYDRAULIC-PRESS BRICK COMPANY
Dept. P. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Offices

Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Colorado Bldg.

We also make Hy-namel Brick—the one satisfactory enameled brick

Picketing the Snowslide

By ENOS A. MILLS

"THIS cabin will never be caught by a snowslide!" said the prospector with whom I was having supper. "A slide hit my cabin in the Sawtooth Mountains—no more sleeping for me in the possible right-of-way of a slide! I sized up the territory before building this cabin and have put it out of the range of slides."

All this was encouraging, as I was to spend the night in the cabin and had arrived after the surrounding mountains were hidden in darkness. A record-breaking snow of eight days and nights had just ended a few hours before. During the afternoon, as I came down from Alpine Pass on snowshoes, the visible peaks and slopes loomed white and were threateningly overladen with snow. Avalanches would run riot during the next several hours and the sliding might begin at any minute. Gorges and old slideways would hold all these in the beaten snowtrack, barring the possibility of an overladen mountain sending off a shooting star of a slide, which might raise havoc by smashing open a new orbit.

The large spruces round the cabin showed that if ever a slide had swept this site it was longer ago than a century. As no steep slope came down upon the few acres of flat surrounding the cabin we appeared to be in a slideproof situation. However to the north was a high snow-piled peak that did not look assuring, even though between it and the cabin was a gorge and near by a rocky ridge. Somewhat acquainted with the ways of slides, I lay wide awake in the cabin, waiting to hear the thunder-storm of sound which would proclaim that slides were "running."

Snowslides may be said to have habits. Like water, they are governed by gravity. Both in gulches and on mountainsides, they start most readily on steep and comparatively smooth slopes. If a snowdrift is upon a thirty-degree incline it may be pushed almost into sliding with a feather. A slope more steeply inclined than thirty degrees does not offer a snowdrift any visible means of support. Unless this slope be broken or rough a snowdrift upon it may slide off at any moment.

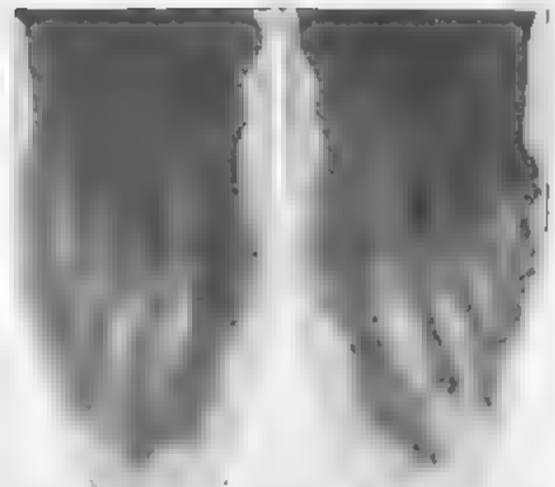
Harpooned by a Spruce Tree

In the course of a winter as many as half a dozen slides may start from the same place and each shoot down through the same gorge or over the same slope as the others. Only so much snow can cling to a slope; therefore the number of slides during each winter is determined by the quantity of snow and the character of the slope. As soon as snow is piled beyond the holding limit away starts the slide. A slide may have slipped from this spot only a few days before and here another may slip away a few days later—or a year may elapse before another runs. Thus local topography and local weather conditions determine local slide habits—when a slide will start and the course over which it will run.

The prospector was snoring before the first far-off slide thunder was heard. Things were moving. Seashore storm sounds could be heard in the background of heavy rolling thunder. This thunder swelled louder until there was a heavy rumble everywhere. Then came an earthquake jar, closely followed by a violently explosive crash. Surely a slide was upon us! A few seconds later tons of snow fell round us, crushing the trees and wrecking the cabin. Though we escaped without a scratch, a heavy spruce pole, as if a harpoon flung by the slide, struck the cabin roof at an angle, piercing it and one of the walls.

The prospector was not frightened, but he was mad! Outwitted by a snowslide! That we were alive was no consolation for him. "Where on earth did the thing come from?" he kept repeating until daylight. To the depth of several feet about and on the cabin were snow masses, mixed with rock fragments, broken treetrunks and huge wood splinters—the fragment remains of a snowslide.

This slide had started from a high peak-top a mile to the north of the cabin. For three-quarters of a mile it had coasted down a slope, at the bottom of which a



Bent Bones

How many *good toes* have you?

HOW MANY of your foot bones have room to daily serve you in carrying and transporting your body's many pounds of weight?

How many are cramped and tied up into useless masses that cry out for help through painful corns, bunions, calluses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, and other foot ills?

The above X-ray photo shows how a narrow, unnatural shoe bends and binds the foot into semi-uselessness and creates corns, bunions, etc. Shows you how 20% or more of real, valuable energy is actually *destroyed*—uselessly sacrificed.

Save this valuable money-making energy! Put your feet into Educator Shoes and have forever all foot troubles. Give yourself handsome, healthy feet that you never give thought to except to admire their looks. For Educator Shoes are good sense *plus good looks*.

They let men's and women's tired, deformed foot bones straighten out in relief. They let children's foot bones grow as they should and spare them a heritage of ills.

Made in the same shape year after year, saving you the old bother of "breaking in" your shoes. Prices from $1.25 for infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

Genuine Educators have EDUCATOR branded on the sole. If your dealer does not keep genuine Educators write us for complete catalog and we'll see that you find a pair.

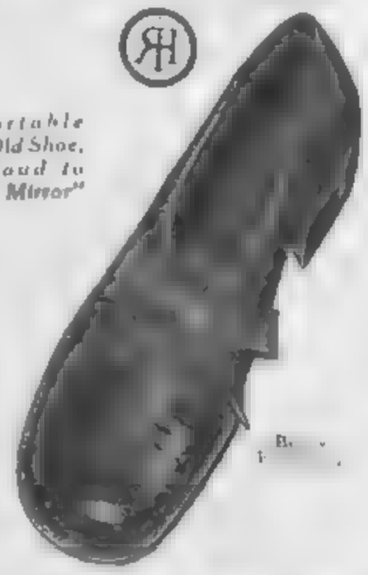
Unless you have ten perfectly good toes—and no toe is a good one that is crippled with corn or callous or ingrown nail—get your feet into Educators *today*. Tomorrow *does not come*.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

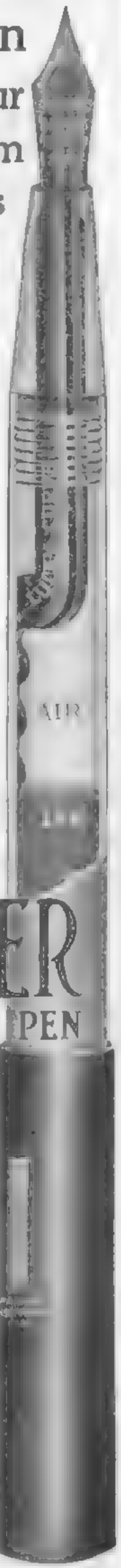
"Lets the foot grow as it should"

Comfortable As an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"



RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
Boston's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of the Famous *All America* and *Signet* Shoes for Men and *Mayflower Specials* for Women

An Invisible Policeman Guards Your Fingers from Ink Smears



HIS name is *Capillary Attraction*. And he is on "fixed post" at the lower end of the feed tube in every Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.

There he stands and arrests any ink drops that would like to get out around the writing end of the pen to smear your fingers when you remove the pen cap to write.

For when ink drops stay up in the narrow feed tube of a fountain pen in your pocket, there's trouble. The heat of your body—98 degrees—heats the *air* in the pen (see X-Ray diagram), and this hot air expands and pushes up the feed tube to escape, pushing those ink drops up and out around the writing end of the pen.

Now the Parker feed tube is *curved* and touches the barrel wall. See X-Ray. This touch creates Capillary Attraction—which is that curious natural force that makes sponges absorb, blotters take up ink, etc. And the instant you turn your Parker point up, Capillary Attraction just yanks down any ink drops that try to stay in the feed tube, and drops them down into the ink below.

Result—*empty* feed tube for the air to expand up into.

This curved feed tube is the famous Parker Lucky Curve.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

Besides not leaking and smearing, Parkers write smooth as polished marble, because their 14K gold nibs have tips of hardest Iridium. The ingenious Parker Spear Head Ink Controller insures even, regular flow—no hitching or skipping. The new Parker *Disappearing* Clip clings close to any pocket, but smoothly recedes when you remove pen cap. Price 25c extra on any standard Parker.

Standard Style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, $10 and up, according to size and ornamentation.

Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

It will not [illegible] that you carry it anywhere without [illegible]. Ladies love it. Handy and small. Prices $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

Get a Parker from your dealer on 10 days' trial. If you're not pleased, he'll refund any time within [illegible] days of purchase, the reason for [illegible] makes no difference. Just [illegible] his name and we'll mail you handsome, complete catalog.

Start getting a Parker today.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

X-Ray view of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

You are cordially invited to inspect our new "Efficiency" Retail Store in the famous Woolworth Building, New York.

gorge curved away toward the west; but so vast was the quantity of snow that this slide filled and blocked the gorge with less than half of its mass. Over the snowy bridge thus formed the momentum carried the remainder straight across the gulch. Landing, it swept up a steep slope for three hundred feet and rammed the rocky ridge back of the cabin. The greater part came to a stop and lay scattered about the ridge—not one-tenth of the original bulk went over to wreck the cabin! The prospector stood on this ridge surveying the scene and thinking when I last looked back.

Two winters on the summits of the Rocky Mountains in experiment station work, together with other wintry excursions into the heights, enabled me to see dozens of slides in action—a few at the starting, and the varied effects and remains of scores of those that were not seen in action.

Slides closely associated with snowstorms may be called stormslides. These are common in the rich San Juan mining country, where from twenty to thirty feet of snow annually falls upon an array of steep, smooth mountain slopes. These slopes cannot be safely crossed or used while snowladen; and with each snow the gulches are especially dangerous until after the slides have run through them. The intimate knowledge the miners of this section necessarily have of slide habitations and habits, the frequency of slides, together with the influence of slides on the winter activity of the miners, have led these men to name each local slide. This name commonly is that of the gulch down which the slide runs, the peak on which it starts, or the mine nearest to it or that is most influenced by it.

During my stay at a miners' boarding house in San Juan a snowstorm came to a close. Near by were three slides that usually moved at the end or immediately after the ending of a storm. These slides endangered a number of trails to the mine. As they were easy to set running, upon the slightest hesitation on their part to do so the miners set things moving, either by hurling a few heavy stones into the snowy source of each, or by exploding a stick or two of dynamite near by. "Jack, has the Bobtail run yet?" inquired the mine foreman that day as the snow ceased. On being told that it had not he said: "Better start it then." Ten minutes later one man sent a quarter of a million tons of snow skinning off the mountain.

Blocking White Avalanches

In places of rough surface or moderate slope there must be a large accumulation of snow before the slide will start. Weeks or even months may pass before storm and wind assemble sufficient snow for a slide. Places of this kind commonly furnish but one slide a year, and this one in the springtime. At last the snowdrifts reach their maximum; warmth assists starting by melting the foundation and by dissolving the anchorage. In March, too, the snow cornices that have held on through the winter drop their tons and often start things going. Crags wedged off by winter ice are also released in spring; and these in going recklessly down often knock hesitating snowdrifts into action. A fitting name for those slides that regularly run at the close of winter would be "spring" or "annual."

The infrequent slide is the deadly one. It usually comes down a place not before traversed by a slide and sometimes crashes through a forest or a village. It may be produced by a record-breaking snow or by snowdrifts formed in new places by winds from an unusual quarter; but commonly the mass is of material slowly accumulated. This may contain the remnant snows and the wreckage spoils of a hundred years or more. Ten thousand snows each adds pounds to its slowly growing pile; tons of rockdust were swept into it by the winds; gravel was deposited in it by water; and gravity conducted to it the crumbling rocks from above. At last—largely ice—it breaks away. On the way down it gathers the loose material from its predestined way.

In the West a number of slides have been suppressed by setting a few posts in the upper reaches of slopes and gulches. These posts pinned fast the disturbing snow—the remainder held its own. The Swiss have eliminated many Alpine slides by planting hardy shrubbery in the slippery areas.

This gave the snow a hold until it could compact and freeze fast. Shrubbery thus is preventing the white avalanche!

Fine Jeweled Watches at common-sense prices

The great advantage to you in buying this 7-jewel watch is that you get a very much finer timepiece for what you pay than you ever got before. Prices that heretofore have bought only mediocre watches now buy distinctly high-grade Ingersoll-Trentons.

The reasons are plain to those who appreciate the Ingersoll plan of modest profits, large output, conscientious quality and unique manufacturing ability. The same reasons which for years have made a reliable watch for one dollar possible, now give you Ingersoll-Trentons at corresponding values.

Ingersoll-Trentons are sold *only* by responsible jewelers. You can examine and purchase them all over this country. The prices are the same everywhere. Our price-tag and guarantee accompany every watch.

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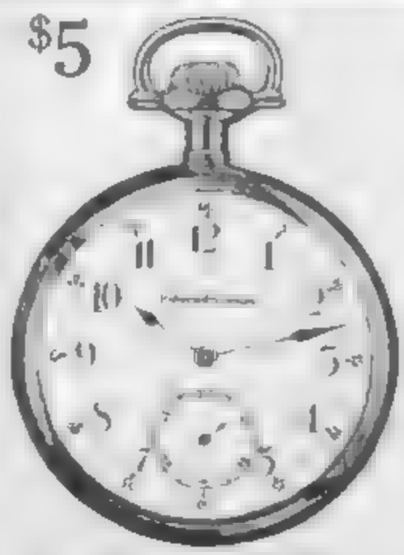
There is nothing better than 19-jewel extra adjusted Ingersoll-Trenton; in beauty, accuracy and durability it is all that a watch can be

Adjusted to temperature, five positions and isochronism, it also passes the most exacting tests given any watch before leaving the factory; each in a fine pigskin box

In 20 year gold filled case

$25

In other cases from $22.00 to $35.00



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A 7 jewel watch made with the thoroughness and workmanship that give full jeweled watches their accuracy. It is timed to three positions, close timing stands beyond comparison except [illegible]

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In other cases $6.00

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In 10 year open face gold filled case **$12.00**

In other cases $8.00 to $19.00

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Form-Fitting but Form-Yielding

The tight-fitting outer garments in vogue during the past few seasons impressed the superiority of Mentor Union Suits more strongly than ever upon discriminating women.

Mentor Union Suits embody more than mere bodily comfort, important as that is; they assure you that the entire effect of a gown will be unmarred by folds or bulges in the underwear.

Designed by expert fitters so as to set snugly about the form, Mentor Union Suits will not sag, wrinkle or fold with the movement of the body, yet they are soft, yielding and durable.

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The Mentor Band Top is a dainty, durable trimming that always keeps its shape, preserves the garment and can't pull out in the wash. You know the discomfort of neck trims that roll, stretch, fray and get out of shape; these things never happen with a Mentor garment.

Mentor Kant-slip shoulder straps used on our low cut vests and union suits simply *can't slip*—and it's all in the way they are fitted.

Isn't your perfect bodily comfort worth too much to be risked in buying anything but Mentor? Look for the Mentor label—it means quality in addition to comfort.

Mentor is made for men and children also—and somewhere near your home there is a dealer who can supply you or any member of your family with just the right fabric, style and weight in Mentor Union Suits at just the price you want to pay. If you can't find the Mentor dealer don't accept a substitute but write us and we will see that you are supplied.

The Mentor Knitting Mills Co.
Mentor, Ohio

LE—LA—LES BUNQUE

(Continued from Page 19)

for the fool ones or the wastrel ones, but the real ones. They would spend their money anyhow, and what is the sense of overcharging them?

There are various combinations in Paris to fleece visitors, not in non-essentials, such as gloves and food and cabs and all that sort of thing, but in pictures, in jewelry, in haberdashery, in entertainment, in that much-abused characterization—life, and so on. At that, if one is honest and pays duty, there is not much to be bought in Paris that cannot be secured at home as well and as cheaply—much, I mean, beyond the hundred-dollar free limit. And a good deal of the stuff that is carted over home of the non-essential kind is not worth the carting. There is a curious phase of American human nature. Men who would not ride from New York to Philadelphia except on a fast train and in a parlor car rave and rant on the Continent about first-class charges and say they always go second-class because it is just as good. Maybe it is; but they do not go second-class in the United States—why should they there?

Also they yowl about paying five dollars a day for a room and bath in a Paris hotel. I wish some person who knows the hotels in the United States better than I do—I have been living in them for twenty years in every city in our country—would kindly point out to me an American hotel of the first class in any city approximating Paris or Berlin or Vienna or London where a good room with bath can be obtained for less than five dollars a day—as good a room as the topnotch hotels of Paris and London and Vienna and Berlin give, for example—any hotel in New York or Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago or San Francisco of similar class. I pause for reply.

Prices What the Traffic Will Bear

The pause is now over. There is no reply. Class for class, charges of this sort are about the same in the United States and Europe; but our people seem to think because they are in Europe they must get better accommodations or as good for less money than they pay at home. Fancy a well-to-do family from any Middle Western city going to New York and raising a yowl over a charge of seven or eight dollars a day for a room. They take it at any of the big New York hotels and think nothing of it; but in Europe they let out a yawk that can be heard halfway to Switzerland, and on the boat coming back talk about nothing except the way they have been robbed.

That is not the way they are robbed. They are robbed by the commercial gentlemen—the commercial gentlemen who supply commodities of various kinds, including amusements. They talk about France being an artistic country. It is! Also and chiefly, however, it is the most commercial country on earth—and the most hoardful! If you have a hundred dollars and take that hundred dollars to France and spend, one thing is certain—you will always know where your hundred dollars are. They will remain eternally in France. The most commercial people on this earth are these artistic French.

The robbery is not in the non-essentials, the small things—though there is plenty of pilfering in that way. The fact of it is that any person who goes to France and buys any important thing in a certain section of Paris where most visitors buy important things gets the worst of it. He is almost always overcharged, and his goods are usually under quality. "Let the buyer beware!" should be, I suppose, the maxim of every buyer; but my contention is it would be much better and much more profitable if the buyer did not have so unceasingly to beware.

A man went into a big store in Paris and asked for a certain kind of rug he wanted to present to a friend. He had bought several of these rugs before at a price of one hundred and twenty-five francs each. He owed a small sum; so he told the clerk to give him a rug, put the price of the rug on the bill for the balance he owed, let him have the bill for the whole and he would pay it. The clerk went back to the bookkeeper. Presently he brought the bill. The rug was charged at two hundred francs.

"How's this?" asked the man—an American.

"What is it, monsieur?" inquired the clerk.

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HE has been working on it for five years. He thinks it the best story he ever wrote. Those who read the manuscript agreed with him enthusiastically.

Over a million people bought the April Cosmopolitan in which the first installment appeared. The edition was exhausted in a week. Now a good part of another million have heard of Jack London's story and are clamoring for the first installment.

We could not supply another copy of the April number of the magazine for love or money. But we have reprinted the first chapters of "The Valley of the Moon" in pamphlet form, illustrations and all, just as they appeared in the magazine

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is illustrating this great new novel, which deals with the hopes, ambitions, loves and passions of real Americans in our big cities—full-blooded, live Americans of the present day. They are true Jack London types—characters that have made his novels go like wildfire in all parts of the country. Big Bill Roberts and dainty Saxon are his latest creations—he has put his own heart and soul into them

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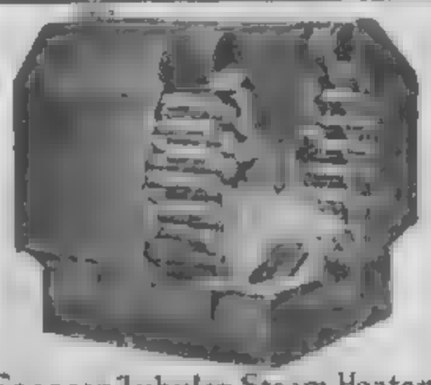

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Burns Cheapest Hard Coal The "Spencer" burns No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea coal, costing $2 to $3 less per ton than the large "domestic" sizes. It burns no more tons of this cheap fuel than do ordinary heaters of the expensive grades.

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For Apartments and Residences In apartment houses, the "Spencer," by maintaining heat all night without attention, eliminates complaints from tenants of cold rooms due to poor "banking fire" for the night. In residences, with a "Spencer," the "women-folks" need never shovel coal.

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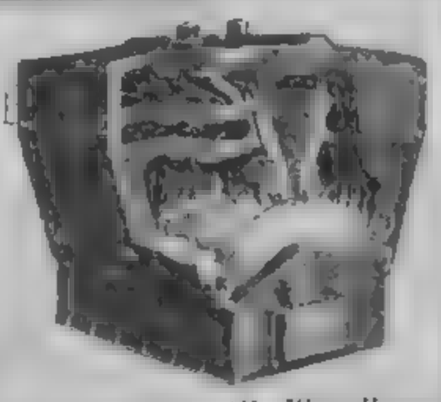

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"You charge me two hundred francs for this rug!"

"*Oui*, monsieur; that is the fixed price."

"Take it back!" said the American. "I bought three here exactly the same as this within the past six weeks for one hundred and twenty-five francs each. Take it off the bill!"

"Pardon, monsieur!" exclaimed the clerk. "That stupid bookkeeper have made a mistake. I will correct the bill. Surely the price is one hundred and twenty-five francs—the fixed price. A vairy stupid bookkeeper!"

A haberdasher had some neckties that looked good to an American. The latter priced them.

"Twenty-five francs each," said the shopkeeper.

"Five dollars!" shouted the visitor. "Why, you robber, you sold exactly the same ties to a friend of mine for three dollars each!"

"Pardon, monsieur," said the shopkeeper; "I did not know. Fifteen francs each!"

The American bought some. As he was going out he ran into a man he knew.

"Been getting stung?" asked the man he knew.

"Oh, I guess not," said the American who had the ties.

"What have you got?"

The ties were displayed.

"Come with me," said the man he met; and he took the tie-buyer round the corner and upstairs into a shop where ties are made.

Exactly the same tie is sold to that dealer for two francs; and the maker retails them at three francs fifty each.

Little things, you say? Surely; but typical. I can run the story up to diamonds that are priced at thirty-five thousand dollars each and 'way beyond, and give instances all along the line.

Of course there is no sense in talking about the chemical ladies and the other similar phases of Parisian life. If persons want to look at that sordid, squalid side of "gay Paree" they have the opportunity and do not expect, and will not get, condolences. Montmartre, with its garish cafés and its fake dancers and all that sort of rubbish, is conducted for visitors, not for Parisians. Parisians laugh at it in its commercial aspects. It stands exactly for what it is, and if you stand for it that is your lookout.

My contention, when all is said and done, is that the Parisians shall invent a few new ways to get our money. I concede that the old ways are pretty good, that the French have brought art to the process and that the results must be satisfactory. Nevertheless the French have a reputation to sustain. We concede them to be a people of great imagination, of undoubted temperamental qualities, of artistic tendencies—creators, producers of new forms and new fashions. Now, then, do not the Parisians who operate on the travelers owe it to themselves to contrive a few new plans of operation instead of going stolidly along in the same old ways that their fathers and their mothers employed?

In the name of the great American traveler—the great North American traveler and the great South American traveler, the traveler of the Western Hemisphere—I demand that the French shall show us some of their boasted ingenuity and their famed imagination, and devise some new methods of separating us from our cash. Paris needs a new show.

The Parisians should put one on!

Some Party

AN AMERICAN visiting Paris last fall learned for the first time of the existence of the Rue du Quatre Septembre, named according to the amiable manner of the French, who call streets after a vegetable, or a star, or a dog, or a soubrette, or any historical event.

It so happened that this American's birthday is the fourth of September, and he found the street named for that date on that very day. He was much impressed, and, wandering down it, came to a good-looking café named the Café du Quatre Septembre. He entered the café, made friends with the proprietor, and spent a very convivial afternoon there.

Writing home about it, he said: "It was a great experience. This was the first time anyone ever tried to get me soused on and in my birthday."

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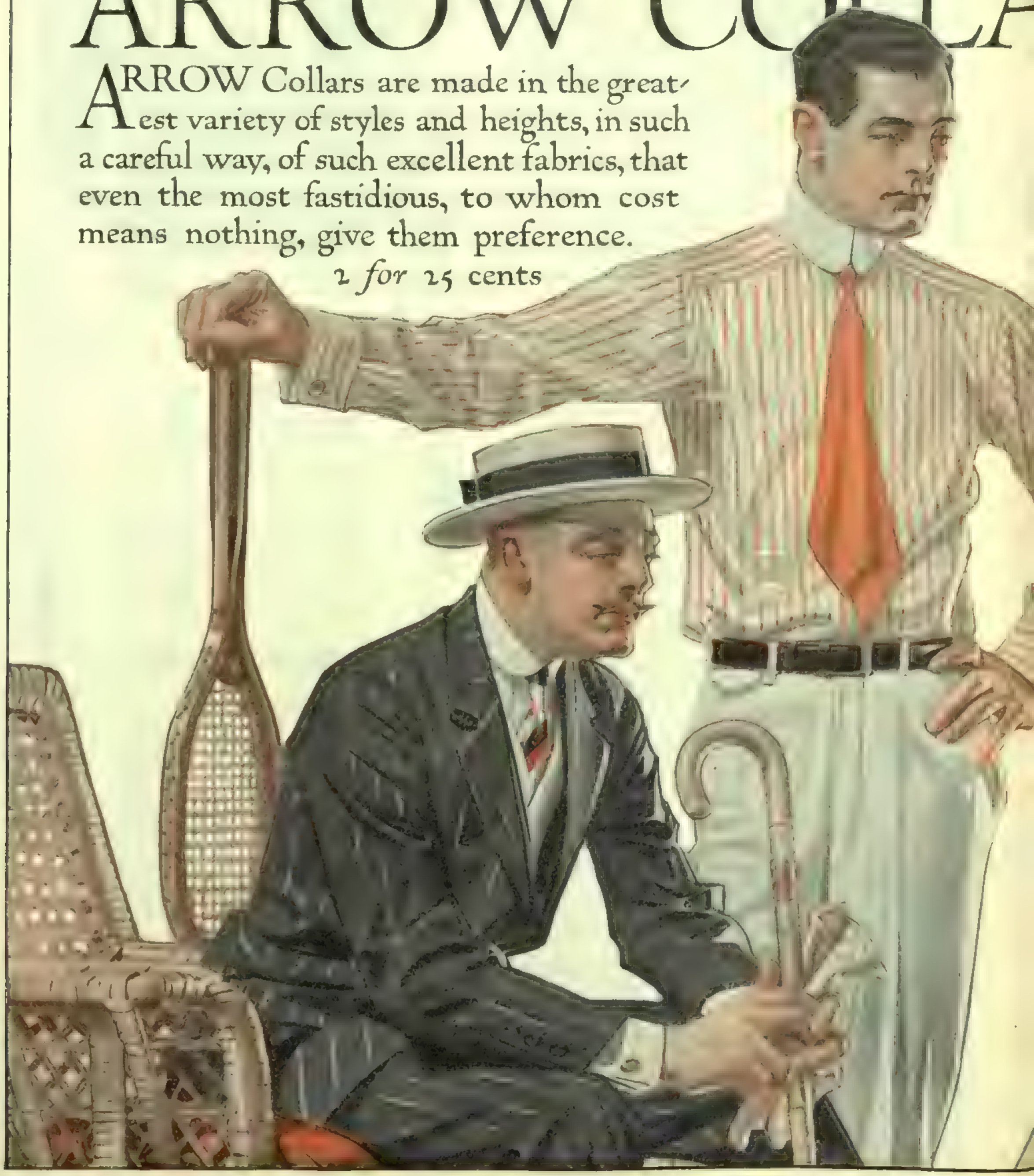

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Add a Teaspoonful to a Cup of Salad Dressing.

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Rockbottom and Mis' Sally Baker—By Blanche Goodman

"DE OTHAH night, while I wuz waitin' on de table," said Viney, "Cunnel Slocum wuz talkin' 'bout a p'fessor fum ovah de sea whut come heah to mek a book 'bout de Newnited States. He wuz visitin' to fin' out how much wusser we am dan de folks whar he come fum; an', 'cordin' to whut he seed an' observated heah, he say dat dis country am fixin' fo' to blow up an' bust befo' many yeahs am out—jes' lak his town did oncet."

Uncle Peter hitched nearer.

"Whar'd he come fum?" he inquired interestedly.

"Cunnel Slocum say he come fum Rome."

"Rome—Rome!" repeated Uncle Peter. "W'y, Rome ain't 'crost de sea! Rome's a piece down de rai'road from heah. I knows, fo' Ise been to Rome mahse'f."

"Co'se, Uncle Peter," said Viney scornfully, "you cain't be spected to know ev'ything. De Rome whut dis heah p'fessor come fum wuz name' aftah Rome, Georgy."

Uncle Peter was silenced.

"Anyhow," continued Viney, "when I lef' de Slocums's dat night de conbersation got to goin' roun' in my min'; an' seem' to me ef dis heah country do blow up an' bust, hit's gwine to be 'cause folks has so much did fo' 'em now'days dat dey's got too much time to think 'bout deyselfs. Co'se folks lak you an' me, Uncle Peter, don' come under de haid Ise speakin' of. We's got to keep scratchin' ef we wants to keep meat on ouah bones, let alone in de pot. I has in mind de well-off white folks, whut don' no mo' have to worry 'bout whar dey livin's comin' fum dan you an' me worry 'bout drawin' ouah nex' breff.

"Dem's de folks whut stops to listen whut am goin' on in dey min' ev'y minute.

"Dis heah life's a cur'ous thing! De good Lawd knowed whut He wuz doin' when He give Adam his walkin' papers outen de Gyarden of Edom. Hadn't dat happen when hit did, ev'y snake in de place would 'a' tuck up de job o' strippin' apple trees to he'p him an' Eve pass de time. So when Adam tuk his belongin's an' got to wuk, hit twuz a blessin' to him. He could set back in his cheer of a evenin', while Eve done de darnin', an' think 'bout dem days, lak all of us does; but down in his haht he knowed de Gyarden wouldn' 'a' done as a reg'lar job!

"De way things is in dis worl' 'minds me of a man whut's walkin' on de nidge er a steep place: Ef he feels his laigs gittin' wabbly he mustn't stop an' watch his knees trimble, an' holler: 'Lawd, have mussy on my po' no-'count soul!' Dat kind er doin's ain't gwine to fetch him nowhahs 'cep'n' down in de ditch. Ef he spec's to git pas' de bad places on dat road an' reach whar he's boun' fo', he'll have to tek his eyes offen hisse'f an' fix 'em on de evahlastin' hills 'way off yondah.

"Hit use' to be dat de white ladies in dis town could raise dey families, an' run big houses an' plan'ations too—some of 'em; an' when I says run 'em an' raise 'em, hit meant fum de groun' up.

"Tek Mis' Fanny, fo' ninstance. Hadn't de wah come erlong an' spilt mos' er her pappy's money, an' some er his blood, she'd 'a' been mistis er one er de bigges' plan'ations in dese pahts. An' she wuz bein' brung up so dey wan't nothin' in de housekeepin' line whut she couldn't tu'n in an' do, ef she'd 'a' wanted to.

"Hit wan't no disgrace fo' her to mek her own dresses, or come down in de kitchen an' bake a batch er bread, or put up p'serbs. In dem days a lady jes' nachully learnt how to do dem things.

"Now tek de presen' gingeration an' look at de diff'unce! How many of 'em mek dey own clothes or know how to sew a stitch? Dey goes an' gits dey dresses made by a modiste or whutever Mis' Fanny calls hit—though de goodness knows dat de way ladies' dresses looks now'days, dey ain't no sense in dat name. Dey don' have to stay home an' look aftah de cookin', 'cause dey puts de food in one er dese heah fatherless cookers I heern 'bout. Dey buys soup put up in cubehs—er whutevah hit's called. Dey houses am cleaned by a whack-'em cleaner whut sucks de dus' all up in a bunch. 'Stid er gittin' de reg'lar kin' er man to ten' to de yahd, dey gits a land-escape gahdner. Dey has dey fr'en's by 'lectricity, so's dey can hang up de telephome when dey gits tiahed of 'em. An' dat's de way hit goes. Folks is gittin' smahter an' smahter; but, Uncle Peter, I'll tell yo' whut—dey ain't no happier!

"S'posen sumpin come erlong lak de Flood an' swep' all dese newfangled doin's off de yearth, an' people wuz lef' lak dey stahted aftah de Ark run aground—jes' nothin' to git erlong wid cep'n' dey han's an' de sweat o' dey brows! Pretty soon aftah de fus' confusement had pass' away de men'd begin to cut down trees an' mek a clearin' fo' plantin'; de women'd begin mekin' a fiah fo' to cook some vittles 'gin de hawn blow fo' twelve 'clock; an' de chillen'd be splittin' up kin'lin' wood an' totin' watah—an' ev'yhody'd be singin' while dey went 'bout dey wuk. No room fo' nuvvus prosperation in dem days. Dey wan't nothin' dat pa'goric or calomel couldn' cure.

"Now'days hit's diff'unt. Looks lak mos' ev'y white lady I wuks fo' am got de nuvvus prosperation, or done been had hit—or am on de way to gittin' hit. An' de cur'ous thing 'bout hit am dat no sooner do dey git a li'l' way 'long in de disease dan heah come a trip to New Yahk or 'crost de sea.

"Heah's Mistah Bob Poindextah's wife li'ble to be tuk down wid hit any minute. Heah's Mis' Fanny's ma'ied daughter jus' gittin' ovah hit. Heah's Mistah Frank Buffo'ds's wife gone to a cemetarium to git huh health back, 'cause she's plum wo' out fum too much ease. Heah's Cap'n Little's wife takin' de res' cure up in de mountains, though whut she's restin' fum de Lawd on'y knows! I hearn huh sister tellin' Mis' Fanny whut-all she have to do in de place whar she wuz at; an' fum whut I could mek out hit wuz de busiest way er restin' I ever hearn tell of! She have to git up at six in de mawnin' an' tek a walk; den she come back an' have a hot an' col' baff; den a woman come an' rub messages on to huh spine; den dey 'lows her to eat an' res' a spell; den she gits up an' teks some sort er breathin' extrasizes an' another walk—an' dat's de way hit goes twel time to crawl in bed!

"Dey's on'y one thing dat's gwine to bring 'em all to dey senses, an' hit's de thing whut happen' to Mis' Sally Baker."

"Whut am dat?" questioned Uncle Peter.

"Rockbottom!" said Viney sententiously. "Rockbottom! Hit'd be de savin' o' de quality an' de bustin' up o' more cemetariums dan you could shake a stick at!" She cleared her throat.

"Mistah Tom Baker wuz whut you call land-po'. When Gen'l Baker died he lef' a track o' lan' to Mistah Tom whut wuz 'crost de rivah, an' run fum de rivah aidge clean 'way to nowhahs—hit twuz so big. De ol' Gen'l helt on to hit twel his las' breff; an' folks use to joke 'bout de Baker prop'ty, 'cause dey thought hit wan't much more'n a breedin' groun' fo' snakes an' sich. Hit twuz fo' yeahs aftah de ol' gen'man died dat a cousin er Mistah Tom's fum somewhahs or othah was pokin' roun' on de lan' rabbit-huntin', an' 'skivered hit wuz full o' coal. "An' a yeah later a comp'ny bought de track—all cep'n' a ol' fahmhouse an' a piece roun' hit—fo' such a passel er money, Uncle Peter, dat I cain't even trus' to my recomem'ry to call de 'mount.

"Up twel den Mistah Tom hadn' been even middlin' well-to-do; but ez soon ez he sold dat prop'ty de fambly commence' lettin' out de tucks in dey way er livin'—an' lettin' 'em out so fas' you could almost hyah de stitches breakin'!

"De fus' thing dey did wuz to sen' fo' a arkteck fum New Yawk ——"

"A what?" queried Uncle Peter.

"A arkteck! De fus' man whut built wuz Noah, Uncle Peter. An' he had to tek an' buil' de Ark. So dey's been callin' de men what buil's houses arktecks evah sence. Well, de Bakers dey put up de fines' house whut dey could git put up. An' when twuz finish' dey wan't nothin' good nuff roun' hyah to go in hit. Dey had to go traipsin' 'way off yondah somewhahs fo' de funnisher an' cyarpets an' sich. Den dey wuz one room in de place whut wuz give ovah to nothin' but paintin's ——"

"How come dey didn' paint de othahs ef dey wuz so rich?" put in Uncle Peter.

"Laws a mussy, Uncle Peter, hit's pitchah-paintin's I means, an' not paint

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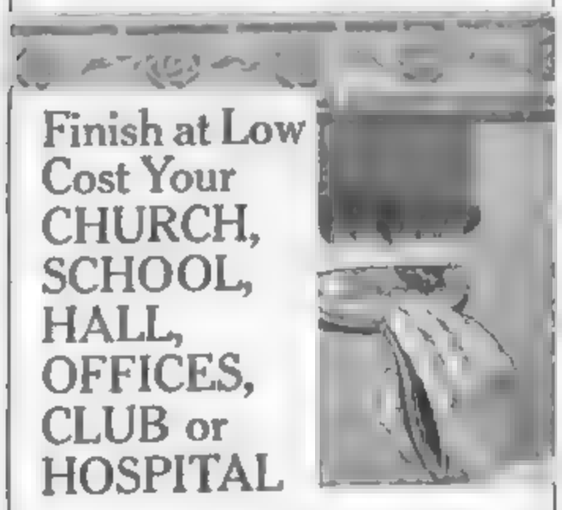

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outen a paintpot! Dese heah wuz paintin's dat Mis' Sally Baker brung home from huh travels, an' cos' a whole mint er money. Lindy Jackson say dat she hearn dey wuz done by somebody's ol' marster, an' dat wuz whut mek 'em so spensive. Seem' lak to me ef I wuz so dead sot on havin' a paintin' ez dey wuz, I'd git one dat wuz done by a young marster whut had some stren'th to do de wuk plain—fo' mos' of 'em look sorter dingy to me. I wuz in de house one day while de fambly wuz off visitin' de housemaid tuck me through. 'Heah's de one whut cos' de bigges' sight er money,' she says; an' she tuck me up in front er a paintin' dat wan't nothin' but de sun risin'!

"'Seem' lak to me,' says I, 'dat ef Mis' Sally'd git up of a mawnin' to see de sho'-nuff sunrise, when a sof' breeze am blowin', an' de birds twitterin', an' de dew am on de grass, she'd fin' out sumpin what'd beat dis pitchah all hollow—an' not have to pay no money out fo' hit besides.' 'Tween you an' me, Uncle Peter, paintin's lak dat ain't fo' no one but imbalids, whut cain't go out an' see de real thing; er fo' a man whut's been put in de calaboose fo' life. Folks whut has two laigs to ca'y 'em out an' roun' ain't got no need fo' sich pitchahs.

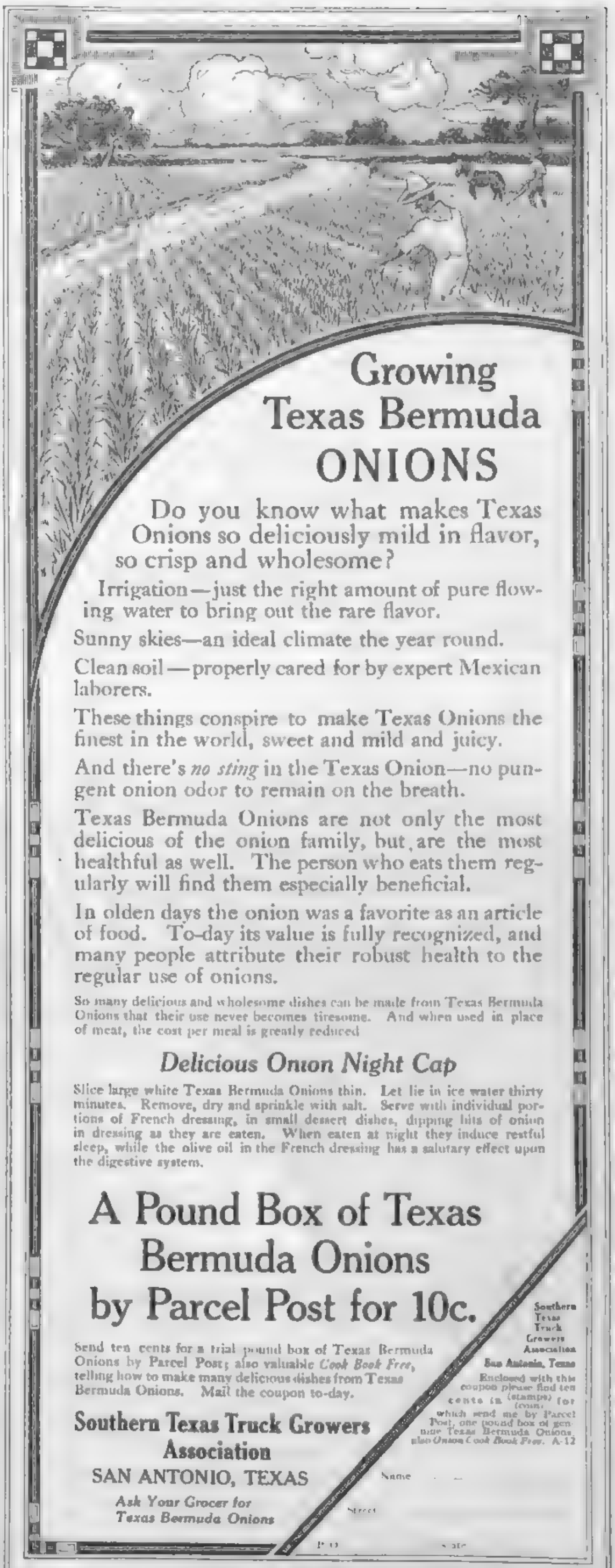
"Well, ez I wuz tellin' you, de place wuz too gran' fo' wu'ds; an' ef dar wuz anything whut you wanted, an' didn' happen to see, you could git hit by jabbin' a collahbutton stuck hind end fo'most in de wall. Jab one er 'em an' de lights go on! Hit anodder an' heah come one er de maids to fin' out whut you' call fo', so's she could bring hit right off! You'd figgah dat, ef evah folks had de chancet to be happy, Mis' Sally Baker'd be in de front row er dat crowd! All she had to do wuz jes' to set roun' an' enjoy dat house. De chillen wan't no care on huh, fo' dey had a guv'ness. De house didn' bothah huh, fo' she had a housekeepah to run hit, an' I don' ric'lect how many se'vants; an' Mistah Tom didn't bothah huh, fo' he wuz tuck up mos' er de time wid business or hosses.

"Mis' Sally commence' givin' a heap er en'tainments, an' havin' house pahties, an' runnin' ovah to Nashville to go to de pahties er de othah folks whut wuz lak huhse'f; an' bimeby she got tiahed er dat an' commence' to run up to New Yawk to see 'bout dis, dat an' de othah. Den she tuck a notion to git de paperin' er de house done over agin, 'cause de colors didn't suit huh—traipsin' roun' heah an' there, twel hit look' lak she wuz bit thoo an' thoo by de bug er unres'fulness. Den all of a suddent Mis' Sally wuz tuk down sick, an' de doctah p'nounce de ailment nuvvus prosperation. You see, Uncle Peter, 'stid er tekin' dem dollahs an' trainin' de wings on 'em to fly whar dey'd be a blessin' to de folks whut need 'em mos', she had tu'n' de eagles' hauls to'd huh haht; an' hit wuz gittin' dat scrouged up wid money an' selfishness dat she commence' to have a ingrowin' soul, which am a hunerd times wusser'n a ingrowin' nail. Mis' Sally wuz de mis'rables', mos' res'less pusson whutevah you wants to see an' heah! She wuz traipsin' off fus' to one place an' den to anothah, not knowin' edzackly whut ailed huh—even ef de doctahs did say hit wuz huh ne'ves; an' ev'y time she'd meet up wid some one whut wuz in de same boat ez she wuz, den hit'd be to try de same cure dey wuz tryin'.

"Things went on dataway fo' three yeahs, when all of a suddent hit spread ovah de town lak fiah dat Mistah Tom Baker had done been an' los' ev'y cent he owned in spec'latin', an' de onlies' thing lef' wuz de ol' fahmhouse 'crost de rivah.

"Dey sent Mis' Sally a telegraph to come home; an' I reckon hit wuz hahder fo' 'em to break de news to huh dan it had been fo' Mistah Tom to lose de money. Folks wuz expectin' to heah dat she'd jes' drapped ovah in huh tracks at de tur'ble news, an' dat hit would nachully be de en' er Mis' Sally. Well, ez de case happen' sometimes mos' usually, folks wuz wrong. Ef dey's any quality in white folks, happenin's lak dat am de ones whut bring hit out—jes' lak de wah did; an' hit twuz time fo' Mis' Sally to show whut kin' er folks she come fum.

"De gran' house an' all de funnishings wuz sold fo' debt. An' Mistah Tom Baker an' his fambly scraped whut dey could together an' tuck de road 'crost de rivah to de fahmhouse. Fum de time Mis' Sally step off de train not one sound did any one hyah huh say 'bout nuvvus prosperation, or how she wuz feelin'. She had a li'l' money wid huh, an' ez de fahm was got mighty rundown dey used hit fo' replenishin' de tools an' sich ez well ez dey could. Dar wuz a li'l' cabin near de place, jes'



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'bout big nuff fo' a small fambly; an' ez de Slocumses wuz in Nashville wid Mis' May fo' de winter, an' not needin' us, Isom offered hisse'f to he'p Mistah Tom, who wuz pow'ful glad to git him. I had intentions er doin' all I could fo' Mis' Sally, 'cause I knowed dey couldn' begin to keep a se'vant; an' I tuk pleasure in doin' whut I could.

"Laws, Uncle Peter, you nevah saw such a mess of a place in yo' life ez dat fahm when we fust got there! Hit tuk us a whole month befo' hit even begin to be fitten fo' people lak de Bakers to live in; an', ez Mis' Sally hadn' been rais' to do much 'bout de house alone—even befo' Mistah Tom got rich she wan't great on housewuk—you can 'magine de time we had an' whut-all we had to do! Thoo de whole time I was watchin' Mis' Sally, ez anxious ez a cat, fo' fear er dat nuvvus prosperation bustin' out on huh; but nary a sign.

"Inside of two months, Uncle Peter, whut wid all on us wukkin' lak bees, de place look fine an' p'sentable. I tuk an' learnt Mis' Sally how to mek bread, an' how to milk an' churn: an' even cut de chillen some dresses. An' hit suttenly wuz s'prisin' de way she cotch on! Ef evah I had a sup'stition dat she wuz feelin' down in de mouf I'd git huh busy at some kin' er light wuk, an' tell huh stories 'bout endurin' de wah; an' bimeby I could feel in my haht dat hit had tuk de weight offen huh.

"Huh cheeks commence' to fill out an' git pink, lak when she wuz a young lady, whut wid all de extrasize she was takin' an' keepin' huh min' busy wid learnin' things. When Mistah Tom'd come home fo' meals he'd say dat hit wuz wuth while pinchin' huh face, now dar was flesh to pick up in his fingers! De fr'en's whut drove out wuz dat 'stonished at de change in huh, an' at not findin' huh standin' wid one foot in de grave aftah huh hahdships, dat dey moufs drap open an' mighty nigh stayed dat way!

"'Hit's de watah done hit,' says one er de ladies aftah she tuck a drink outen de spring near de house; 'an you's plum foolish not to tu'n de fahm into a cemetarium!'

"Mis' Sally wuz holdin' li'l' Tom on huh lap jus' then, an' she looked ovah his haid 'crost to whar I wuz standin', an' laughed.

"'Viney,' she says, lookin' happier'n evah she had looked when she owned de grand house an' fine stuff in hit, 'am dat de thing whut cured de nuvvus prosperation?'

"'Well'm,' says I, 'hit wan't de spring water so much ez hit twuz whut de spring water rests on, Mis' Sally.'

"'Whut am dat?' says de visitor.

"'Rockbottom!' says I; an' at dat ev'y one jine' in a laugh."

Johanna's Diet List

UNCLE Lew Sells, who used to be the chief owner of Sells Brothers' Circus, had one pet economy—he did not believe in spending good money to feed a lot of wild animals. The consequence was that the inmates of the menagerie cages often had a thin and famished look about them.

One afternoon the keeper in charge of the monkeys was heard complaining.

"Here this show has gone and bought one of the smartest chimpanzees in the world," lamented the man, "and she's pining away and is going to die on us—and all because she don't get what she wants to eat. You've got to pamper them chims or they die on you. Why, if this chim was fed up proper she'd be as big a card as Johanna, the big performing chim with the Barnum show."

Some one inquired regarding the diet that was provided for the more fortunate Johanna, and then he went and looked up Uncle Lew and told him that the languishing chimpanzee needed a daintier diet.

"The animal man says she ought to have the same kind of grub that Johanna, the big Barnum monk, gets," he said.

"All right, all right!" said Uncle Lew testily. "I suppose I'll have to dig down in my clothes for good money to buy truck to feed a sick monk! But, say—look here, old man—what does this Johanna get to eat?"

"Well," he was told, "according to what the keeper says, she has a dozen fresh eggs every day, beaten up with port wine and cream—and every little while some fancy grapes or a few hearts of lettuce. And about twice a week some fresh sweetbreads."

"All right!" said Uncle Lew sadly. "But say, I'll bet you that chim of ours had a devil of a time finding a guy to buy all those things for her when she was swarming up and down a tree in Africa!"

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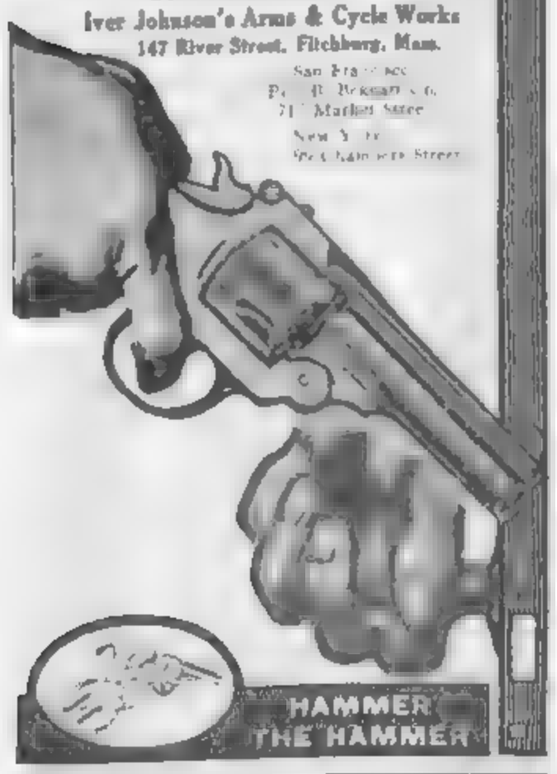

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THE NEW GOOD-WILL

(Concluded from Page 7)

We may be quite sure there will be no permanent let-up in the effort to restrain competition, because wide-open, unrestrained competition makes poor security. Also, that restraint of competition must more and more justify itself by its works. Merely to seize a monopolistic position and work it for all it is worth will not answer, because that, too, makes poor security. Broadly speaking, business cannot finance itself out of its own pocket or even at the banks. It must go to the public—and with satisfactory security.

Of course that has always been more or less true of the railroads—the first sort of enterprise to require great amounts of capital; but if you turn to the listings of stocks and bonds in New York last year you will find that the steam railroads accounted for less than one-fifth of the total. Stocks and bonds issued by electric roads amounted to nearly as much as the issues of steam roads.

Aside from transportation companies of any sort, however, there were listed stocks or bonds based on the following lines of business: commercial fertilizers, coal products, malt, snuff, tobacco, locomotives, petroleum, threshing machines, leather, copper, coal, glucose, plows, electric light, spirits, chemicals, electric machinery, automobiles, tires, farm implements, shipping, silk goods, crackers, department stores, beer, several telephone companies, farm engines, wagons and carriages, fruit, rubber, five and ten cent stores, steel—not the trust—docks and warehouses, sugar—not the trust—gas, investment bonds, starch, water-power, iron, paper bags.

The issues of these various things exceeded a billion dollars—not all new issues of that year, but all newly listed. Many of the issuing concerns were relatively small. Many other issues, based upon miscellaneous untrustified lines of trade, are brought out, but not regularly listed. More and more the investing public owns or has a proprietorship in all sorts of business. More and more all sorts of business go to the investing public for capital.

I believe there is beginning to be a pretty general all-round appreciation of the value of actual, unenforced good-will. Experience shows, on the one hand, how very profitable that kind of good-will may be. When people deal with a concern because they prefer to, that concern has one of the solidest assets to be found. On the other hand, experience shows how exceedingly troublesome the opposite of such an asset may be.

The public's power to reach all sorts of concerns that offend it has been steadily growing of late years. Court decisions pretty uniformly show that. For the concern that gets its ill-will the public has a long club; for the one that gets its good-will it has profits by the barrelful. Investors, I believe, are coming to recognize this. Indeed an investment expert said the other day:

"There is a growing class of investors who, when they buy the securities of corporations, take into account not only such factors as yield and marketability, but lay equal or even greater stress upon the company's policy of public relations. I believe that in the future the shrewd investor, when he comes to consider the purchase of a stock or bond, will inquire, first of all, into the issuing company's policy of public relations. If he finds that its business operations are surrounded with secrecy, that its management is making no systematic and intelligent effort to secure public good-will, he will regard the purchase of such a security as an investment in a blind pool, with the chances largely against him."

Let us hope so. It will make for better investment and for better business.

Worse and Worse

A DISTINGUISHED United States Senator, whose wife has votes-for-women proclivities, was discussing his domestic-political affairs with a friend.

"Do you suppose your wife will march in that suffrage parade in Washington the day before inauguration?" the friend asked.

"Oh," said the senator, "I've discounted all that. What is worrying me now is the fear that she'll make me march in it too!"

Your Home and Your Neighbor's

have everything to do with the character and appearance of your neighborhood.

This is "Neighborhood Improvement Week" in thousands of communities, when every property owner is asked to consider the improvement of his property and the neighborhood in which it is located. Are you helping to arouse interest in your town?

In the home and neighborhood, flowers, shrubbery, trees and lawns have their important uses, but a wise selection and use of good paint is most important of all. A liberal use of good paint will go furthest toward beautifying, improving, and raising the value of your home and neighborhood.

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In Your Home and Your Neighborhood

Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Liquid Paint will add thousands of dollars to the value of your house and your neighbors' by improving the appearance of your home and your neighborhood. Every dollar of cost adds five to the value of your buildings, as has been proved by many householders, and the beauty of your home will have an uplifting influence for you, your family and your neighborhood.

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$100.00 FOR A NAME

(For This Picture)

The makers of Pompeian Massage Cream will pay $100.00 cash for the most catchy title for the picture above. It is part of a fireside scene which will be shown in full (and with fine fire-glow effects) on the annual 1914 Pompeian Art Calendar, ready November 15, this year.

Here is a calendar which will be immensely [illegible] we give as an original, catchy title [illegible] Earth." "The Glow [illegible] you do better [illegible] or friends. Two heads are always better than one.

Remember, May 6th 1913 [illegible] June 25th [illegible] may enclose the coupon below and 10c [illegible] to send you a trial jar of Pompeian [illegible] at once and to reserve for you a [illegible] calendar for delivery November 15. [illegible] We had to disappoint some 30,000 [illegible] who ordered calendars after the [illegible] 1914 calendar is 8 x 35 [illegible] lithographed in exquisite colors.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

"How to look my best?" That is the question when preparing for an evening [illegible] Here is the answer. On each [illegible] of Pompeian Massage Cream. Massaging [illegible] with Pompeian has also stimulated [illegible] circulation and brought a natural [illegible] ordinary cream can do. [illegible]

WARNING! Cheaply made imitations are offered by [illegible] they cost the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Get the original and standard [illegible] Get Pompeian. 50,000 [illegible]

Get Trial Jar and Have Calendar Reserved

Read Coupon Carefully

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect St. Cleveland, O.

[illegible] *Stamps accepted, coin preferred*

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

[illegible] Pompeian Massage Cream at once, and 1914 Art Calendar about November 15th of this year.

[illegible] State

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Continued from Page 21

because the Journal had started the agitation with all its sobful pictures.

If there was a tear in the public that tear was now called forth! Every paper printed pictures of starving children looking in at bakery-shop windows, and of starving children shivering in the snow, and of starving children with their shawls held under their chins with one little frozen hand while they begged with the other. There were even pictures of wan babies and drooping mothers on the billboards; and when the local repertoire company put on Hazel Kirke they had to keep a special doctor in the lobby for cases of sobbing hysteria!

Oh, it was a sad, sad time in Bricktown and strong men almost took to drink! There were orphans on every tongue, and the saloon collections for next summer's waifs' outings excelled any previous record by a large multiple! The town was orphan-mad; and Matron Gravely, of the asylum, had to send over into Bingham County and borrow a few orphans to supply the adoption market for big-eyed little girls with curly hair!

Small wonder that Mayor Birchland's appeal for a special election on the special tax question was so warmly met and so generously answered! The special-tax proposition carried by an overwhelming majority despite the frantic shrieks of the Journal! This tax was to furnish food and shelter and raiment to the friendless babies, to the indigent blind, the maimed and the halt, and to the otherwise helpless!

Immediately on the passage of the new tax bill, which insured sufficient funds for the purpose, the mayor and Deacon Jameson and Chief Satterly privately paid for the land that was to be sold to the city at a profit of a quarter of a million dollars; and the mayor carefully instructed Tom Boles, of the Bureau of Municipal Construction, how to squeeze a larger graft from the twenty million dollars' worth of buildings that were to be erected in the spring.

By George, Mayor Birchland was a man! He had a heart as big as that of an ox! The populace was just about wild over him! What it admired was his courage.

Why, do you know, that man, right in the face of adverse criticism and right during the campaign, actually had the nerve to raise the tax rate and prepared to spend twenty-five or fifty million dollars, or any other amount that sounded musical! Are you going to vote for Harry Birchland? You bet I am! Are you?

VII

"FOXY play, I guess, old top!" exulted fat and short Bobby Gossap in his yellow raincoat. "The Journal takes my tip and waits till the simmer weakens in this Orphant Annie enthusiasm, and then it springs this nice little story of mine this morning."

"I haven't seen the story, but you're fooling me," declared Tom, who was beginning to dislike Bobby by the pound. "There never was a nice little story in the Journal."

"You'll read this one clear down to the monkey dash on the third page and hunt through the advertisements for more," predicted Bobby, who was rapidly becoming a journalist again, for the first time since he had been a cub. "Graft in the city treasurer's office!"

"Go on!" said Tom incredulously. "I don't know anything about it"—and he was quite reasonably indignant. If Gil Sampson had been running any individual game there'd be war when the mayor and Jameson got to him.

"Fifteen hundred dollars disappeared!" exulted Bobby. "Just vanished like that overnight! You should read the Journal, Tom, and keep posted."

"How did Gil get away with it?" inquired Tom anxiously.

Bobby studied carefully his place to strike.

"The same way you did with that forty-two thousand on the Ruskin High School!"

Little Tom Boles studied carefully his place to strike and he decided on the chin!

When Bobby Gossap picked himself up he discovered he had angered the wrong man into an admission.

"I'll have your goozle for this, you prune!" he declared. "I got all the evidence I want right this minute to close Deacon Jameson's Casino and take the buttons off of Chief Satterly and drive you and Jameson out of town; for I know the hole through which you crooks passed out to yourselves and the gang over fifteen million dollars in the past year and a half. And as for Birchland! Well, when that tailor's dummy wakes up next Sunday morning he'll be famous!"

VIII

"WELL, boys, the whistle blew," announced Deacon Jameson to the motley mob that sat in his beautiful little private salon at the Casino.

City Treasurer Gil Sampson, who, by virtue of having the weakest and most puttylike face in the crowd, had sat in the big throne chair, straightened out matters immediately.

"That was a mistake in bookkeeping," he stated. "It's all fixed up."

"It's past fixing!" snapped Jameson with a sympathetic glance at little Tom Boles, who with an expression so earnest that it gave him the cramps was lighting the wrong end of a cork-tipped cigarette. "The Journal is after us, boys; and this time it has something besides a bluff. It isn't impossible for the whole bunch of us to walk lockstep."

Alderman Cawthorne, who was leaning against a tapestry panel with his customary list to larboard, swallowed his quid. Alderman Lawler gripped his wrist—he had once tried on a pair of handcuffs—and his mustache seemed to be pulling his lip out of shape. Alderman Tinkle, who was a nervous, wiry man and kept three tough saloons consecutively in order, swaggered, sitting; and four other aldermen—a swarthy one, a gray one, a pink one and a white one—rose halfway up as if to make a motion, and then sat down again. Big Alderman Waldubbel, on the smallest chair in the room, sat perfectly still.

"I'll have Bobby Gossap pinched tonight," promised Chief Satterly, the pupils of his deep blue eyes narrowing to a fraction.

"Hardly that, chief," smiled Mayor Birchland, who in a dress suit was stiffer than ever. He looked as though the least bump would chip him, but he was perfectly cool. He rose to his feet and held his cigar gracefully between the fingers of his right hand. "This is a business meeting, boys," he continued. And Jameson, with a friendly eye on him, leaned back against the sandalwood table by way of yielding the floor.

"Fire away, mayor; we're with you," called Alderman Tinkle, who had ferocious fangs.

"That's what I wanted to hear, boys," said the mayor gratefully. "We've stuck together this far and we must stick the rest of the way. We have a plan to insure victory."

Deacon Jameson, with his white face and his keen eyes, looked at the circle of participants cynically as the mayor sat down.

"Here's the proposition," he told them. "There is a deficit of fifteen million dollars in the city's affairs during this administration. We prepared a way from the first to protect that deficit in case any question should ever come up. We can put that money in there and have it counted and take it out again at any moment after election."

"That is if Mayor Birchland is elected again," suggested the cautious Alderman Krauss, who was wide and blond.

"He can't lose out after we make up this deficit," promised Jameson. "Now you fellows have all had charge of part of this fund. You come across with your share and we'll come across with ours."

The silence in the pretty salon was like feathers.

"Why don't some of you pikers say something?" ordered Chief Satterly.

"I ain't got any money," immediately announced the swarthy alderman who ran a chattel-mortgage business.

"That's no talk!" blurted the chief, who began to feel as though he was herding customers into the black maria. "How many of you fellows can dig if it'll keep you out of the pen?"

There was an accurate silence, unmarred and unbroken by any splintering edges.

"Good night, gentlemen," remarked the mayor. "I just wanted to try you out. I think you understand fairly well that to save ourselves we must save you. Four of us—Jameson, Satterly, Tom Boles and myself—will cover this deficit; but after the election we'll part company with you."

DO YOU KNOW

LOWNEY'S "Crest" CHOCOLATES

ONE DOLLAR A POUND

Crest Chocolates are the result of evolution in the art of combining good things to eat and are worth the price.

They have a new delicious Coating of just the right chocolate strength with varied new centers especially tempting.

You should know Crest Chocolates!

Lowney's "Crest" Assorted Chocolates
Lowney's "Crest" Nougatines
Lowney's "Crest" Caramels

Lowney Crest on Every Piece

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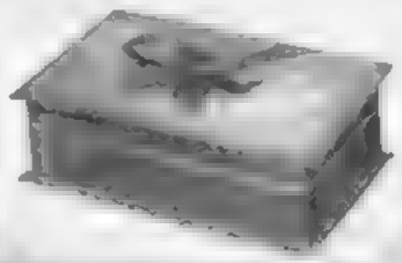

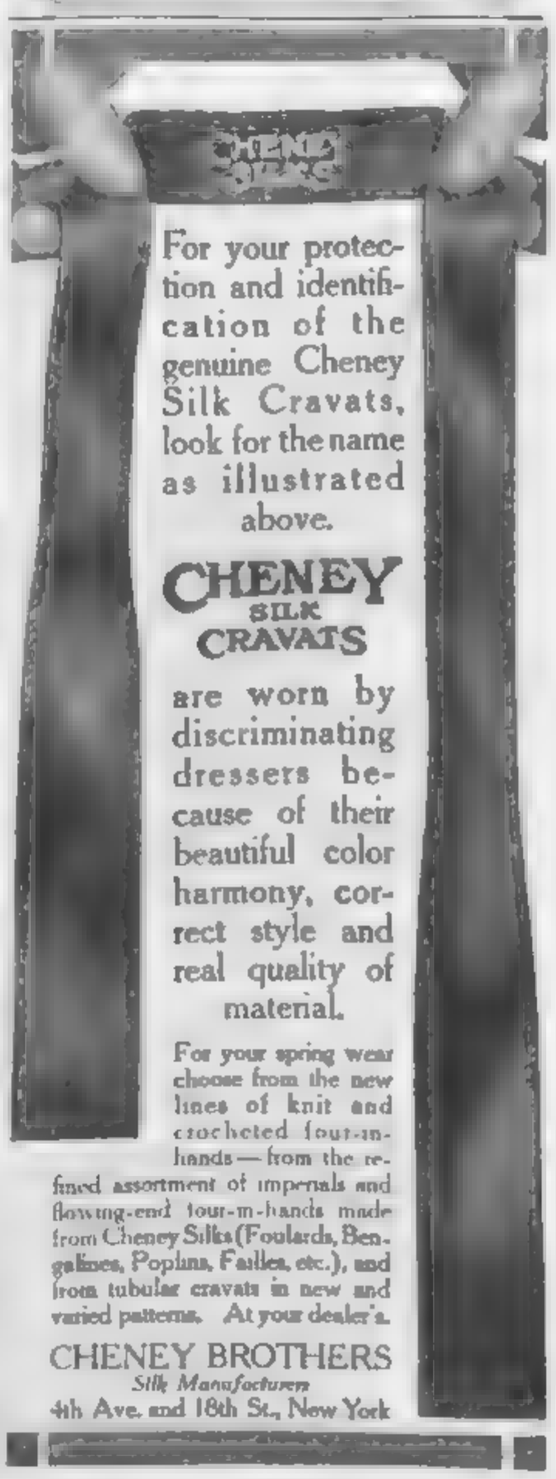
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are worn by discriminating dressers because of their beautiful color harmony, correct style and real quality of material.
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Alderman Tinkle stopped at the mayor's side as the others filed out.

"I'll dig mine," he offered. "I'd rather be a piker, but I can't."

Alderman Lawler followed Tinkle.

"I've lost some money," he explained; "but I know where I can raise ten thousand dollars if that'll do any good."

"Never mind, Lawler," said the mayor cheerfully. "We'll count it just as if you had paid it."

Alderman Waldubbel was the last to go. He, too, stopped at the mayor's side.

"Well, boss, I guess we lose," he mildly observed, towering over the mayor like a tenpin over a match.

"I don't think so," smiled Birchland. "Waldubbel, I thought you had money."

Across Waldubbel's lumpily arranged features there passed a beatific smile.

"I put mine in my wife's name this afternoon," he said.

IX

"THE money's there!"

That was the effective answer honest Mayor Birchland made to the scurrilous attacks of the Journal and that was the slogan of his whirlwind campaign. You couldn't open a page of the Blade, or the Forum, or the News, or the Bugle, without seeing, in black type in a black border, that wonderfully catchy phrase: "The money's there!" If you saw a huge boxkite in the sky you might be sure there was a long banner floating from it lettered: "The money's there!" The billboards said: "The money's there!" The signs in the street cars said: "The money's there!" Everywhere one went one was certain to see that impressive legend; and there was no escape from it by night or by day!

The Journal for a solid week pretended to try to prove that the money was not there, and for two days longer it held to the absurd contention that the money had been sneaked back; but the people knew better. The money had been there quietly and unobtrusively all the time. It represented the savings of the city since honest Mayor Birchland had inaugurated his brilliant business administration!

Hurrah for Mayor Harry Birchland! They called him Harry now, and they were proud of him, you bet! Why, Birchland had cleared the city of thugs, and cocaine, and low groggeries, and public-service monopolies, and contractors and graft; and suppose he did raise the tax rate! It was in a noble cause—to help the helpless!

Honest as the day is long too. Are you going to vote for Harry? You bet your life!

It was only a week before election that Birchland and Jameson and little Tom Boles were walking up Teller Street and planning a cute little trick in the Maintenance Bureau when a bedlam of newsboys suddenly burst on the atmosphere at the corner of Teller and Main!

"All about the Murdock Bill!" the three men finally made out of the cries, and they bought papers.

Jameson was the first to comprehend what he saw.

"I think I'll be leaving Bricktown by-and-by," he observed with a dry attempt at a smile. "I think I'll be leaving the state."

"But what's it all about?" asked Tom Boles after reading a paragraph for the third time.

"Government by commission," explained Jameson to his former faro dealer, and his lips were a trifle tight.

"Give me the other half," implored Tom. "That one didn't do me much good."

"It's a new scheme," went on Jameson. "Nobody ever believed that Murdock could get twelve votes on this thing; but he's passed the cursed bill—effective on its passage! It's a law right now."

"Huh-huh," sarcastically grunted Tom. "I suppose now I know all about it. Does it get anybody anything?"

"Oh, fine!" returned Jameson, tearing his paper in two and throwing it into the gutter. "It enables a city to guess who's perfectly honest. The public will rattle this new toy the second it rips the wrapper off."

Birchland had read carefully every word. Now he turned to Jameson with a cigarette in his hand.

"Give me a light, deacon," he requested. And his eye roved slowly up and down Main Street and up and down Teller Street, their shops aglow with brilliant lighting and throngs of quite ordinary people, with nickels in their pockets, walking about with no thought of the penitentiary in their minds. Bricktown was a beautiful little city after all—a very beautiful city! The mayor rather loved it.

"Why, Harry, your nose is bleeding!" Jameson suddenly noticed.

"Is it?" returned Birchland, producing a handkerchief. "Deacon, do you know that every cent we could raise in the world is tied up in our deficit loan and that we can never get it out?"

X

"CLOSE up!" ordered the deacon as he passed through the faro room.

P. J. Hollister, loafing in the gentlemanly library next to the roulette room, rose and walked into the front hall as if he were going downstairs; but instead he whirled into the little narrow passageway that led to the deacon's salon.

"Come to do you a favor, deacon," said Hollister. He was a shoe merchant, with a dented forehead and a cleft chin.

"Thanks, Holly," returned Jameson, slamming open the drawers in his various articles of furniture and making a very careful choice of papers and small articles.

"You apparently anticipate me," went on Hollister, surprised to find in himself so strong a liking for a man of whom he so thoroughly disapproved.

"I guess I did if you meant I should travel a little," responded the deacon. "What particular thing do you know?"

"That tomorrow is to be an especially bad day in Bricktown," replied Hollister. "There's a sickening lot of people going to be arrested here."

The deacon laughed shortly.

"It might pain me to see it," he said.

"Need any money?" suggested Hollister after a slight hesitation. He had always felt that in Jameson's gambling house he had nothing but the percentage against him.

"No, thanks," refused Jameson. "The tables will turn me in get-away money. You're mighty decent, Hollister. What's it all about?"

"A citizens' committee," Hollister informed him. "I'm the chairman. We've been waiting six months for this Murdock Bill to pass, so we could clean up the town. We're going to have a business administration here."

Jameson turned on him with a slow grin.

"Birchland and I might be able to give you some pointers," he suggested.

Hollister's reply was unexpected.

"I think perhaps you might," he acknowledged. "You fellows have done a wonderful thing for Bricktown; if you had only played straight! The pity of it is that mere restitution doesn't square you."

The dealers came in with their cash-boxes and Jameson began to count up.

"There'll be a pretty fair little nest-egg," he observed as he finished.

"I didn't pay off the boys last night," said his house manager.

Jameson smiled and slipped a twenty-dollar goldpiece from the stack.

"Take the kitty," he invited, and bade them goodby.

In front he found little Tom Boles in the long-nosed, gray roadster and Tom was talking with Dan Fox.

"You wouldn't beat it while the beating was good," Dan chided him. "This government-by-commission thing in some form or other will sweep the country."

Tom leaned forward earnestly. He had been puzzled all evening.

"Dan, what is government by commission?" he asked.

"Nobody knows yet," chuckled Dan. "It hasn't been tried out long enough for us to tell what we can do with it."

The stars were shining brightly as the little gray car sped up Teller Street to the avenue. Jameson looked back at the city as it narrowed behind them and sighed.

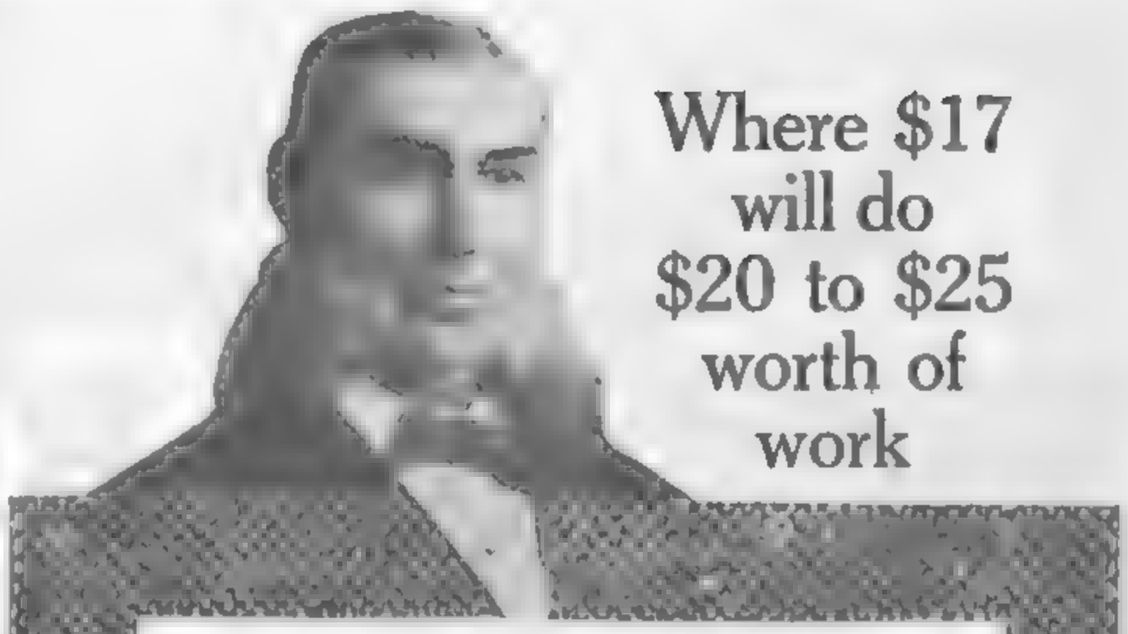
"I liked this town," he said. "By the way, Tom, I forgot that I hadn't paid the night watchman until I met him as I came out; and now I haven't a red. Have you any money?"

"Do you hear that, Pet?" demanded Tom of the little gray car, though not with quite all his usual exhilaration of tone. "The boss wants to know whether I have money, and I have ninety-two eighty. I shortcarded Bobby Gossap out of it."

They sped on out the avenue under the beautifully overarching trees until they came to the speedway, beyond which was the misty world.

"Here we are again, Pet," said Tom to their car. "This is the way we came in and it's the way we go out." He jerked at his levers as the little gray roadster touched the smooth path. "Now purr, baby!"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester.



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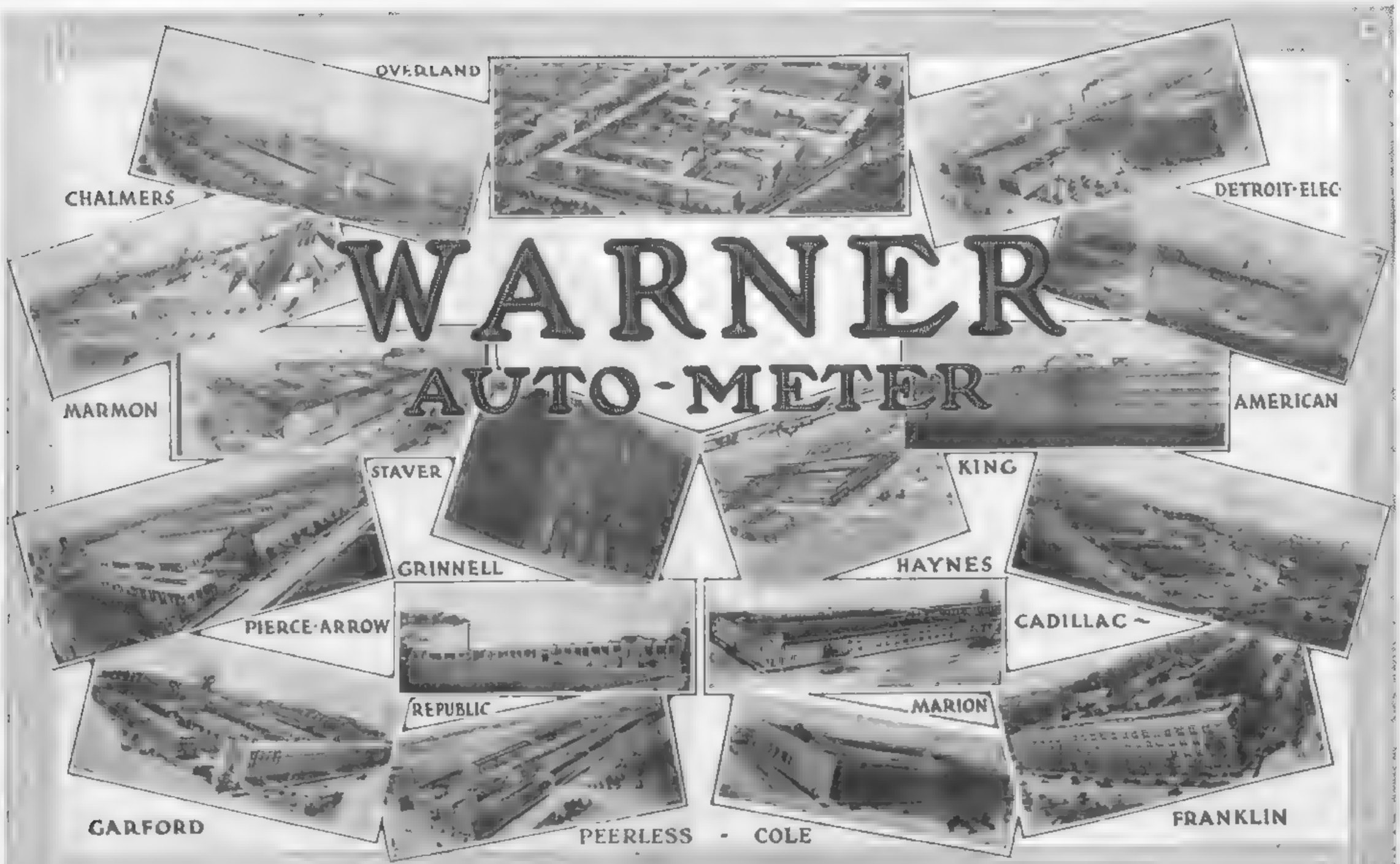

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Austin	Chalmers	Delaunay-Belleville	Grant	McFarlan	Midland	Overland	Pilot	Staver	Vera
Benz	Cino	Detroit Electric	Grinnell Electric	Marion	Minerva	Packard	Republic	Stearns	

THE automobile plants shown on these two pages manufacture America's highest priced and highest grade automobiles. These are the world's foremost automobile factories. Every one of these big producers now use the Warner Auto-Meter (magnetic principle) as standard or special equipment.

Which means that over 90% of the manufacturers, producing high priced cars, using standard equipment, have selected the Warner Auto-Meter over and above every other type of speedometer made.

These great automobile factories are the most modern and largest in the world. Collectively they represent an investment of over $100,000,000.00 and employ over 60,000 men.

Their engineering staffs are the best in the industry—and the most critical. They form the greatest board of automobile authorities in the world. Their technical and practical judgment must be regarded as being supreme. Their O. K. has world-wide recognition. They have all endorsed the Warner Auto-Meter (magnetic principle).

Each one of these exacting manufacturers put the Warner through an exhaustive series of the most thorough and rigid tests.

The Warner Auto-Meter passed every single test made by every single factory without a criticism or a fault. This speedometer has successfully and completely passed the analyses of these experts.

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Automobile manufacturers are glad to pay twice as much for Warner Auto-Meters as for other speedometers.

There is not a manufacturer on the above list who does not point with pride and satisfaction to the fact that his car is equipped with a Warner Auto-Meter—magnetic type.

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We maintain a service station in every important city in the World

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FIVE years ago only 10% of the speedometers made were magnetic.

Last year over 85% of all the speedometers made were magnetic.

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Manufacturers of high priced cars have, by adopting it, endorsed the magnetic speedometer as the scientific and accurate speedometer on the market.

Over 90% of all the automobile manufacturers producing high priced cars, now use the Warner Auto-Meter (magnetic type) as regular equipment.

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The Warner Auto-Meter is in keeping with all the improvements of the modern automobile. Electrical equipment has gradually taken the place of most of the old mechanical apparatus. The electric starter has eliminated the old crank; the electric signal has taken the place of the old bulb horn; the electric dynamo has done away with charging of batteries; electric lights have replaced the old gas lamps; and the magnetic speedometer has made obsolete the mechanical speedometers.

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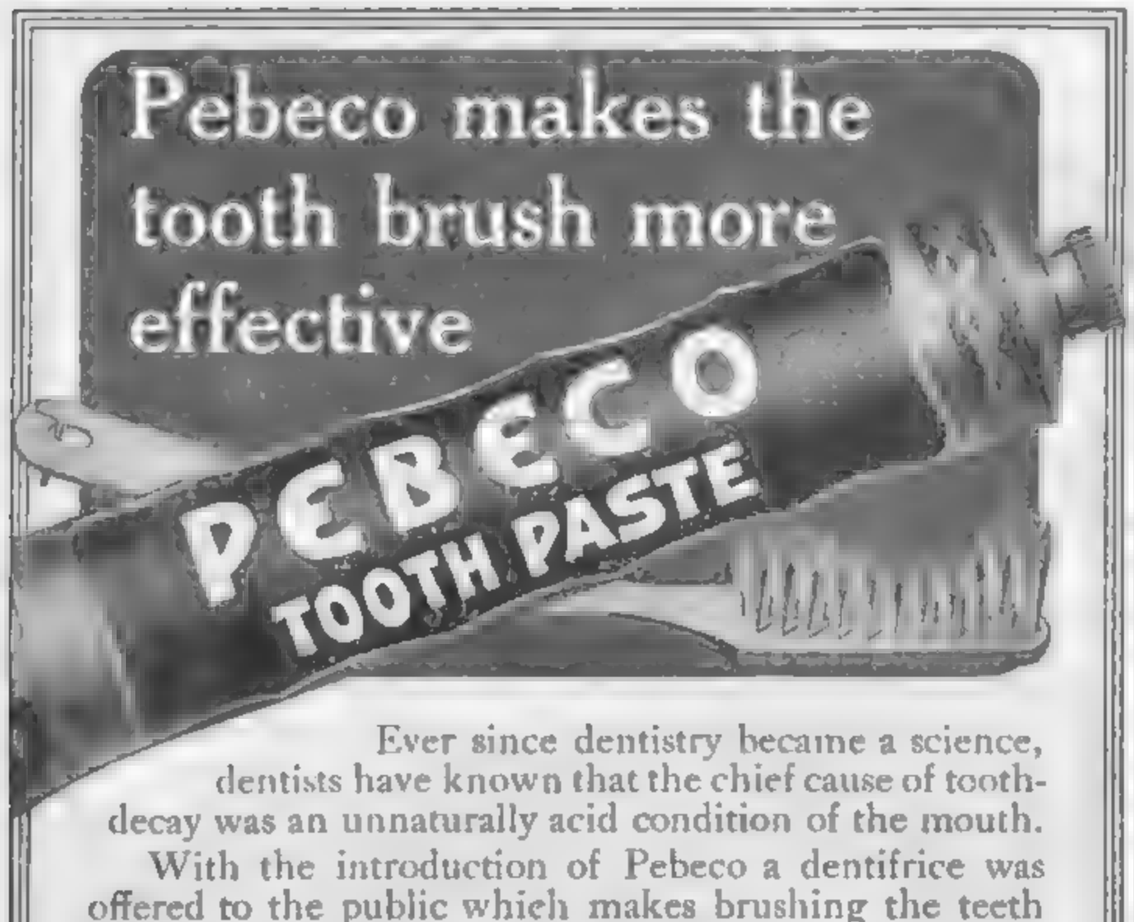
We are the sole makers of the magnetic speedometer.

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Dept. 12, Beloit, Wisconsin

International Service

We maintain a service station in every important city in the World



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Pebeco Tooth Paste not only does all that ordinary dentifrices do, but in addition it overcomes the cause of 95% of tooth decay—acid-mouth.

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LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William Street, New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieeris Talcum

JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 24

The tide had turned; and the fierce ebb, running in the teeth of a fiercer wind, kicked up a stiff, upstanding sea. Suisun Bay was white with wrath and sea-lump; but a salmon boat can sail and I knew how to sail a salmon boat. So I drove her into it and through it and across, and maundered aloud, and chanted my disdain for all the books and schools. Cresting seas filled me a foot or so with water, but I laughed at it sloshing about my feet and chanted my disdain for the wind and the water. I hailed myself a master of life, riding on the back of the elements; and John Barleycorn rode with me. Amid dissertations on mathematics and philosophy, and spoutings and quotations, I sang all the old songs learned in the days when I went from the cannery to the oyster boats to be a pirate—such songs as Black Lulu; Flying Cloud; Treat My Daughter Kind-i-ly; The Boston Burglar; Come All You Rambling, Gambling Men; I Wisht I Were a Little Bird; Shenandoah; and *Ranzo, Boys! Ranzo!*

Hours afterward, in the fires of sunset, where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin tumble their muddy floods together, I took the New York Cut-off, skimmed across the smooth landlocked water past Black Diamond, on into the San Joaquin, and on to Antioch, where, somewhat sobered and magnificently hungry, I laid alongside a big potato sloop that had a familiar rig. There were old friends aboard who fried my black bass in olive oil. Then, too, there was a meaty fisherman's stew, delicious with garlic, and crusty Italian bread, without butter—all washed down with pint mugs of thick and heady claret.

My salmon boat was asoak, but in the snug cabin of the sloop dry blankets and a dry bunk were mine; and we lay and smoked and yarned of old days, while overhead the wind screamed through the rigging and taut halyards drummed against the mast.

XXIII

MY CRUISE in the salmon boat lasted a week and I returned ready to enter the university. During the week's cruise I did not drink again. To accomplish this I was compelled to avoid looking up old friends; for, as ever, the adventure path was beset by John Barleycorn. I had wanted the drink that first day and in the days that followed I did not want it. My tired brain had recuperated. I had no moral scruples in the matter. I was not ashamed or sorry because of that first day's orgy at Benicia, and I thought no more about it, returning gladly to my books and studies.

Long years were to pass ere I looked back upon that day and realized its significance. At the time, and for a long time afterward, I was to think of it only as a frolic. But still later, in the slough of brain-fag and intellectual weariness, I was to remember and know the craving for the anodyne that resides in alcohol.

Meantime, after this one relapse at Benicia, I went on with my abstemiousness, primarily because I did not want to drink. And next I was abstemious because my way led among books and students, where no drinking was. Had I been out on the adventure path I should as a matter of course have been drinking, for that is the pity of the adventure path—which is one of John Barleycorn's favorite stamping grounds.

I completed the first half of my Freshman year and in January of 1897 took up my courses for the second half. But the pressure from lack of money, plus a conviction that the university was not giving me all I wanted in the time I could spare for it, forced me to leave. I was not very disappointed. For two years I had studied; and in those two years, what was far more valuable, I had done a prodigious amount of reading. Then, too, my grammar had improved. It is true I had not yet learned that I must say "It is I," but I no longer was guilty of a double negative in writing, though still prone to that error in excited speech.

I decided immediately to embark on my career. I had four preferences: First, music; second, poetry; third, the writing of philosophic, economic and political essays; and fourth and last—and least—fiction writing. I resolutely cut out music as impossible; then settled down in my bedroom and tackled my second, third and fourth choices simultaneously. Heavens, how I wrote! Never was there a creative

Authoritative Fashions

The gown cannot be a success unless the corset underneath fits perfectly and is designed to mould the figure into proper lines.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets

for Spring and Summer have been designed, developed and perfected on living models, to properly set off the fashions of the day. The shapes are authoritative, but sensible.

Whether for the ball gown, the tailored suit, or the simplest Summer frock, there is a Warner model that you should be wearing if you would appear at your best.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED
Not to Rust, Break or Tear

Sold Everywhere—$1.00 to $8.00

Spring Catalog on request

When you buy your corset, ask to see Warner Brassières. They are the latest contribution to the art of perfect dressing. They Measure the upper part of the figure

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York Chicago San Francisco

If You Have a Small Kitchen

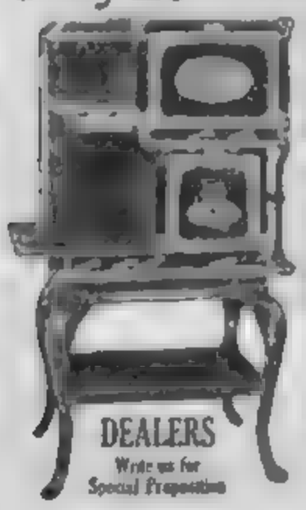
And especially if you live in a flat where space is at a premium you will need an

Ossco Kitchenette

COMPACT CABINET GAS RANGE

The smallest big stove in the world. Has all the capacity [illegible] can be taken off, it is

Only 29½ Inches Wide



[illegible] one regular and [illegible] top; two regular burners on elevated top. In the [illegible] there are two [illegible]

8 Burners in All

The baking oven is about shoulder high, the cook[illegible]en waist high. You [illegible] up or kneeling down

We can't possibly mention all the good points [illegible] Write us for [illegible]

DEALERS
Write us for Special Proposition

Ohio State Stove Co.
Columbus, Ohio

Triangle 5-PLY Collars Preferred

I prefer

Triangle 5-PLY Collars

Notched at bending points to prevent cracking. No saw edges.

COVENTRY - New English model will prove it.

2 for 25c. at dealers or from us
Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co., Troy, N. Y.

The Collar of Quality

The feel of it—
The fit of it—
The look of it—

are all actual evidence of the remarkable quality in

NOTASEME Silk-Lisle HOSIERY

Although extremely durable and reinforced at points of wear, NOTASEME is not heavy, but fine and sheer. Knit in actual sizes, NOTASEME has a permanent, perfect fit. The NOTASEME perfect-process imparts a soft, silky finish that lasts as long as the hose. NOTASEME never gets baggy or fuzzy with age. Made for men, women and children—and it

Wears Like "60"
Looks Like "50"
Costs But 25

Also in added luxury of pure silk at 50c a pair

We sell direct from mill to store. We guarantee quality and satisfaction through your dealer to you

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is Only One

IT IS not classed with the cheap substitutes for lath and plaster. It is a wall lining in a class by itself—the most practical, the most successful. Thirteen years of severe tests have proven its superiority.

How You Can Know the Genuine

Get the sample as illustrated above—notice the construction. It is not simply several layers of card-board pasted together. It is built with kiln-dried slats as the foundation, pressed between layers of air-tight cement and specially prepared paper into a stiff straight sheet [illegible] thick.

Why You Should Be Sure of Getting Compo-Board

It is stronger, more durable than lath and plaster, or any of its substitutes. Impervious to cold, heat and moisture. Test it by soaking in water with other substitutes for lath and plaster. It never needs repairing—will not mar with the knocks of furniture against it. It has stood the test of time and rough usage in thousands of homes.

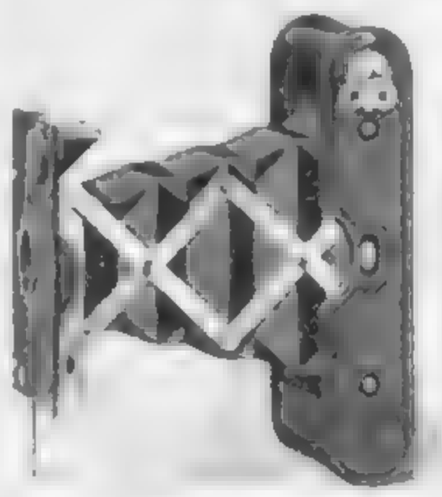
Compo-Board is sold in strips four feet wide by one to eighteen feet long by dealers in nearly every town.

Manufacturers are finding many profitable uses for Compo-Board. It is better than wood for many purposes. Write for the experience letters from some of them.

Sample and book free—(Tells in an interesting way all about this modern wall lining)

NORTHWESTERN COMPO-BOARD COMPANY
4303 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

The border of this advertisement is a slightly reduced [illegible] illustration of Compo-Board



Vest Pocket

KODAK

Right as a watch in adjustment and in the refinement of every detail.

Pictures, 1⅝ x 2½ in. Price, $6.00

Catalogue at your dealers or by mail. Free.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

fever such as mine from which the patient escaped fatal results! The way I worked was enough to soften my brain and send me to a madhouse. I wrote—I wrote everything—ponderous essays; scientific and sociological short stories; humorous verse—verse of all sorts, from triolets and sonnets to blank-verse tragedy and elephantine epics in Spenserian stanzas. On occasion I composed steadily, day after day, for fifteen hours a day. At times I forgot to eat or refused to tear myself away from my passionate outpouring in order to eat.

And then there was the matter of typewriting. My brother-in-law owned a machine that he used in the daytime. At night I was free to use it. That machine was a wonder. I could weep now as I recollect my wrestlings with it. It must have been a first model in the year one of the typewriter era. Its alphabet was all capitals. It was possessed of an evil spirit. It obeyed no known laws of physics and overthrew the hoary axiom that like things performed to like things produced like results.

I will swear that machine never did the same thing in the same way twice. Again and again it demonstrated that unlike actions produce like results.

How my back used to ache with it! Prior to that experience my back had been good for every violent strain put upon it in a none too gentle career. But that typewriter proved to me that I had a pipestem for a back. Also it made me doubt my shoulders. They ached as with rheumatism after every bout. The keys of that machine had to be hit so hard that to one outside the house the sound was like distant thunder or as if some one were breaking up the furniture. I had to hit the keys so hard that I strained my first fingers and my arms ached to the elbows, while the ends of my fingers were blisters burst and blistered again. Had it been my machine I would have operated it with a carpenter's hammer.

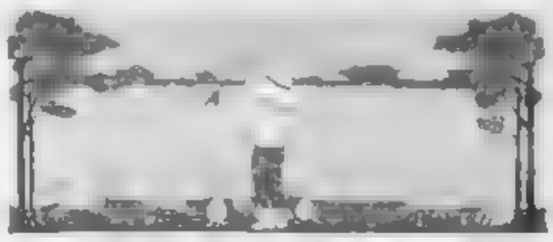
The worst of it was that I was actually typing my manuscripts at the same time I was trying to master that machine. It was a feat of physical endurance and a brain-storm combined to type a thousand words, and I was composing thousands of words every day that just had to be typed for the waiting editors.

Oh, between the writing and the typewriting I was well aweary. I had brain and nerve fag, and body fag as well; and yet the thought of drink never suggested itself. I was living too high to stand in need of an anodyne. All my waking hours except those with that infernal typewriter were spent in a creative heaven. And along with this I had no desire for drink, because I still believed in many things—in the love of all men and women in the matter of man-and-woman love; in fatherhood; in human justice; in art—in the whole host of fond illusions that keep the world turning round.

The waiting editors elected to keep on waiting however. My manuscripts made amazing round-trip records between the Pacific and the Atlantic. It might have been the weirdness of the typewriting that prevented the editors from accepting at least one little offering of mine—I do not know; and goodness knows the stuff I wrote was as weird as its typing. I sold my hard-bought schoolbooks for ridiculous sums to second-hand bookmen. I borrowed small sums of money wherever I could and suffered my old father to feed me with the meager returns of his failing strength.

It did not last long—only a few weeks; then I had to surrender and go to work. Yet I was unaware of any need for the drink anodyne. I was not disappointed. My career was retarded, that was all. Perhaps I did need further preparation. I had learned enough from the books to realize that I had only touched the hem of Knowledge's garment. I still lived on the heights. My waking hours and most of the hours I should have used for sleep were spent with the books.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



We admit it.

We didn't know NEARLY all the good things about Stag.

We knew about its exquisite FRAGRANCE.

We knew the idea of buying HALF as much at a time, and having it ALWAYS FRESH, was an INSPIRATION.

But Stag smokers have been throwing some NEW bouquets. For instance:

The five cent tin slips into any pocket without crowding.

No strings to come loose and let the tobacco spill into the pocket.

It's much more convenient when filling the pipe.

And there's MAGIC in that 5 Cent price.

Buy it anywhere.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

P. LORILLARD CO. ESTABLISHED 1760

STAG

WE HAVE BEEN COACH BUILDERS OVER SIXTY YEARS

THE WEDDING COACH OF NAPOLEON I.

THE FAVORED CAR AT THE SHOWS

Rauch & Lang prestige among electrics was unquestioned at the motor shows. The people who filled the Rauch & Lang booths were ample evidence of the fact. Society found its ideal in this car—in the finish and upholstering, in its general appearance, its atmosphere of style and refinement.

Men were pleased with the excellence of its construction. The coaches of Royalty, made famous in history, were no more staunchly built, nor more closely in keeping with their style-periods. The time required to build one of these cars limits the number available each year. For that reason early orders are necessary from those who wish to be supplied.

Rauch & Lang agents will gladly demonstrate. Catalog mailed on request.

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE CO.
2313 West Twenty-fifth Street
Cleveland Electric Cars
1135

Rauch & Lang Electrics

The Newspaper—An Undeveloped Business

(Continued from Page 27)

churchman and other workers all have the same feeling about newspapers—that the constructive side of their work is lost in either sensation or ridicule. Various remedies are suggested for our misrepresentative press—that it be restricted or censored or endowed; that articles be signed; that libel laws be made more severe, and so on.

The shortcomings of newspapers, however, are due almost wholly to the lack of modern business organization and methods. Editors and reporters are poorly paid. Their positions and promotions are uncertain. They follow a calling that in itself leads nowhere. They are not trained for their work and have no organization to develop professional spirit and better working methods as have engineers, doctors and other professional men. The newspaper man sees so much of the dark side of human nature that he soon gets a cynical point of view—in half an hour he can persuade you that nobody in town is really honest. In other lines of business work is carefully planned for the future as well as for today, business connections are formed and maintained, and employees' experiences are an asset in the business. Editors and reporters, on the contrary, come and go like tramps.

Under these conditions it is only natural that papers should get the quick, sensational, ready-made news, printing it without continuity or constructive interpretation. The criminal and the politician, the self-advertising celebrity and the press agent, occupy so much newspaper space that the affairs of the plain citizen and the community are overshadowed.

Newspaper men themselves believe the public demands sensation and that only the unusual is news; but there are excellent grounds for doubting these statements. Destructive and sensational news is of transitory value. It is subject to the laws of diminishing returns, whereby to produce the same effect day after day one sensation must be piled on another and each be greater than the last to hold interest. Moreover, the greater the news sensation the sooner its public interest is exhausted.

The Lady Who Pays the Salaries

The sinking of the Titanic was the greatest news sensation of the past decade. Yet its very magnitude and dramatic qualities made it shortlived, for the emotions aroused, as the papers were filled with nothing else day after day, led to a general desire to forget. Today who follows with any interest the efforts of Titanic survivors to obtain redress for suffering, bereavement and loss?

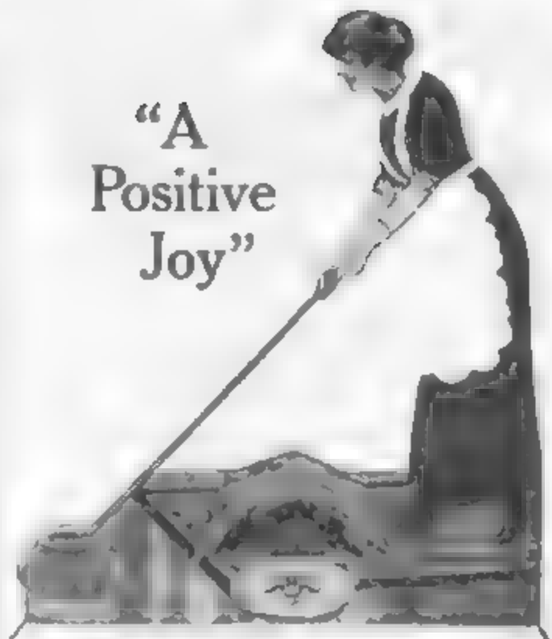
Another first-rate disaster was the destruction of St. Pierre by volcanic eruption a little over ten years ago. Special correspondents were hurried to the West Indies to cover the biggest news sensation of a generation; but before they landed there public interest had utterly spent itself. There are plenty of signs in newspaper, magazine and book publishing today that sensation has been overdone and that the public understands its cheap mechanism.

On the other hand the greatest development of our newspapers has come from a single vein of constructive news. The star reporter and the cub in every newspaper office genially chaff the blonde lady who edits the woman's page, not perceiving that it is she who pays their salaries. When the old-fashioned drygoods business grew into the modern department store advertising became necessary. The department store made the afternoon paper, enlarged the Sunday issue and became the cornerstone of practically all newspaper revenue.

To get circulation among women, the paper began to print news of feminine interest, and various specialties have been developed along this line—heartthrob stories, for instance, in which sex and sentiment are put uppermost in every narrative of the day that can be made to yield them. Millionaire news—what Mr. Rockefeller said to a caddie or what Mr. Carnegie likes for lunch—is reported with an eye on women readers, like the society gossip and the regular cable from European courts.

However the eternal staple of a newspaper, when it comes to the eternal feminine, is that woman's page edited by the blonde lady. To man's eye it is trivial, with its directions for stuffing a turkey and schemes for trimming a hat; but to woman

"A Positive Joy"



CLEANING, dusting and polishing hardwood floors is now a joy. It has been the hardest drudgery of housekeeping. With the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

all the hard work is done away with. It dusts, cleans and polishes all at one time. Every atom of dust is collected and the floor given a high, hard, dry polish without hard rubbing or getting down on your hands and knees. Easily cleaned when soiled, and renewed with a few drops of O-Cedar Polish.

Accept This Offer:

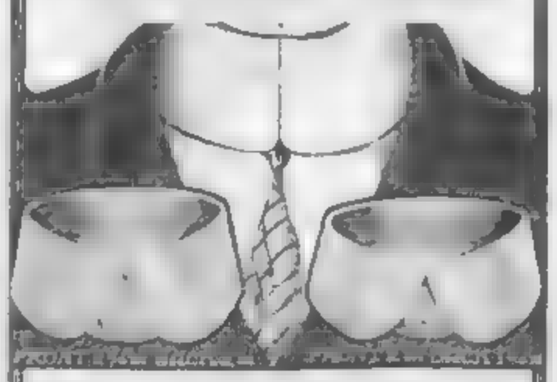
Your dealer guarantees the O-Cedar Polish Mop. Deposit $1.50 with him and try it out test for two full days and if you are not absolutely satisfied your money refunded without question.

Sent, prepaid, upon receipt of price if not at your dealer's.

Channell Chemical Co.
1432 Carroll Ave., CHICAGO

Handle 54 in. Long

WEAR LINEN COLLARS



Linen is the quality—the karat mark—in collars. Here is the 2 for 25c brand of collars bearing the Warranted Linen guarantee.

BARKER BRAND
Warranted Linen Collars
¼, ½, ¾ sizes—2 for 25c

Over 100 styles to select from at all dealers.

Send postal card for our style book A. It has dress chart

Wm Barker Co Makers, Troy N Y

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
610 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Treat Your Tires With
NEVERLEAK
TIRE FLUID

It means freedom from tire troubles for the rest of the season; freedom from worry and unnecessary expense.

With Neverleak in your tires you can always depend upon reaching your destination without [illegible] convenience and pleasure of wheeling more than ever before.

It makes your tires leak proof and heals punctures on the run

A 25c tube treats a tire and it will last as

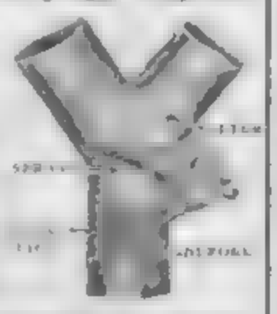
Buffalo Specialty Co.
403 Ellicott St. Buffalo, N Y

Speedler on Your Car
or on Your Motorcycle

Increases power greatly [illegible] carbon. Keeps engine cooler. Positively guaranteed on 30-days free trial. Your money back if it does not pay for itself the first month.

Saves Gas

Pays for itself in gas [illegible] governing the mixture. [illegible] at your finger-tip always. A finger tip [illegible] increase of speed and saving [illegible]



Increases Engine Power

Get more speed. Increase your present engine power by a Lydon Speedler [illegible]

Free Trial

Write today [illegible] of this marvelous, money saving proposition free

LYDON MFG. CO., Dept. 1397, Chicago, Ill.

The Bottle That Keeps
Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours,
Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicking, etc.

Keep baby's milk at right temperature or invalid a hot or cold drink by the bed at night without heat, ice or bother of preparation.

ICY HOT CARAFE takes place of unsanitary water bottle. Just the thing for night use—can be hung by handle from bed. Keeps ice and drinking fresh ohmilk as long as it lasts, and

ICY HOT JARS and ICE CREAM PAILS—

The King of Vacuum Bottles—Yet Costs No More than the Ordinary—Accept No Substitute—There's No Bottle Just as Good

The inner glass bottle is thoroughly protected against breakage, easily removed, sterilized or replaced. Patented [illegible]. Hand-some nickel [illegible]

Pints, $1 up; Quarts, $2 up

Icy-Hot Bottle Co.
Dept. B
Cincinnati, Ohio

Icy Hot Bottle
Icy Hot Carafe
1 Qt.
2 Pts.
2 and 3 Qts.

This $1 Signal Coat Shirt for work and semi-dress gives you everything you want, fit, wear, good looks. Saves you money at the *start* and in the *long run*.

Even highest-priced dress shirts don't have *all* the comfort features of

SIGNAL $1
COAT SHIRTS

Union Made Two detachable collars

Two pockets—one plain, and one a Combination Watch, Pencil and Handkerchief pocket

Extra Button at bottom of breast plait for [illegible]. Extra [illegible] Flaps. Sleeves and [illegible] and-gap-proof band. [illegible] aug white cuffs. Attached [illegible]

Coat Shirts come [illegible] sizes and [illegible] Signal Coat Shirts write us for sample swatches [illegible] name and your size and we express you a couple C.O.D. If not entirely satisfactory, return *at our expense*

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.
Mfrs. of SIGNAL Work Clothes
1280 Mound Avenue Racine, Wis.

this is constructive news, and so is the department-store advertising. Both keep her informed about dress, usage, food, children, home. She is purchasing agent and general manager for the family. These departments lighten her work, help her hold her position, and have a continuity of interest not found in sensation.

Newspapers are undoubtedly improving. Some of the greatest changes in business during the next five years will be in the field of distribution. Manufacturing and transportation have been skillfully developed, but it still costs too much to put goods into the consumer's hands. The road to market must be shortened and expense cut down in various ways; and in these distribution changes the newspaper will play an important part. Hundreds of manufacturing concerns have put their business on a national footing by national advertising, and are now ready to develop local markets by working at closer range.

Special mercantile conditions in the different cities and sections are being taken into account, and in this intensive distribution special newspaper advertising to meet local conditions is necessary. Newspaper publishers are already developing their business to meet the new conditions. Questionable advertising is being eliminated. Rates and rules are being standardized. The truth about circulation is easier to get than it used to be. Where advertisers formerly dealt with each newspaper separately, and an enormous amount of detail and correspondence was involved in covering even a couple of states by newspaper advertising, now the publishers are establishing common advertising bureaus to make the work simpler. The improvements incidental to this newspaper expansion will probably in the course of time reach the editorial departments, where there is a market to be cultivated too.

One of the world's biggest staples today is information—a vital necessity. When people lived on a neighborhood basis they managed to run their affairs on such neighborhood news as they picked up round home, just as they raised their own food, made their own clothes and worked at their town and village industries. Nowadays, with everything on a national and an international basis, conditions are different. Great masses of people are grouped in cities, improvements are made in everything every year, the commonest necessities are brought half round the world. The comfort, prosperity and very existence of the average man are in the keeping of people far from his immediate circle, acting indirectly, as he himself is the indirect and often unsuspecting keeper of his brother elsewhere.

On this account information has become as necessary a staple as bread. The successful man is he who has the best information to act upon, and lack of information is found at the bottom of evils characteristic of our modern world.

The newspaper is the principal medium for distributing information. People consume it as regularly as food, and it touches everybody oftener and for a longer stretch of life than schools, churches, books, plays or any other information medium. For some reason, however, it has lagged behind in the general improvement of business. It still sticks to its original idea of telling what is wrong and abnormal in the world, whereas the world has reached the point where it wants to hear also about what is normal and right. The newspaper will meet modern needs better when it adopts some of the business methods that have proved successful in selling pickles, and a little of the constructive business policy necessary in making soap.

Jes' Ruin!

A DARKY who had witnessed an electrocution by law came forth from the scene of execution pop-eyed with horror, and proceeded to describe the dread scene to some of his friends—at least, that is the way Bob Davis, editor of Munsey's, tells the story.

"Dey tek an' strop you down in a cheer," stated the eyewitness; "an' den dey clamps some things on to yore haid an' yore laigs—jes' so. An' den one o' dem w'ite men go over to de corner where dey is a little jigger set in de wall, which he gives it one little pull—lak dat—an' she go Pst-t!"

He paused.

"An' whut den?" demanded one of the audience breathlessly.

"Nothin' but ruin," he said—"jes' ruin!"

$1250
FOR HUSBANDS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL purposes to divide $1250 among five husbands who will tell, frankly and fully:

Why I wanted my wife to be my wife

THESE are the questions that young men daily ask of older men:

How did you positively know that your wife, when you met her, was the one woman in all the world with whom you wanted to live for the rest of your life?

What was the one single dominant trait that determined the fact for you?

In other words, the young man asks: How can I surely tell not only that I am not going wrong in asking a girl to be my wife, but also that I shall, if she accept me, not do her a lifelong wrong and injustice?

These are the questions young men are asking every day and that are worthy of a serious answer by every man who, having successfully solved them for himself, can help other men to solve them for themselves.

Never have a group of women so decidedly, helpfully and fully answered the question as in the recent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offer: "How did you know when the right man came?" These wonderful answers, the most wonderful that any magazine ever received, will shortly be published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Directly following these we want to present the man's side of the problem, so that both young unmarried women and young unmarried men may be helped.

Therefore, here is the husband's chance to tell for the benefit of young men: "Why I wanted my wife to be my wife."

Five prizes are offered:

$500 for the Best Article
$300 for the Second Best Article
$200 for the Third Best Article
$150 for the Fourth Best Article
$100 for the Fifth Best Article
$1250 in the five prizes

In addition, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL hopes that the high merit of the articles generally will warrant the purchase of many more manuscripts. Of course all material obtained from this contest will be published *strictly anonymously*.

Please Observe These Conditions

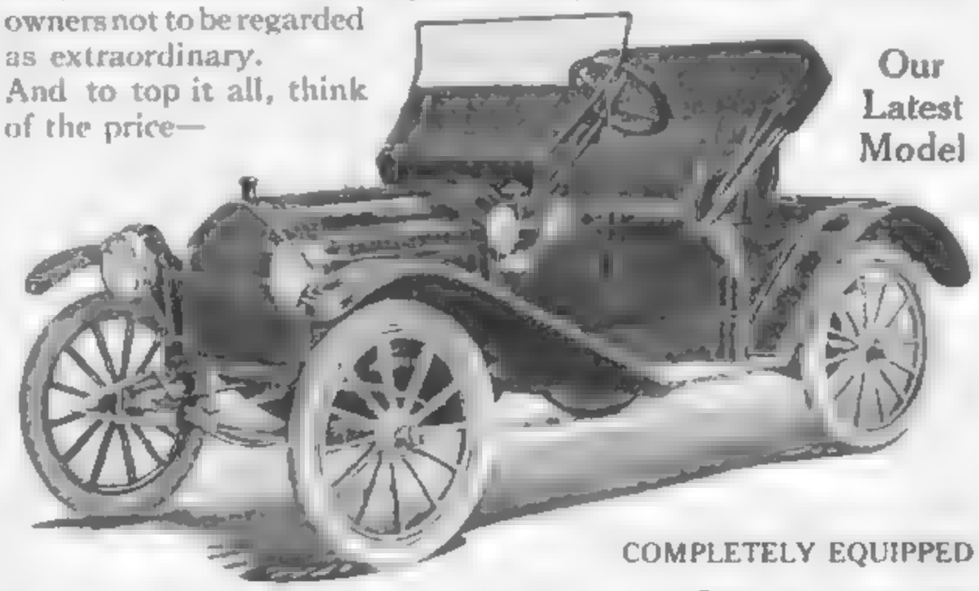
No manuscript submitted should exceed 3000 words. Whenever possible the manuscripts should be typewritten, but if this is impossible they should be written in ink, neatly and clearly, and on one side of the paper—never on both sides. The writer's name and address should appear on the first page. All manuscripts must be sent flat or folded: no rolled manuscripts will be considered. And *as no manuscripts can be returned under any circumstances please do not inclose stamps*. The contest will be open until July 1. Manuscripts received after that date cannot be considered. The results of the contest will be announced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as soon after July 1 as possible. Address all manuscripts to

THE PERSONAL EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Where is the car that can match this performance?

28 to 32 miles on ONE gallon of gasoline, a hundred miles on ONE pint of lubricating oil, and from 10,000 to 12,000 miles on ONE set of tires! Sensational? Yes, for most cars, but reported frequently enough by METZ owners not to be regarded as extraordinary.

And to top it all, think of the price—



Our Latest Model

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METZ "22"—$495

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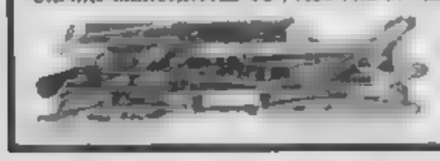

AN ACCOUNT WITH CUPID

(Continued from Page 17)

himself. "I'm sure I should. Have you sent word to Fred? He must be frantic!"

"As he can't possibly know that we were on the Eliza Brown and that she was wrecked, he is convinced that we are still in Hakodate, of course," Ruth returned. "However, I'll write him a note and he can call tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" echoed Mrs. Evans, turning round in spite of the maid. "Think of all the arrangements that have to be made! Tomorrow may be too late!"

Ruth nodded. "That's so. Poor Fred!"

IX

ARCHIBALD SINNOTT appeared at twenty minutes past seven o'clock, was duly announced by Richardson—who took the liberty of putting right the set of the shoulders of a new jacket—and entered the sitting room as hesitantly as if he had not left Mrs. Evans and her daughter only a few hours before after an uninterrupted companionship of many weeks. Mrs. Evans was quite restored by the ministrations of the maid and the hairdresser and received him with all cordiality.

"I hardly recognized you," she remarked when he was seated.

"Clothes make a change," he conceded.

"They certainly do in one's feelings!" said Ruth, slowly entering with her eyes fixed on her new gown. Then she looked up, stopped and gazed at Sinnott. He had risen and was standing before her, a straight, tall, well-set-up, clean-limbed man in excellently fitting evening dress. He was no longer the man she had seen in the Hakodate hotel. The unwholesome years had vanished. And it was not the stern seaman she had known during the past three weeks.

"You are very lovely," he said simply.

Ruth thought it wise to pass over this remark with a smile and looked to Richardson, who stood a perfect image of propriety in the dining-room doorway. In response to her mute appeal he bowed and announced that dinner was served.

Sinnott instantly offered his arm to Mrs. Evans, and having escorted her in waited for Ruth. She glanced up at him timidly. He did not understand this until the soup had been enjoyed as only shipwrecked people can enjoy. Then he was made aware that the charming young woman at table with him was gently trying to establish a new footing on which to meet him. His shrewdness was not at fault. He understood that she had abandoned the attitude she had maintained at Hakodate and that she was fearful of recalling their really intimate association on the departed Eliza Brown. She was forcing him to meet her on her own ground, and he rejoiced and played up carefully and sedulously.

Several times Sinnott was made faintly uncomfortable by little but very searching questions, which seemed designed to catch him in some awkwardness or stupidity. Mrs. Evans came to his rescue several times, but at last her maternal instinct told her that Ruth was bent on a bold and somewhat desperate exploration that had much to do with her future attitude to their guest. So she devoted herself quietly to her meal, with occasional remarks that would establish her own neutrality if her daughter actually allowed Sinnott to know that he was on trial. Mrs. Evans was no fool, but within the past four years she had learned that Ruth was hard to manage.

"I've often wondered just what a very rich man called amusement," Ruth remarked when the coffee had been brought. "Poor people like us are so easily entertained. The mere spending of a little money gives us pleasure; but a rich man is denied such an easy way of having a good time—he doesn't have to count his pennies, you know."

"Oh, a rich man has the fun of making it," he returned carelessly. "That's more amusing than spending it, because you have your fun and your money too."

"There's so little variety in merely earning it. I'd hate to have to say to myself at night: 'Now, did I have a really good time today? Let me see; I must look in my bankbook!'"

"I usually ask Richardson."

Ruth instantly beckoned that excellent person and said: "Richardson, did Mr. Sinnott have a good time today?"

"Coffee? Certainly, ma'am."

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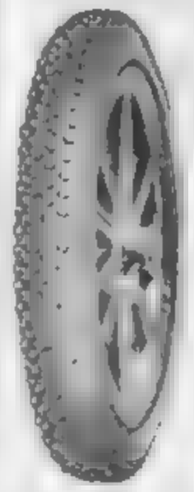

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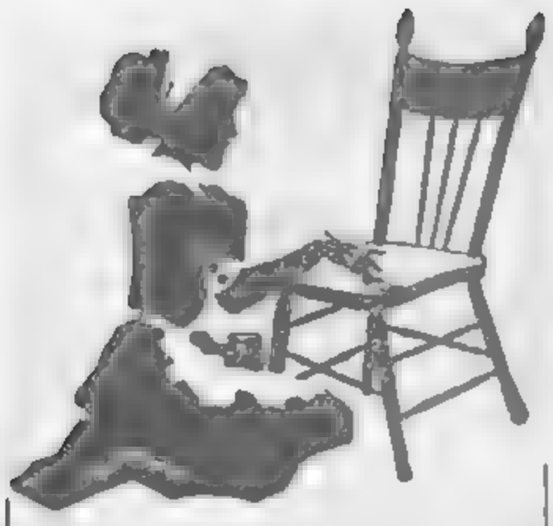

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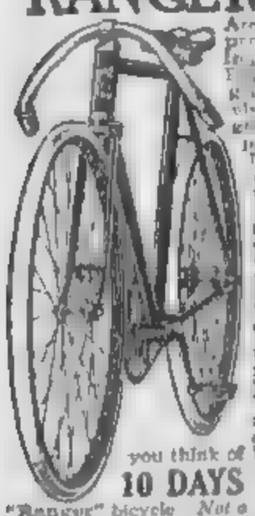

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"I asked for no coffee," she said inexorably. "I asked you whether Mr. Sinnott had a good time today!"

"Excuse the liberty, ma'am," said the impeccable Richardson. "Fresh coffee is making, ma'am. Directly, ma'am!"

Ruth cast a brilliant glance at Sinnott. "It's evident that Richardson considers that you have not had a good time. The trip from Hakodate was a dead financial loss. This has been a bad day for you."

"It is quite possible to make more money than one can afford," he said soberly. He drew out five five-dollar goldpieces and laid them gently on the cloth. "I made this today," he went on.

Mrs. Evans looked curiously at the coins. "Five-dollar goldpieces!" she exclaimed. "How nice American money looks after foreign stuff!"

"That's the way I feel about it," Sinnott answered, glancing at Ruth's puzzled face. "I got these in Japan though. I was paid in advance."

Ruth bent over as if to examine the coins. "Are you paid in full?" she asked gently. "It seems awfully little for a great man like you to accept for anything at all! I thought you always made people pay as much as you could get!"

Sinnott's brown fingers shook a trifle as he picked up the money and slipped it into a pocket. He looked over at Mrs. Evans and smiled. "Did I understand that there is to be a wedding tomorrow?" he inquired gayly.

Mrs. Evans was plainly embarrassed, stammered inarticulately, looked vainly to Ruth for help and received the cool assurance: "I thought a note would do Fred. I can't very well call him up on the phone and tell him over the wire that I'm back, and will he please come over after dinner and propose again, because we must be married tomorrow."

"Then there is nothing settled yet?" Sinnott murmured politely.

"No; except in my own mind, of course."

Mrs. Evans here decided that the discussion was entirely out of place and retired to the sitting room. On the way Sinnott said to Ruth: "If you wish I'll send Richardson and a carriage for him."

She stopped under the portières and regarded him gravely. "Of course if you want to. Is it very important for you to see him tonight?"

Sinnott's face suddenly grew grim. "I've done my part, Miss Evans. Now the final decision is for you to make."

"Ah, then the twenty-five dollars was not enough! I must also make a decision to satisfy my lord. Is it not enough for me to tell you that I intend to marry Captain Haskins?"

"No," he responded curtly.

"What is enough then?" she asked.

"You must tell him."

She looked down at the tip of her slipper and he saw the color ebb and flow in her cheeks. Finally she said in a low voice: "Do I have to propose to him tonight?"

"I understood that you had two proposals," he replied: "One from a working man backed by your uncle's legacy, twenty-five thousand dollars."

She was silent, but he saw her color deepen. "The other," he went on awkwardly, "was from a fat man with a purple complexion."

"The fat man isn't here," she murmured. "Anyway, a proposal once made isn't good forever, you know. They wear out, they wither, they're like transfers on the cars—good for this day and trip only, you know."

"Ah!" he breathed. "Then you think maybe Captain Haskins has changed his mind?"

"How horrid of you to suggest it!" she said quickly. "As if he would!"

"I know the—er—fat man hasn't," he said more boldly.

She shook her head. "I don't like fat people."

Sinnott laughed. He moved one step closer to her. She cast a hasty glance at him and would have fled. His voice stopped her, held her suddenly listening:

"Ruth! I can't let you marry any one else! I love you! I've tried to play fair. Don't marry a man you don't really care for! Marry me, dearest girl!"

"Are you—are you so sure I care enough for you?" she whispered.

"Do you?" he cried, oblivious of the presence of Mrs. Evans in one room and of Richardson in the other.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I must think. Do you know," she went on, looking at him searchingly, "that I'm not

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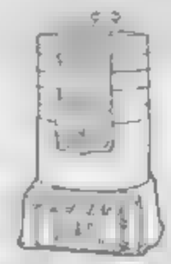

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sure I have any heart at all. I've thought so much of twenty-five thousand dollars that I've got Fred all mixed up with it. Now I've got you all mixed up with several million dollars. It isn't fair!"

"I know you've a heart," Sinnott returned boldly. "I've spent quite a little time investigating that question."

"Investigating that question!" she repeated wonderingly. "How?"

"At the risk of my life, my fortune and my reputation for sanity," he replied.

"And you are sure I have a heart?" she whispered.

"I am."

She held out her slender hand to him shyly. "Then if you're sure of it's being there, I'll let you have—I'll let you keep it. Only—you must remember that it belongs only to Archibald Sinnott the man, not to the millionaire."

Very solemnly he took her hand in his and bent over it. Then he straightened himself and strode into the other room and up to Mrs. Evans.

"Dear lady," he said bluntly, "Ruth and I are going to get married. I know I'm not worthy of her, but ——"

Ruth laid a timid hand on his arm. "But he's really splendid looking!" she said.

Presently Mrs. Evans wiped her eyes and kissed her daughter.

"Your poor Uncle George," she murmured. "To think that his loving gift will never be appreciated!"

"Oh, it's appreciated," Ruth assured her. "If it hadn't been for that old legacy this—nothing worth while would have happened!"

"Anyway, part of his desire will be accomplished," Sinnott put in. "His niece will be married before she is twenty-one."

"Tomorrow!" gasped Ruth. "Why there's no need of that now!"

"I don't intend to be considered any less exacting than Uncle George's legacy," Sinnott remarked smilingly, and pressed the button. When Richardson appeared he said to him quietly: "Miss Evans will do me the honor to marry me tomorrow morning, Richardson. Please arrange everything—will you?"

A respectful but thoroughly cordial smile beamed on Richardson's freshly-shaved visage. He rubbed his hands as he answered, "Thank you, sir! Thank you, ma'am! Quite so! Nothing could be better! Arrange everything—quite so! Exactly, miss. I'll attend to it directly, ma'am. Thank you!"

"At eleven o'clock," Sinnott continued.

"At eleven, sir. Thank you, sir!"

Ruth put her shy hand on her lover's arm. "Archie! I have no clothes! I can't get ready so soon and ——"

He grinned boyishly. "I'll lend you my boots again. I'd marry you in a blue flannel shirt and a sou'wester. That's really the way I'd like to see my bride."

Mrs. Evans rose quietly. "This has been a long day," she said gently. "I think I'll retire, if I may be excused."

Sinnott suddenly seemed to realize that he was condemning her to loneliness and that she had endured much. "I hope you will understand," he said awkwardly, "that I'm not taking your daughter away from you. I'm going to try to be a son to you instead." He went with her to the door of her room, talking earnestly. He came back and addressed Richardson.

"By the way, Richardson," he said soberly, "I wish you would see that all your accounts are made up to date. Tomorrow's dinner will be the last you will have to arrange for me."

As the man's countenance became blank his employer laughed and looked at Ruth. "I think, my dear, that as we have both trusted Richardson so fully he might really have something to do besides act as butler and servant. You will need a secretary. He deserves the promotion."

"I accept him," she said, holding out a slim hand to the promoted butler, who bent over it, speechless for once. "Thank you for looking after him all these years," she said gently.

"And in closing your accounts just credit Cupid with ten million dollars, Richardson," Sinnott added quietly. "Mrs. Sinnott will handle that account hereafter."

Richardson bowed himself out, still without a word. When he had vanished Ruth looked at the man who was waiting for her across the room. In her eyes Sinnott saw his youth brought back to him in the image that her love had made. He held out his arms and she came.

THE END

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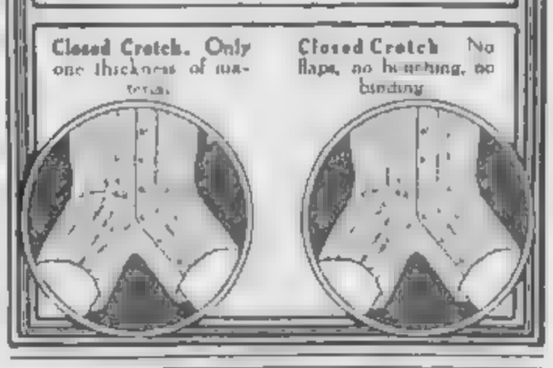

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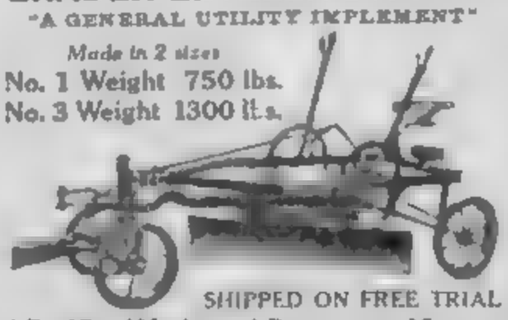

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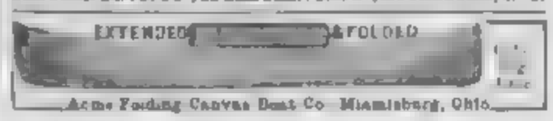
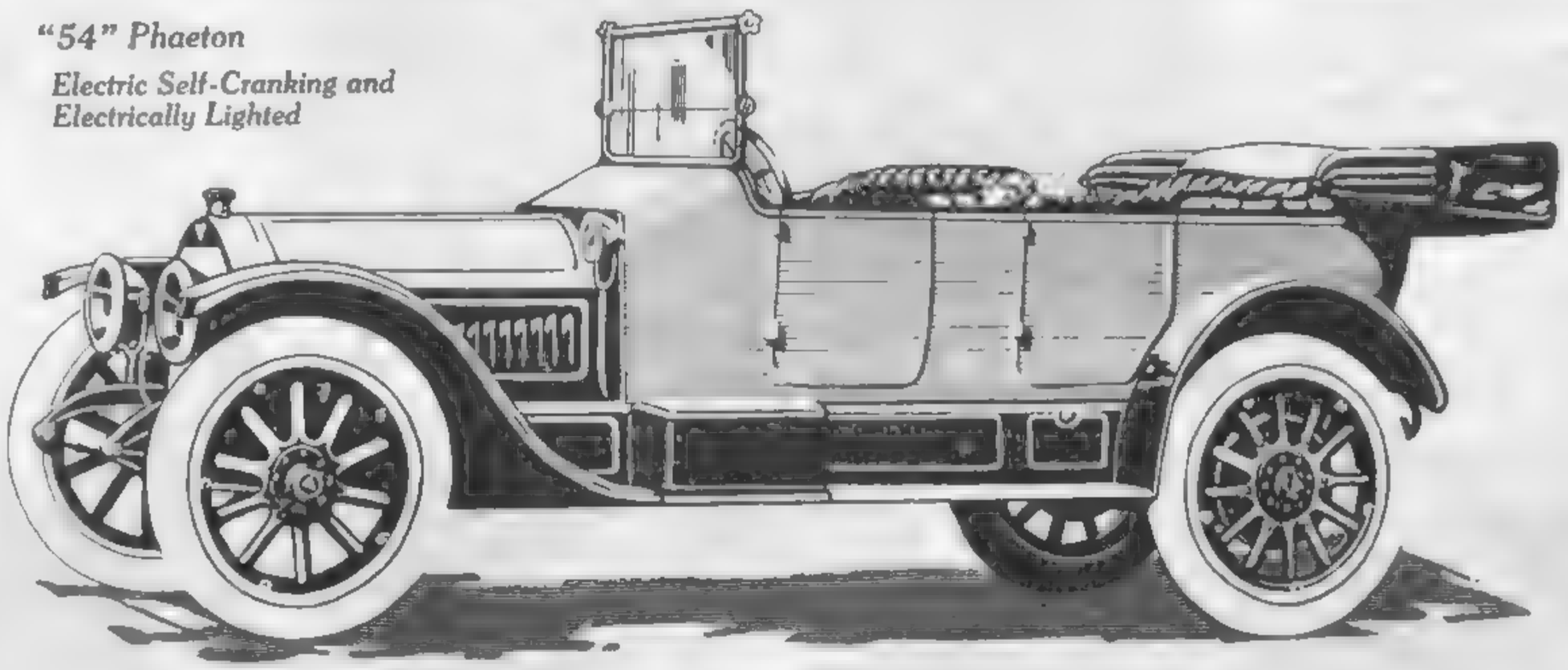


Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio

The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Automobiles

"54" Phaeton

Electric Self-Cranking and Electrically Lighted



We Are the World's Largest Builders of Sixes

Merit alone makes that position possible. Everyone who knows anything about the development of the automobile industry expected Howard E. Coffin to build a wonderful six. But not even we expected his car to so soon become such a leader in its field.

Other sixes have been on the market longer than the "54" HUDSON, but no other maker is today building so many cars of its type.

The reason for the success of the "54" HUDSON is the cleverness of its design.

No one maker can have an exclusive control of careful building, no one can have a monopoly of good materials. But by combining the skill and experience of 48 expert engineers the guess and experiment usual in automobiles has been eliminated.

In the particulars of engineering skill the "54" HUDSON is distinctive. It combines the improvements that 48 experts working in combination have been able to create—it expresses the experience these men have gained in building more than 200,000 cars of 97 well known makes. In care of workmanship and quality of materials it equals that of any automobile built.

If You are Paying More than $2,000 You Make a Mistake if it is Not a Six

The "54" HUDSON is all that you should ask of any automobile at any price in performance, luxury, comfort and value. Backed by our own service you will find in it as near an approach to ideal motor satisfaction as is known.

The "54" HUDSON is the answer to a question that has long concerned all automobile builders, "What will Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a Six?"

When he built this car he had as his associates, experts from 97 leading American and European factories—48 all told.

Thus all guesswork was eliminated—all experiment made unnecessary. With so many viewpoints and so much experience, errors that others had made were eliminated—advancements that others found impossible were easily accomplished.

The "54" HUDSON has electric lights. It is electrically self-cranked. The famous Delco system, patented, is used. Every luxury is included, speedometer, clock, top, curtains, rain-vision windshield, demountable rims, twelve-inch upholstery, etc. Equipped with a five-passenger Phaeton body, $2450.

At $1875 you can obtain the HUDSON "37"—designed by the same engineers that built the "54"—and pointed to as the "Four-cylinder masterpiece."

Send for catalog, or go to the Hudson dealer, and he will prove their value in a hundred different ways.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7636 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

CHALMERS

Only the Chalmers "Porosknit" has this Label Shown Here. All Styles.

TRADE MARK

"Porosknit"

REG. U.S PAT. OFF

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12, 1905

DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905

Absolute Guarantee Bond with each Genuine "Porosknit" Garment.

GUARANTEED

A Smashing Victory

"Porosknit" Union Suits Win!

These three features win: the elastic fitting back; the comfortably closed crotch; the durability that is guaranteed. The first two features make for the wonderful—absolute—ease and comfort of Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits. The back is especially made to stretch up and down, as well as sideways, so that stoop, bend, twist as you will, you'll have no binding, pulling, bulging, nor gaping. This is unusual. "Porosknit" Union Suits fit *right*. They stay buttoned. No cumbersome flaps gape open. Cool and light, they absorb and evaporate perspiration.

Gentlemen: The *enjoyable* union suits are "Porosknit." Fastidious men will like the new ¾ length, with covered knee and free ankle. As for durability and quality—no stronger word can be said than this: Every genuine "Porosknit" garment is guaranteed without reserve. If any "Porosknit" garment is not satisfactory, we "make good." Read the Guarantee Bond.

A million American men and boys recommend "Porosknit." Made in all styles, both union and separate garments. Try a few suits now.

For Men **$1.00** UNION SUITS **50c** For Boys

For Men **50c** Shirts and drawers, each **25c** For Boys

Mercerized "Porosknit" (looks like silk) $1.00 per garment, $2.00 Union Suit

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere. Send for Booklet showing Styles

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 1 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

APRIL'S LADY

(Continued from Page 15)

The glow from the stage made a dim twilight in which I saw how poorly my eyes had served me on the train. An evening gown of a soft pink fabric emphasized her delicacy, her exquisiteness. Her dark hair was brushed back from her forehead pompadour fashion. A pearl collar clasped her throat. She played with a tiny fan, quite unconscious that her careless plying sent fitfully across my face vague, bewildering hints of spring. Through the rest of the act I sat with my eyes to the stage, but hearing nothing save now and then her light, happy laugh. The curtain fell and the lights brought me back to myself. I was seated beside a young woman I knew and did not know. I had, to be sure, talked that afternoon with her father and her aunt, either or both of whom might be as mad as March hares, and yet I could not say that my acquaintance with them justified me in speaking to their daughter and niece when by some strange fling of the dice I found myself beside her in a theater.

I was looking down at her hands, not knowing whether to speak to her boldly on the score of my talk with her father, when with an air of catching up the threads of an interrupted conversation she remarked, just as Miss Octavia might have done:

"Comedy, after all, is the heart of life."

I looked round and found her violet eyes bent upon me with what I shall call a circumspect roguishness.

"When life grows too serious," she went on, "we are likely to become a nuisance to our friends and a bore to ourselves. The weary king summons his jester; the jaded statesman hies him to baseball or digs in bunkers for gutta percha. The Morning Lark pipes at all our windows. The play is rather nice, I think."

"It is charming," I gasped, not without difficulty, "though I've been too much occupied to learn what it's about."

"Really! One should come to the playhouse with an open mind. I will confess, however, that I arrived by accident rather than by design. Two tickets were sent me just as I reached home from a journey, so I pressed Marie into service and here I am."

The middle-aged woman at her right I assumed to be a maid. She read her program diligently and barely glanced at me. Two men who had the seats in front of us were taking the air. I began to feel more at ease and succinctly explained myself:

"I was sitting morbidly in my club when a ticket for this seat reached me from an unknown source, and here I am. Perhaps we are both indebted to the same benign powers for a view of The Morning Lark!"

"That," she replied smilingly, "is wholly possible if not extremely probable."

Her way of speaking reminded me more and more of Miss Octavia. I found it a difficult key to follow, and I began to wonder how long she meant to sustain it.

"On the way from Boston this afternoon you made the acquaintance of my aunt and incidentally of my father. Something in your appearance won their confidence, and they told you—everything!"

She raised her arms slightly and opened her white-gloved hands with the prettiest of gestures, to signify the ease with which I had learned the family secrets.

"I was greatly honored. And as those meetings have made this possible—this opportunity ——"

She met my gaze squarely and shook her head warningly.

"We will assume," she said, "that you find my proximity not wholly disagreeable, and drop the matter. I will say frankly that I had no idea I should see you here, but finding you conveniently adjacent, I overcame an inherent prejudice against speaking to strange gentlemen in public places and boldly addressed you, quite as though we were the oldest friends."

"And by so doing you paid me the highest compliment possible and relieved me of the embarrassment of addressing you first. And now that the ice is broken, may I take a plunge and confess that it was due to my bad manners in staring at you in the South Station that I made your aunt's acquaintance? I had never seen her in my life until she dropped out of the sky to speak approvingly of the fact that I was staring at you."

"The point of taste is one I cannot discuss," she said quite impersonally. "It involves—ah, too much!"

Again that pretty gesture, accompanied by the baffling smile.

"More than too much! For me it involves all the world!"

I did not know that I was capable of anything so daring. I was only certain that I wished her to understand that she was the world and all its glories, and the stars and sun that give it light.

"You speak with a comprehensiveness which, if you are a serious person, may in due time impress me."

"You have given to beauty a new meaning and to wit a new charm. The remainder of my days are yours to command. But this stifling theater is not the place for me to say what is in my heart to say to you. And I want you to test me. I want you to send me into the tournament with your colors pinned to my spear."

"As the curtain is about to rise on the second act of The Morning Lark, and as you have made a suggestion which requires deliberate consideration, pray permit me to reserve my answer until the next intermission."

The curtain rose and the play went merrily on. She was at once absorbed, ignoring my presence as completely as though I had never existed. That act seemed a thousand years long, and I watched it impassively. I was jealous of the playwright who had written it and of the players who were acting it, for they held her attention while I waited dully until she should speak again. After the curtain calls she settled back composedly.

"How killingly funny it is," she said, sighing in weariness of mirth. "But let me see; just where had we arrived?"

"We had reached the golden portal of the world of dreams, and you were to tell me whether to enter or go wandering forever in the bleak wastes of life."

"That was so well said that I shall not delay my answer. If you really wish to render me a service you may do so almost immediately. My father and I go to the country tomorrow. As Aunt Octavia doubtless told you, he is afflicted with a sad malady. And besides, there is a conspiracy among the minor stockholders of The Hollisters, Limited, to seize the control to which his genius and capacity entitle him. He had advertised for a haunted house, and on reaching home this evening found that the newspaper office had sent him a great number of answers. And I have reason to fear ——"

She seemed lost in reverie, and I wondered what dreams had come into her violet eyes.

"I have reason to suspect," she resumed, "that he may choose a house thrown in his way by his enemies, who would thus take advantage of his infirmity to play upon his credulity. And though I dislike saying this of any man, I'm afraid that the physician who has had charge of my father's case may seek to put such a house in his way."

"Bryson?" I ejaculated.

She nodded.

"I see that Aunt Octavia has taken you into her confidence quite fully. Doctor Bryson is the very person I suspect."

"Then let me say that you need explain no further. I know of my own knowledge that he is interested in that advertisement. But it is astounding, unbelievable, that a man of the slightest honor, with any vestige of moral character ——"

"That," she interrupted me, "shall be as it appears."

"But he is in love with you; he means to marry you!" I persisted.

"In the last analysis," she said calmly, "the comic spirit is always ready at hand, to preserve us from serious indiscretions or acts of utter foolhardiness."

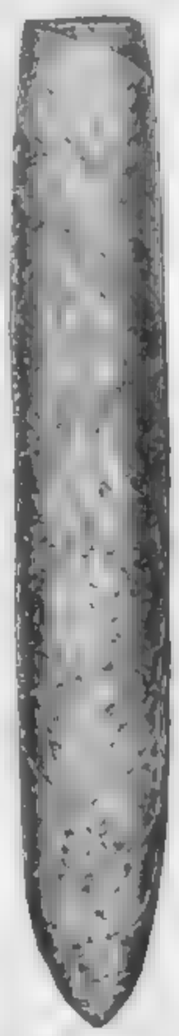
"I hope," I averred ardently, "that means what I hope it means!"

"It is not well to peer too deeply into mysteries. To mean or merely to suggest or imply—that's the question. In Boston yesterday morning I was interested to note the reverence with which you gazed upon the Shaw Memorial. You stood before it with bare head, as though paying tribute not merely to one heroic soul, but to nobility and courage the world round. My father and I were just behind you. I was deeply impressed by your manner, all the more ——"

She clearly enjoyed my astonishment at her confession that she had seen me before that day. In the same casual fashion she added:

"I might not have noticed you at that shrine of valor if it hadn't been that in the

Here Are Two Favorites Take Your Choice



You can try both these cigars and if you don't find that one of the two suits you better than any cigar at a similar price that you ever smoked—you don't have to pay out a penny.

These two cigars have proved the most popular shapes I have offered in the eleven years I have been selling cigars direct to the consumer by mail.

Selling cigars this way, I have a good opportunity to find out what the greatest number of smokers like because my customers are the smokers of the United States—men from every State in the Union buy their cigars from me.

The reason that I have so many customers everywhere is that I can sell about twice as good a cigar for the money as a retail cigar store can. I buy my Havana tobacco in Cuba and ship it to Philadelphia where I operate my own factory.

I make up the two cigars shown here from the best long Havana leaf filler with a wrapper of real Sumatra. My cigarmakers are skilled adult male workers who know how to roll uniform cigars. When the cigars are made I can sell them at a fair profit for $5.00 the hundred. This is not the same as 5c apiece to me, for the unit of sale is 100 times as big.

Whether I sell these cigars to some wholesaler who would sell to a store which would sell to you, or whether I sell them direct to you makes a difference of 5 cents in what you would have to pay for each cigar. That's why I sell direct to the smoker. He gets better cigars and I get 20,000 regular customers instead of two or three big customers.

Now to return to the two cigars shown here. They are identical in everything but shape—both are hand made, both have a filler of Cuban grown Havana and a wrapper of Sumatra grown in Sumatra. The Club Special has a larger burning surface than the Panatela and gives more smoke to a "draw." Some like this, some do not. The Panatela is if anything the bigger seller of the two.

I make this offer: I will, upon request, send 50 Shivers' Panatelas or 50 Club Specials, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days. I will send 50 Club Specials and 50 Panatelas on the same conditions, giving you an opportunity to try both.

Shivers' Club Special
Exact size and shape

Shivers' Panatela
Exact size and shape

Confidence in my goods is the basis of this offer. I have been making it for years and have built up a good business because men liked my cigars and have kept on buying them.

Pick out the cigar you prefer, Panatela or Club Special, or order 50 of each if you wish. In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Furniture Looks More Attractive When Cared For Properly

You can keep the fine finish of your furniture looking as new and attractive as it did the day it came from the store—double the life of it—if you dust

With

LIQUID VENEER

It will *keep* a new finish looking new and *restore* the newness to a finish that has grown dull and shabby looking. It will instantly remove the dust, dirt, grease, stains and unsightly blemishes, particularly those white spots on tables and that smoky look that gathers on pianos. *In the one simple dusting operation* it thoroughly cleanses everything. Doesn't matter whether the finish is golden oak, mission oak, mahogany, enamel silver, gut or lacquer—the same pleasing results are obtained.

It's a clean, non-sticky, non-greasy liquid, pleasant and simple to use. Just moisten a cheese cloth duster with it and go ahead and dust.

When you have once used LIQUID VENEER you will wonder how you have ever done without it. It is a real housekeeping necessity. Why not get a bottle and try it? Be sure you get LIQUID VENEER. Look for the yellow carton with the name in black letters.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
74 Liquid Veneer Building,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Write today for
Free Trial Bottle
Simply fill in and mail the attached coupon

Buffalo Specialty Co.
74 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me free trial bottle of LIQUID VENEER
Name
St. & No.
City & State

The Winged Message

Noah's messenger was a dove. In Solomon's time, pigeons were trained to carry messages. Brutus used them at the siege of Modena. They served the Turks in their fights against the Crusaders. In mediæval wars they were more useful than ever before.

France had a carrier-pigeon mail service, with messages reduced by photography and read through a microscope.

Even today carrier pigeons are utilized as news-bearers in isolated parts of Europe.

In America, the land of the telephone, the carrier pigeon is bred only for racing. The winged word has taken the place of the winged messenger.

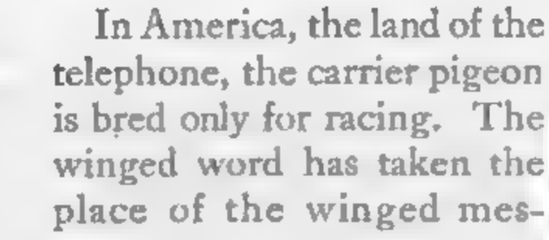
Pigeons may fly more than a mile a minute, but the telephone is as quick as speech itself.

The dove is the emblem of peace. The telephone is the instrument of peace. The telephone lines of the Bell System unite a hundred million people in one national family.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

IF YOU WILL GIVE SOME OF YOUR spare time to looking after renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, we'll pay you liberally in salary and commission. A line of inquiry will bring full details. Agency Division, *The Curtis Publishing Company*, Phila.



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For books that tell WHAT patents bring MOST MONEY, and WHY—send 10 cents postage to
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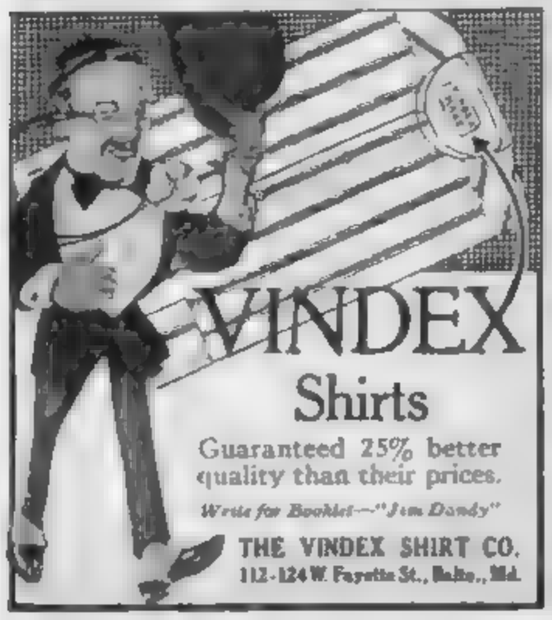


Let Us Send You by Prepaid Express
THIS
Efficiency Electric Suction Cleaner
For 14 Days Free Trial

dining room of the Neponset the previous evening my father had heard you scornfully rejecting the Camembert. It marked you at once in his eyes as a man of taste and decision, not easily deceived by false stewards in even the most fashionable inns. A man who does not tremble before headwaiters, and who speaks his mind to hotel stewards and haughtily sends for managers, appeals strongly to my father. The cheese episode had brought a momentary clearing of the dark clouds upon his mind, and he declared then and there that you were the very man he wished me to marry. And now," she interrupted me smilingly, "as I have already seen The Morning Lark three times, I'll ask you to accompany me to my car, which was ordered for ten."

She bent forward in the tonneau and gave me her hand.

"Thank you so much! Follow the nearest path and remember that he who hesitates is lost."

I beat the ground with my stick impatiently as the car rolled away. She was, in her adorable way, as mystifying as the other Hollisters. I tramped the streets until midnight, endeavoring to reconcile the day's incidents and to determine just why these amazing Hollisters had brought themselves to my attention. Edith's calm declaration that her father had chosen me as his son-in-law for the absurd reason that I had declined to eat imitation Camembert was stupefying. She had mentioned this in the most incidental Hollister fashion, as though it were a negligible fact of no importance to herself and unlikely to interest me. Was all this merely the play of the comic spirit, and would the comedy end for me, like The Morning Lark, without the final act to solve the riddle?

I learned from the city directory the next morning that Lorenz and Octavia owned adjoining houses in Forty-seventh Street. In the afternoon I presented myself at both doors, and was told by a servant at each place that no one was at home. I thereupon corroborated this by telephone. The Hollister servants were as discreet as clams, and I was unable to surprise them into imparting the slightest information. I kept an eye out for Bryson, but he did not reappear at the Hare and Hounds, where I wandered about waiting for Octavia's promised summons. And on the morning of the third day it came in this form:

"Much has occurred. Lorenz is established in the Vansittart place near Mt. Kisco. His attitude toward me has changed most unaccountably and he has asked me to join him there. This is, I suspect, due somewhat to Edith's efforts to effect a reconciliation, but rather more to Lorenz' desire to convince me that ghosts do exist in fact. I cannot say more than that I trust you will not desert us in this perplexing situation. The Bedford Arms will afford you excellent accommodations and the Vansittart place is only half a mile distant. My confidence in your powers is complete. I beg of you do not fail me.

"O. H."

Verily these Hollisters had mastered the art of piquing curiosity!

Edith was presumably immured with her unaccountable father and even more perplexing aunt. I should have braved worse perils than those of a haunted house to see Edith again. She had not been out of my mind an instant since I saw her flash away from the theater door. My sister, coming in from Morristown to have luncheon with me, declared that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, so distraught and unresponsive I seemed. Once I inadvertently called her Edith, which was difficult to explain, her name being Helen, as I usually remembered. She seemed relieved, however, saying that if that was what ailed me she was glad of it and wished me good luck in my Edithing. To telegrams from my assistant in Chicago, asking me when I meant to return, I blithely replied that it might be years and it might be never. For my spirits had risen, and it was in the cheerfullest humor that I packed a suitcase and took the five-three for Mt. Kisco.

IV

THE Bedford Arms proved to be the pleasantest of small inns. I dined in a room filled with automobile parties and set out for the Vansittart house. The curved feather of a new moon hung in the West and stars danced in the soft April sky. I found the Vansittart place without difficulty. The house, which dated from Revolutionary times but had been modernized in late years, was perched on a wooded ridge some distance from the highway, and the entrance was guarded by a tall gate. Electric lamps surmounted the posts, and lights shone through the trees and shrubbery and defined the road to the house. I had expected to find a tumble-down mansion, hidden away in a gloomy woodland, but the general air of the place was "smart"; and surely ghosts could not be formidable in an electric-lighted house that thrust itself so boldly into view.

Miss Octavia's note justified me in walking directly to the front door and ringing the bell; but this was not to be the way of it. In a long curve of the road where the house was hidden a white form appeared suddenly against a patch of shrubbery. I stopped and caught my breath. The silence of the country night was complete, and I was unprepared for this apparition. Then I heard a well-remembered laugh and Edith came toward me.

"You are prompt, and promptness is an admirable quality."

"Both prompt and scared!"

"Then I hadn't impressed you as being real," she replied, giving me her hand.

"I've been afraid to think so!

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight!"

and she is still,

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay."

"You flung off the quotation gracefully, sir, as though used to making pretty speeches."

"I have carried those lines from my freshman year in the belief that some day I should make that speech!"

"Better and still better! My father is rarely mistaken in his judgments, and Aunt Octavia almost never."

"I tremble at the thought of your judgment. If you pronounce against me I shall bow my head meekly upon the block."

She did not answer, but left the road and struck off across the lawn toward the left wing of the house. She wore a long white cloak that fell to her heels, and she carried her head high in the way I loved in her. She manifested no fear of any sort, no agitation.

"The place hasn't a haunted look," I remarked. "It is far from being the traditional spookery."

"But an up-to-date ghost accommodates himself to new conditions. We shall see what we shall see."

She was part of the mystery of the spring night. I walked beside her, oblivious of every dark menace to the peace and reason of the world. She was like a winged messenger of youth, zestful as sea winds, and I felt that the tender air, the tremulous spring starlight, the low murmurs in treetops and hedges, were all related to her and expressed her like her own speech or laughter.

"I have wondered about you a lot," she said as we reached a formal garden and passed back and forth in a hedgelined path. "And I expected you; I knew you would come."

"That was never a debatable question."

"It may amuse you to know that others have failed in somewhat similar circumstances." The thought seemed to give her pleasure; she laughed merrily.

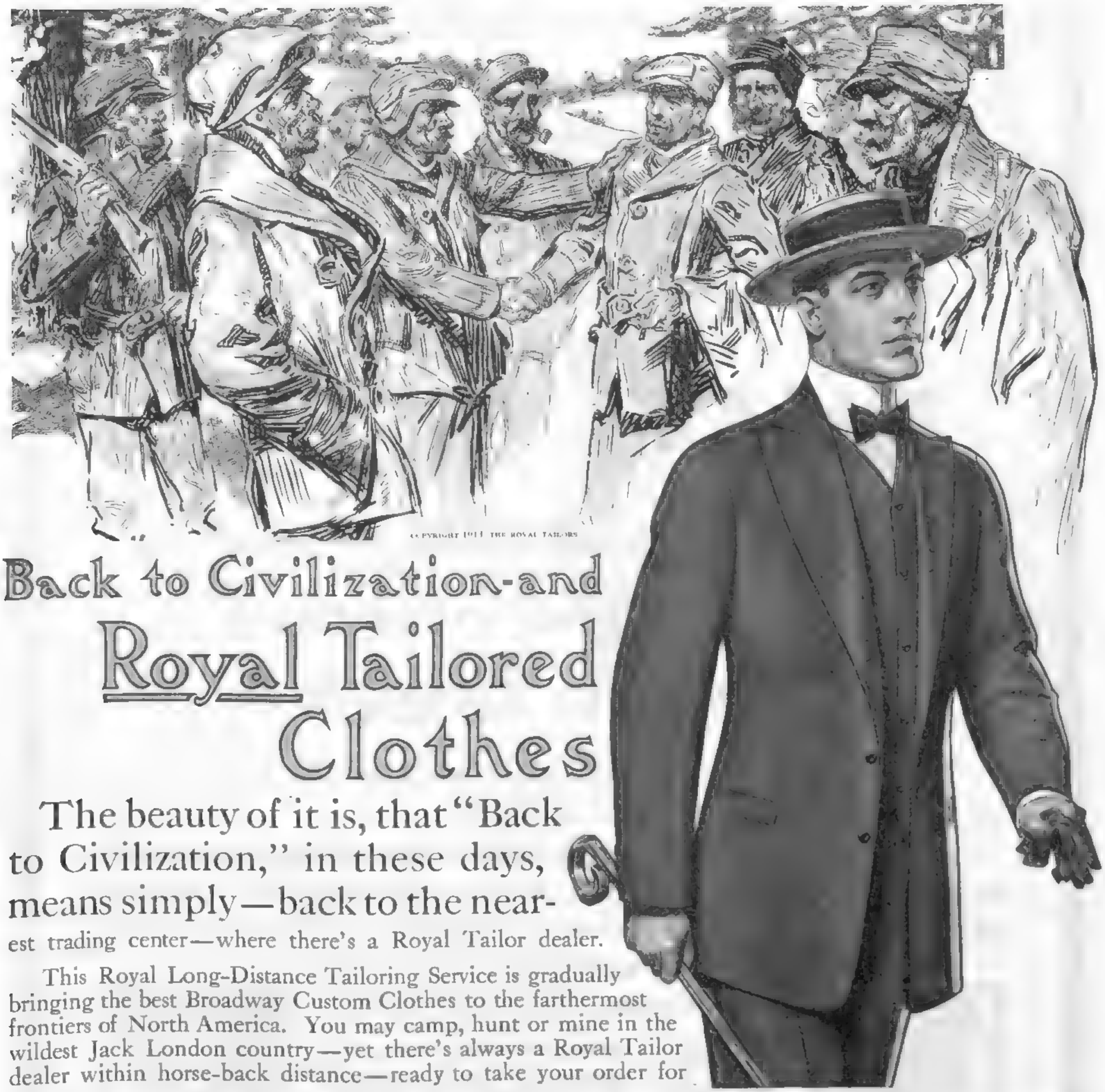
"You will have to illuminate that for my dull intelligence. I am only mortal, you know!"

"Oh, the others—half a dozen of them—haven't been equal to playing the game! Aunt Octavia and father have tested my suitors by ordeals of one kind and another, and the poor dear gentlemen have been frightened out of their wits. They didn't understand our Hollister foolishness. They balked before Aunt Octavia's fondness for pirates and Uncle Lemuel's quest of the painless cucumber. We are absurd, aren't we?"

"You are the most delightful people in the world! But am I to understand that there's a philosophy in all this masquerading, this mystery, this kind arrangement of theater parties?"

"Oh, nothing as serious as that! It's just being children and make-believing. It's living as you like, doing good when you can, and not caring a cherry-blossom what the world thinks! Father and Aunt Octavia brought me up in the faith, and along about this time of year—these delicious, heartachy, Aprilly days—I'm likely to cut loose and be as mad as they are!" She gathered

(Continued on Page 61)



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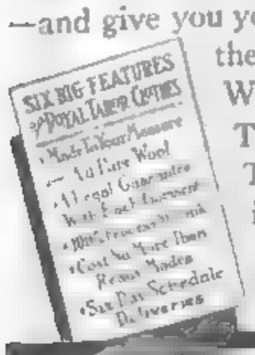
Back to Civilization-and Royal Tailored Clothes

The beauty of it is, that "Back to Civilization," in these days, means simply—back to the nearest trading center—where there's a Royal Tailor dealer.

This Royal Long-Distance Tailoring Service is gradually bringing the best Broadway Custom Clothes to the farthermost frontiers of North America. You may camp, hunt or mine in the wildest Jack London country—yet there's always a Royal Tailor dealer within horse-back distance—ready to take your order for "that big-city custom-tailor look"—and give you your selection from the latest Manhattan Woolens.


SIX BIG FEATURES
of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
Made to Your Measure
— In Pure Wool
— All Legal Guarantees
With Each Garment
Will Fit You or Your Money Back
Cost No More Than Ready Made
Six Day Schedule Deliveries

The fact is, Royal Tailoring is making New York style the *universal* style the country over—by wiping out all geographical barriers. It is connecting the wardrobe of the wilderness to the tailor-shop of the fashion center—just as the telegraph connects the isolated island with the distant mainland.

There is no longer a southern style, a northern style, or a rural style in men's clothes—Broadway clothes can be ordered in 10,000 Royal dealers' stores; these stores dot nearly every trading center in the country. And the plainsman in New Mexico is to-day as smartly proper in his Sunday clothes as the clubman in New York.

Prices? $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 and $35 for the utmost in made-to-order all pure wool clothes.

(Special to Foremost Clothiers:—If your store—the best in your town—is without a Royal Corner, it is an exception to a fast growing rule. Write us for Special Proposition to First Rate Clothiers)

The Royal Tailors

Joseph Nelson

Chicago Over 10,000 Royal Dealers *President* 148 Branch Royal Stores New York

United States
NOBBY TREADS
and
CHAIN TREADS

are the most widely-used non-skid tires in the world because they deserve to be

They protect the car against the danger of skidding as no other tires have ever done before.

They give a generous amount of extra mileage due to the extra thickness of the treads. In fact, entirely aside from the skidding protection these tires are known to give, any motorist can well afford to use them for the sake of economy alone.

The motorist who wants the very highest type of tire from the standpoint of safety, appearance and economy will find it in these popular tires.

NOBBY TREAD

CHAIN TREAD

United States Tire Company

Nobby and Chain Tread Tires are made in three styles, including the GENUINE DUNLOP

(Continued from Page 58)

up the cloak and danced away down the walk, and then back again, "Oh, night of stars!" she cried. "Oh, strawberry jam! Oh, gooseberry tarts! Oh, general foolishness!" And then with arms lifted, softly and with a deep feeling that thrilled me: "Oh, bright tomorrows! Oh, days of green and gold! Oh, dear, beautiful world!"

She remained on tiptoe, her arms upraised, her head thrown back, a priestess of the spirit of spring, waiting for an answer to her invocation!

"Come!" she said abruptly with a little sigh, and we resumed our walk. "What was I saying? Oh, yes! I wanted you to know that a good deal of what Aunt Octavia and my adorable father have told you isn't true at all, unless interpreted in the Hollister sense. They keep amused and young by playing little games with each other and the rest of the world. And this ghost business is one of the funniest of all their larks, and one of the deepest. By the way, it's almost time for his majesty to appear."

I had forgotten about ghosts. She must have felt me start, for she laughed adorably as she bent toward a lamp at the end of the pergola and looked at her watch.

"Ten minutes of nine. He was quite on the stroke of nine last night."

"Is this serious, or have you really seen something unusual in the two days you have spent here?"

"Unusual and interesting, if not disquieting! Last night at nine the Vansittart ghost certainly walked; but that was merely a rehearsal. Tonight great events are in the program. Would you mind climbing upon the pergola and taking a look into those windows?"

I gained the top easily at the point she indicated and looked in upon a scene that interested me immensely. Four men in dinnercoats sat at a round table that was bright with silver and crystal. Lorenz Hollister stood by his chair, flourishing his napkin and apparently making a speech, though the windows were closed and no sounds reached me. He was evidently in the midst of some such outbreak as I had witnessed in the station on his arrival from Boston. Bryson I immediately identified, but the others were strangers.

"Is father making a speech? Then we must hurry or we shall miss the best part of the evening."

I dropped down from the pergola and followed her round the house.

"Fine! We are just in time!" she cried as the lights in the house and the scattering lamps down the driveway were suddenly extinguished. She opened the front door, caught my hand and guided me through a hall and several rooms, until I judged we were close to the dining room. Lorenz was bawling lustily:

"The lights! Turn on the lights!"

I heard scuffling, as though the others were trying to hold him.

"Wait; there's no hurry!" Edith whispered in my ear as I was about to rush into the dining room. Involuntarily throwing out my hand in the dark it struck the keys of a piano that remonstrated discordantly. I heard her choke back a laugh as she tightened her hold of my arm.

Then the scuffling in the dining room ceased suddenly. Silence fell upon the house, and I saw quite distinctly a figure moving slowly through the darkness—a tall, slim, hooded spectral thing that seemed to radiate a light of its own. I judged that it had entered through the conservatory I had noticed from the outside, which seemed to be an extension of the dining room. The specter moved steadily round the table. Edith, breathing deeply, clasped my arm.

"Not yet!" she whispered as I again sought to free myself.

At that moment a wild, horrible yell filled the house, the cry of a man in terrible fear. Chairs upset with a bang and the sounds of struggle increased. That blood-curdling cry had unmistakably come from Lorenz Hollister, whose fears were being played upon by a trick so palpable that it was incredible that any one should have resorted to it. The luminous outline of the slow-moving ghost was of electrical origin, I was confident of that, and the ghostly robe had apparently been smeared with a preparation of phosphorus. It was now coming toward us and Edith drew me back as the apparition slowly passed. Immediately I heard the outer door close softly. Lorenz raved in the pitch blackness of the dining room.

"Oh, I'll do it; I'll give you anything you want," he wailed.

Then the dining-room lights were whipped on. Lorenz stood leaning on the back of his chair, staring wildly at the semicircle of men. Bryson was drawing some papers from his pocket with quite a businesslike air. Another of the group jerked out a fountain pen and unscrewed the cap.

"Oh, I'll do it; I'll do it!" whined Lorenz miserably. His shirt bosom was crumpled and his tie hung loose. His eyes rolled wildly and he kept pressing his hands to his head.

At this moment the lights went out again and I heard an oath in a strange voice. There seemed to be more scuffling; then again the blood-curdling scream of Lorenz filled the house. Another apparition, not so tall as the first and yet even more somber and impressive, moved round the table. A lighted candle borne high above its shrouded head diffused barely enough light to make the figure distinguishable in the dark room; but ghost number two was playing its part better than ghost number one. A steady gliding motion carried it slowly round the room. The spectators seemed to be flattening themselves upon the table to escape its touch. Instead of a single cry of terror, as at the earlier appearance, a chorus of howls and curses followed Lorenz' scream and rose and echoed hideously through the rooms. Only once the flickering light paused, and I saw Bryson's face raised to it in a look that mingled awe and horror. A revolver shot roared through the house and the snapping of globes in the chandelier marked the way of a bullet.

Then the dining-room lights were up again. I saw Bryson with his back to the table, his head raised rigidly, his face wrenched with terror. Two of his companions cowered in the great window at the back of the room; the other had flung his arms round a huge rubber plant. The scene was one I shall never forget—the long room with its handsome appointments, the disordered table, the fearstruck men.

"Watch! Quick now!" said Edith, and reaching for a switch flooded with light the room in which we stood.

Lorenz Hollister, standing quietly in his place, with his benevolent smile lighting his serene countenance, slowly covered his guests one after the other with what looked like old-fashioned dueling pistols. He held them jauntily, balancing them carelessly in his hands, as though the touch of firearms gave him pleasure.

As his gaze passed from Bryson to the others, the doctor gathered himself for a spring and flung himself furiously upon Lorenz. Before they fell I was across the room and in the midst of the mêlée. My first effort was to free Hollister from Bryson's embrace, and seeing that a stranger had entered the lists, the physician's dazed accomplices rallied to his support. One of them grabbed a carafe and began pounding my head. I loosened one arm and upset him. He clutched the tablecloth in his fall and added a merry crash of china to the general confusion. Bryson and I were both on top of Hollister and his preposterous pistols, and the others were now tugging at me, while I threshed about in an effort to get my legs from under the doctor so I could sit on him.

"Kill him!" Bryson bawled. "We can't be caught by these fools!"

One of my assailants abandoned his efforts to pry me away from Bryson to draw a gun. He backed away and had leveled at my head when Edith sprang into the room, struck his hand with a walking stick she had caught up in the hall, and the pistol crashed through the window.

We had rolled and tumbled about the floor for several minutes and I had begun to find the kicks and blows the strangers were landing on me rather more than annoying when the scene changed again. One of the men had grabbed a carving knife from the sideboard and was about to plant it in the back of my neck when I became aware that the room had filled.

I rolled Bryson over, jerked him to his feet and held him at arm's length. Quick and active as a cat, Lorenz was up and standing again by the table, on which he placed his pistols placidly. He pulled down his waistcoat and ran his finger round the inner edge of his collar with perfect composure.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" he said in the deprecatory tone of a toastmaster trying to establish order. The most demoralized of the guests made a dash for the conservatory, but Lorenz piped sharply:

"Back, you rascal!" And then, setting the big spectacles a little higher on his nose: "Pardon me; but we must have order, gentlemen!"

The Girard Cigar is a true friend, except that it always agrees with you.
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"Blend" is a short word and anybody can *say* it; but the *blend* of the Girard Cigar is a delicious *fact* and not a mere word. Three or four puffs will prove this to you.
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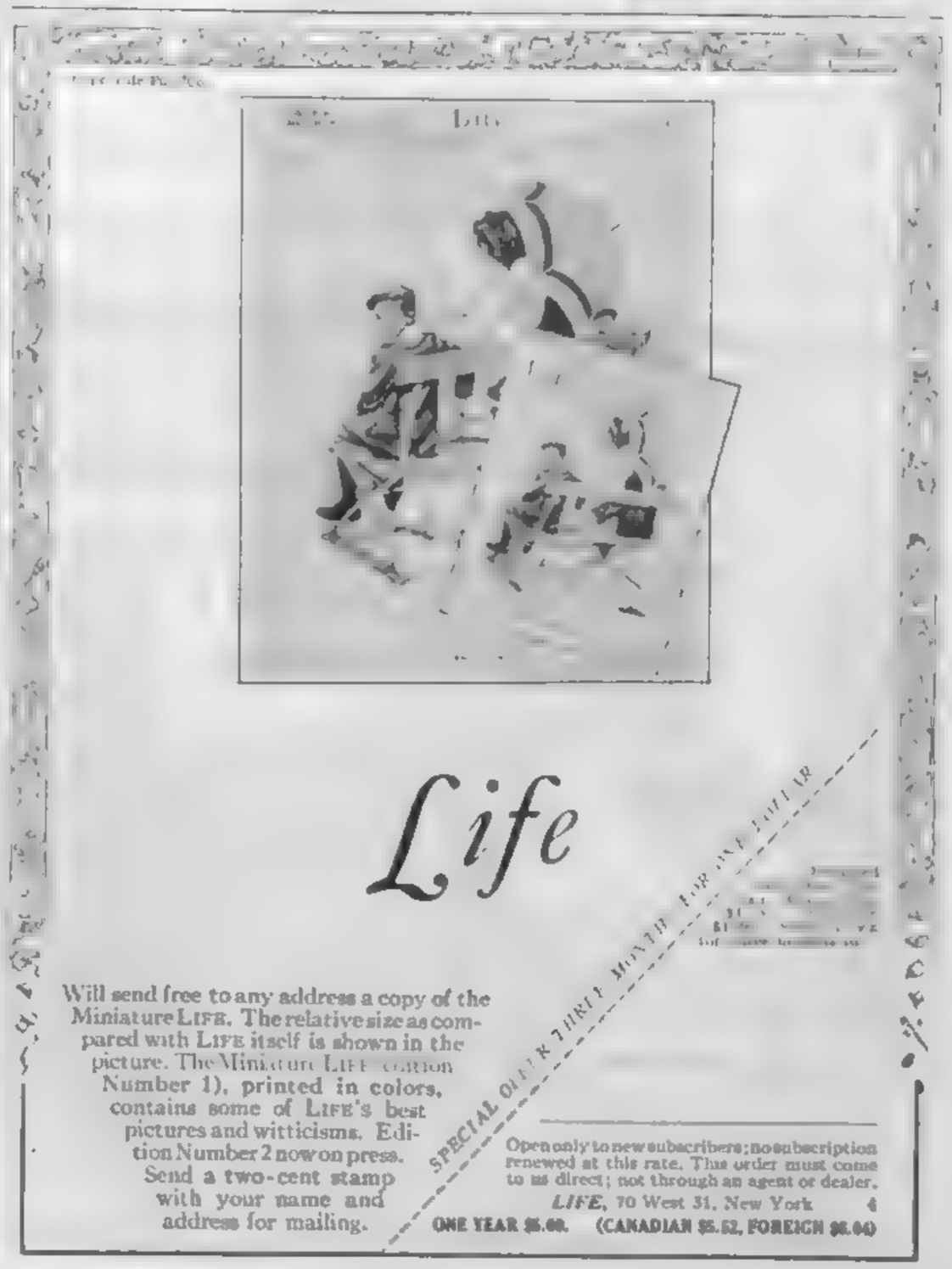
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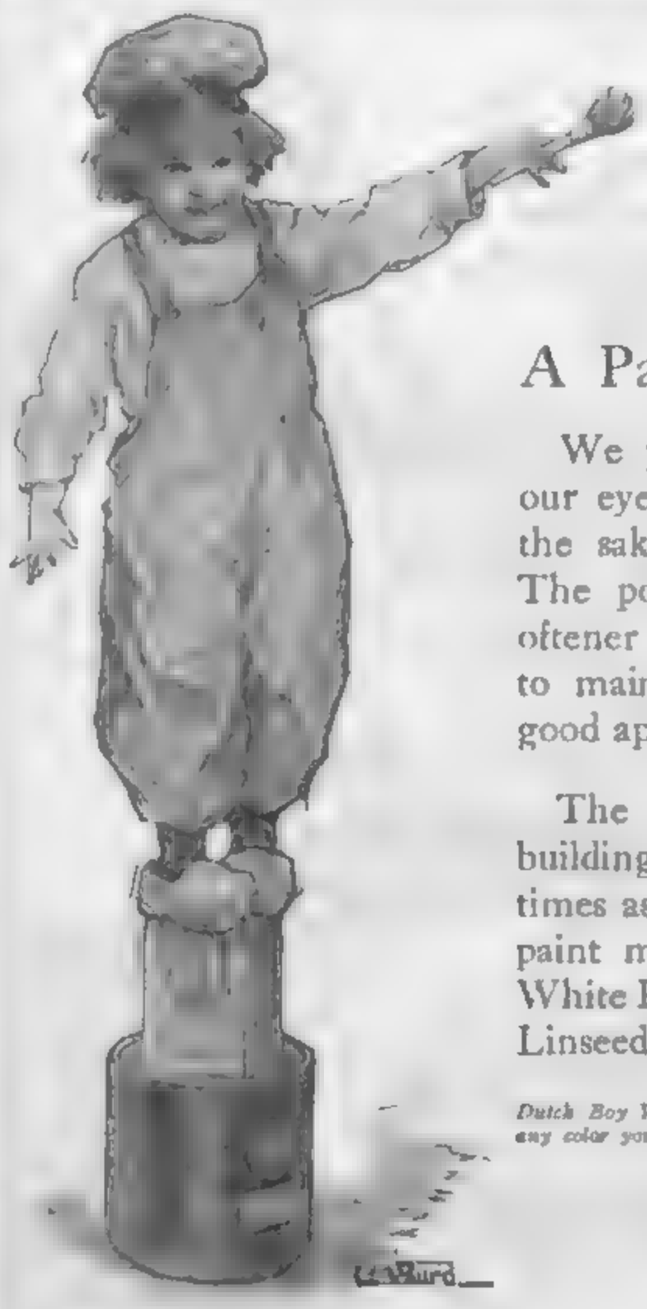

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The beauty of a painted building lasts two or three times as long if secured by paint made of Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil.

Dutch Boy White Lead—white in the keg—any color you want to make it on the house.

Dutch Boy White Lead in steel kegs, 12½, 25, 50 and 100 lbs. Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, 1 and 5 gallon sealed cans. Ask your paint dealer.

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You can know the delights of real candy *goodness* if you just pop into your mouth one of these.

NECCO WAFERS AND HUB WAFERS

Every one of the nine flavors—Wintergreen, Peppermint, Sassafras, Chocolate, Licorice, Clove, Lime, Lemon or Cinnamon—is an old favorite—you'll like them all. Necco Wafers are rolled in a heavy wrapper. Hub Wafers in a transparent wrapper—that's the only difference between them. The *Necco Seal* of guaranteed purity and deliciousness is on both.

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NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

Across the drawing-room door stood half a dozen men; others now appeared at the conservatory entrance. Two bore shotguns; the others carried rakes and spades. Slightly in front of this line stood Miss Octavia with a sheet flowing round her. She swung in the hollow of her arm a queer old blunderbuss that looked as though it had been borrowed from a museum of antiquities.

"If Doctor Bryson is perfectly satisfied with the entertainment so far provided we may as well proceed to business, Lorenz. Doctor Stewart, we are grateful for your assistance, and I deeply regret that one of my brother's guests should so far forget himself as to have cut that hole in your scalp. The appearance of blood is always painful, but I dare say you will be able to dress your wounds from my first-aid box. I think, Lorenz, that the gardener, the coachman, the chauffeur and their friends may now retire to the billiard room until they are needed again. And let me say to you, Aleck"—she nodded to a tall, bony Scotchman who leaned upon a long-toothed rake—"that you made an excellent ghost, though the use of electricity from a pocket battery to impart a ghostly light to the form of a twentieth-century spook would never deceive any one of discerning wit. But, of course, that was due to Doctor Bryson, who, though a gentleman whose resourcefulness I have long admired, carries too far at times his assumption of the general stupidity of mankind. And he did not know, of course, that you had been in the employ of our family for twenty years last February, and accepted his hundred-dollar treasury note to play ghost merely to prove that the Scotch have a sense of humor."

As the stolid Scotchman, his face still chalked, led away his phalanx, Lorenz, smiling benignantly, turned to the quartette with whom he had been dining tranquilly twenty minutes earlier. At his suggestion I rescued from the floor the sheets of paper and the pen produced by the conspirators.

"Now, gentlemen," he remarked, flourishing one of his pistols and thrusting his left hand easily into his trousers pocket, "we have now a few small matters of business to transact. Your scheme for depriving me of the control of The Hollisters, Limited, by encouraging the idea that I was insane, has amused me profoundly. I believe no more in ghosts than Oliver Cromwell believed in the divine right of kings. Incidentally this house, which you so kindly placed in my way, belongs to me, as I purchased it two weeks ago from my friend, Jonas Vansittart, and instructed the agent to allow Doctor Bryson to take charge of it so that he might amuse himself by trapping me here. You entered into a conspiracy to scare me into selling you, at your own figure, my stock in the most profitable industrial company in America, when I had let every one of you into that business on the score of old friendship—you, Wilkerson, of the loose, wabbly jaw; you, Siegerton, of the featherhead, and you Toynbee, of the evil eye. By the way, Toynbee, when you come here to dine I wish you wouldn't climb the rubber plant. Your figure excludes you from severe athletics and it's hard on the tree. And as for you, Bryson, you thought you could steal my daughter and my business at the same time. I have brought into the matter that gentleman"—he indicated me with a nod—"Doctor Stewart, the eminent alienist of Chicago, whose jealous regard for the honor of his profession makes it certain that your infamy will meet with its due punishment."

He drew from his breast pocket, without dropping the gun with which he continued to gesticulate, a bundle of papers and tossed them on the table.

"Draw nearer, gentlemen, and kindly sign these proxies, made out to me for use at the directors' meeting tomorrow, when you shall lose your several lucrative jobs as vice-president, secretary and treasurer, respectively, in The Hollisters, Limited. And if you do not deliver to me at my office in the Sunrise Building at eleven o'clock sharp the shares you hold in my company I shall have you all arrested for conspiracy."

"Doctor Stewart," said Miss Octavia briskly, "kindly press the button behind you. As these gentlemen are leaving for the city almost at once, I will show you to a room where you can repair the damage to your scalp. I have already sent to the Bedford Arms for your bag, and you will, of course, spend the night here. I assure you that neither Aleck nor myself will disturb your slumbers. May I ask you, Doctor Stewart, whether my appearance as a ghost was not wholly effective? It was quite my own idea to follow Aleck's appearance, as arranged by these ingenious gentlemen to scare Lorenz out of his boots, with a sleep-walking scene of my own not noted on the program."

V

I WAS down early the next morning. My head was a bit sore from the thumping, but otherwise I was ready for another day's adventure. Peace was upon the house. With the spring sunlight flooding the rooms it was difficult to believe that the night before they had been the scene of an ugly encounter.

No one was about and I wandered into the open. I met the grave gardener trundling a wheelbarrow. Replying to my questions, he said Mr. Hollister and Miss Octavia were having a gallop before breakfast and Miss Edith he had not seen.

I passed through the garden, followed a rough path across a meadow and saw her above me. She stood on the crest of a low hill, her hand shading her eyes as she looked across the fields. I lingered a moment, intent upon the picture—her erect figure in sharp relief against the sky, the breeze fluttering her skirts, the morning light full upon her. Then I ran up the slope and stood beside her.

"All present or accounted for!" she said merrily. "I really didn't expect to see you until luncheon. You paid pretty dearly for your initiation into the Hollister mysteries."

"The balance is all in my favor. The Hollisters have introduced me to a new world, and it is good for my soul to know April and April's lady! Nothing will ever be the same again."

"But there's the world off yonder. And, by the by, they sent over a telegram for you from the inn just as I left the house—a tug of the world to draw you back?"

"It was unkind of them! Telegrams are an impertinence on mornings like these. One should be immune in Hollisterland."

"But don't you think we carried our Hollister nonsense just a little too far in your case? It wasn't fair. Why, you might have been killed!"

"Then I should have died happy in a good cause! If it isn't against the rules I'd like to thank you for being alive. As near as I could make out in the general rumpus, that gentleman really meant to take a pot shot at me when you came to my rescue."

"That was the least I could do after getting you into the scrape. In Aunt Octavia's phrase, you are a brave gentleman."

She glanced from the sun to the pretty trinket of a watch at her wrist. Something in the gesture with which she raised her arm, her bent gipsy head, the warm glow in her cheeks, made me bold.

I took her hands and held them tight.

"Edith!" I said.

Birds sang round us. The air was sweet with the breath of green things growing.

"Time passes," she observed without looking at me, "and as breakfast is at eight and father grows peevish if he has to wait for his coffee, it is positively imperative that you remove your hands from my wrist that I may observe the hour."

Laughter trembled upon her lips. She had spoken in an exact imitation of Miss Octavia.

"Edith!" I repeated. "This is very, very serious; that telegram calls me home and I have to go tomorrow. There can't be any delay about it."

She swung herself free and looked toward the misty western horizon.

"You really mean to go?" she asked.

"Yes; it is a matter of importance, a crisis in a case I can't neglect."

"How very odd!" she murmured dreamily.

"Odd?" I repeated. "What is odd—that I should care for you? that I should love you? Don't say that odd is your only answer, when I tell you I must go back to my world tomorrow."

"Doctor Stewart," she began with disconcerting severity, "it is evident to the most careless observer that your reasoning processes play amazing tricks with you. As the breakfast hour is even now at hand, it struck me as odd that you should speak of heartbreaking farewells when both my father and my Aunt Octavia are perfectly reconciled to the idea of my marrying you. If this thought coincides with any concept in your own mind—"

We were only half an hour late to breakfast!

Cameron and Campbell
Combined on Their Car

Here is the first car in which W. H. Cameron and John A. Campbell ever worked together.

Cameron, the wizard of fine engineering. The man whose hundred thousand cars have won him world-wide respect.

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Here, for the first time, their remarkable talents are combined in a single car.

Mark Their Hostages

Note the pledge which these men give that the Michigan "40" will meet expectations. Their names and their fames are bound up with it.

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All their time, all their talents are devoted exclusively to creating this remarkable car. The best they can do has been done in it.

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Both of these men have won distinction as pace-makers. For years and years they have kept in advance of what was current practice. And this genius of theirs is decidedly marked in the Michigan.

Note the four-forward-speeds, an economical feature adopted as yet on few American cars.

Note the vast overcapacity—the big factors of safety—as employed in the costliest cars.

Note the oversize tires, once considered unthinkable on close-price cars.

Note the center control, the left-side drive, electric lights with dynamo.

The big brakes, the big springs, the adjustable steering post, the roomy tonneau, the wide seats and wide doors.

Note the 22-coated body. Note the 14-inch cushions. Note the trimmings, the finish, the dainty designing which Campbell has lavished on this Michigan "40."

Mark in how many ways these men are leading the current cars in this class.

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But the marvelous thing is the underprice at which all these things are included.

One might expect these features in high-priced cars, where cost is not considered. One has a right to expect them in 1913. But to give them all for $1,585 shows another sort of genius.

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MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

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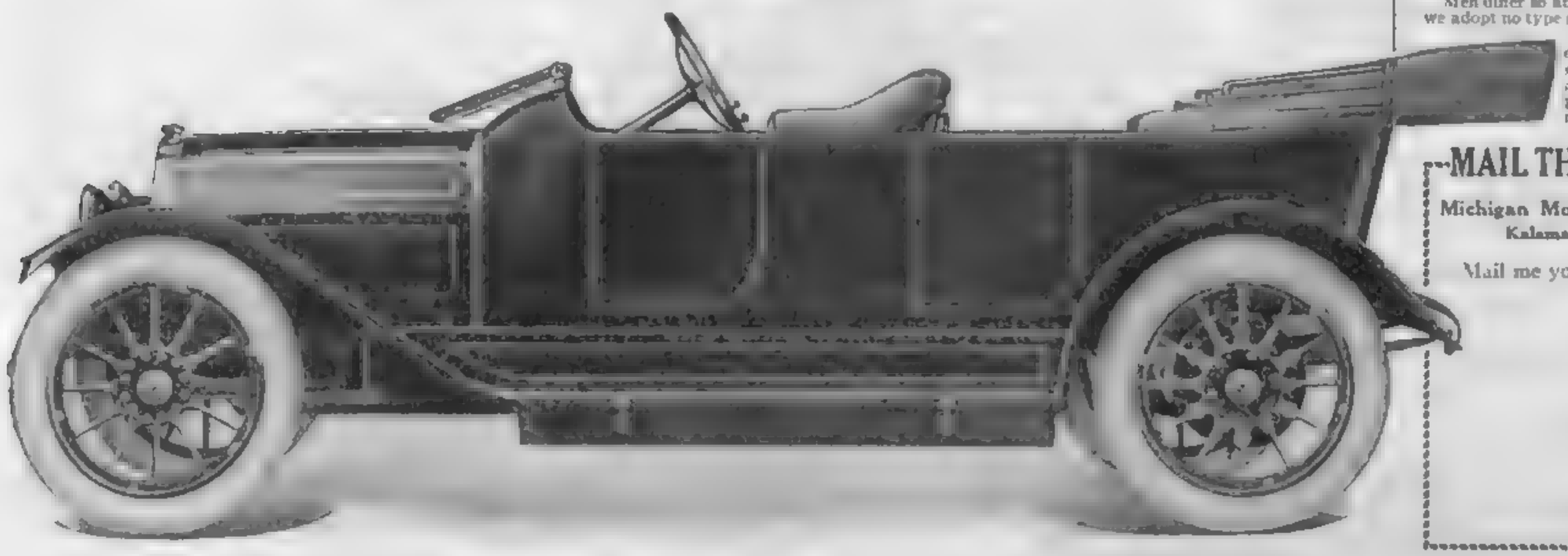

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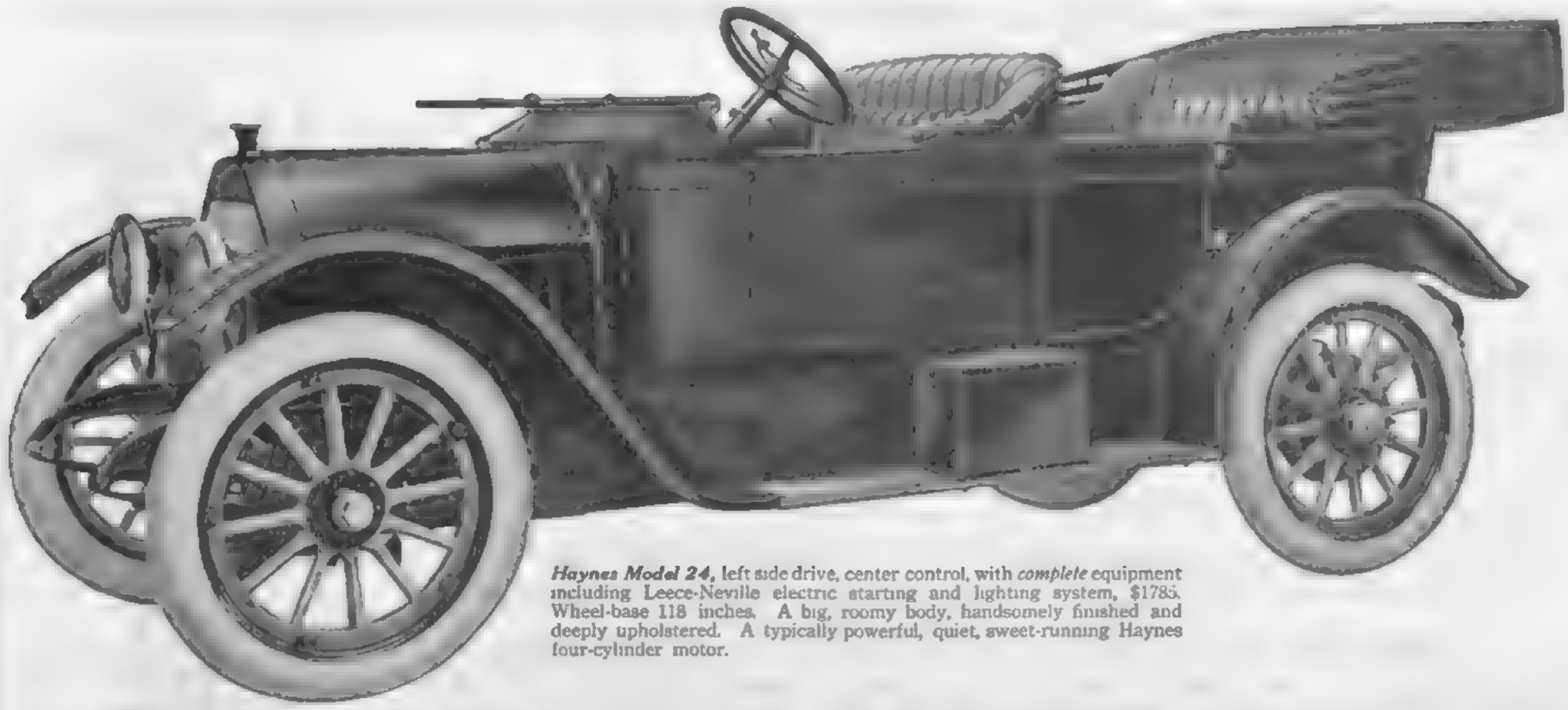

Haynes Model 24, left side drive, center control, with *complete* equipment including Leece-Neville electric starting and lighting system, $1785. Wheel-base 118 inches. A big, roomy body, handsomely finished and deeply upholstered. A typically powerful, quiet, sweet-running Haynes four-cylinder motor.

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The Haynes name stamps every Haynes Car O. K., but we make no charge for the name.

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10¢ TINS
Handy 5¢ bags
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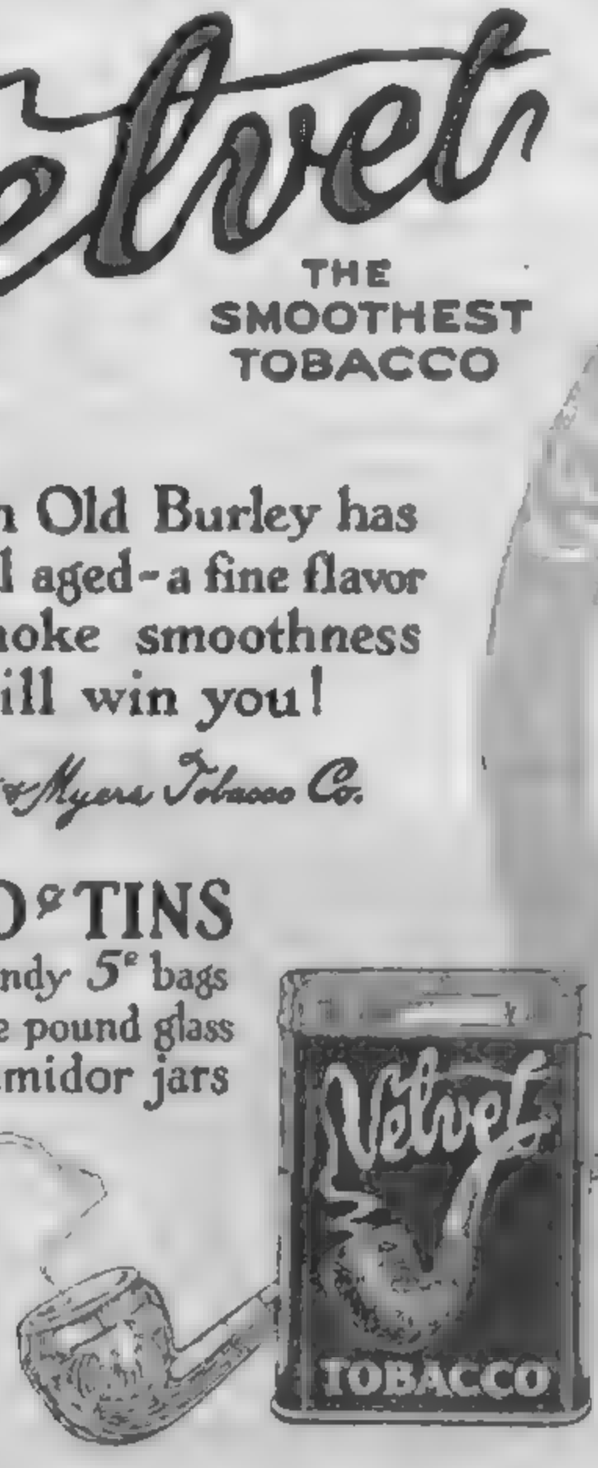

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It is one of the refinements that have come from our years of effort to make shirts more comfortable, stylish, and durable.

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Exclusive patterns and a wide range to choose from in all materials from percales to silks. $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up. And big value in our "Demonstration" shirts at $1

There's a "Faultless" dealer near you. If you don't know who he is write us and we will tell you or if necessary send you the Faultless Day Shirt Book."

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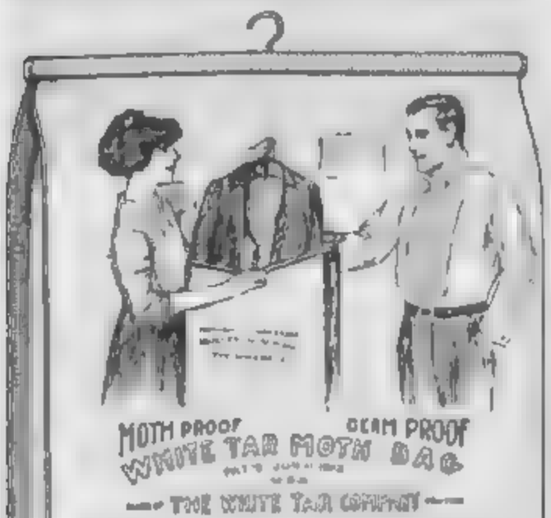

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THE WHITE TAR CO., 103 John St., NEW YORK

Cedar Canoes $20 and Up

All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices *direct from factory to you.* (152)

Detroit Boat Co., 318 Belleve Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE BACK SEAT

(Continued from Page 9)

"Mrs. Cavendish," he said, "statecraft isn't even mysterious. An able-minded child ——" He stopped short.

"An able-minded child," she thought. "Yes—but not Beekman-Cavendish!"

III

IT WAS just as Mrs. Cavendish had feared. Harry Brand fell head over ears in love, and not only insisted on getting married, which was bad, but on going south for a honeymoon.

Fortunately the nations were at peace. In the Balkans all was quiet. Nobody was teasing China. Japan was out of pocket. The Latin-American republics as usual were quarreling and revolutionizing, but strictly in private. John Bull and Uncle Sam were embracing each other and kissing each other in public, for all the world like a Frenchman and his son—in short there was no need in Washington of a secretary of state.

Harry Brand, knowing this better than anybody, married and went upon his honeymoon. But he and his bride had no sooner reached Nassau than things began to happen. The first Harry knew of them was a cable in cipher.

"For Heaven's sake come back at once and oblige your harassed friend, Fanny Cavendish."

Harry had a dull headache, but he started at once for Washington, reached Key West, came down with a long-postponed attack of typhoid, and so telegraphed the State Department. The same day his wife told him that Beekman-Cavendish was also down with typhoid.

Harry smiled: "Then," he said, "I can be sick in peace!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the secretary's wife is a better man than the secretary, my excellent Gunga Din! But some day I shall be secretary of state myself, and you shall flirt with the ambassadors and worm their secrets out of them."

And he whistled a good deal, like a jolly Irishman, until he became too sick to whistle or think.

What had happened was this: Out of a clear sky a great, black, raucous war cloud had risen between Mexico and the United States. The situation required the greatest firmness, delicacy and tact, added to a slightly pedagogic and even bullying attitude.

Fanny wrote to the chief executive:

"*My dear Mr. President:*

"My husband is too sick to see any one; but he foresaw the present emergency, and frequently discussed in my hearing the procedures by which he thought it should be met. May I come to see you?

"Sincerely yours,
"FANNY CAVENDISH."

The president telephoned that she could not come to see him, but that he would come at once to see her.

They had a long talk. The president had very positive ideas of his own on the Mexican situation. Fanny showed him wherein his ideas were mistaken. And she kept quoting her husband—it was really Harry Brand she quoted; and when memory and quotations failed her she began, almost to her horror, to think, invent and speak for herself.

When the president came he was an anxious man; when he left he wore a gardenia that she had pinned in his coat at parting, and a relieved, amused smile. They were not only going to meet the Mexican situation expediently, but with an element of humor that would mean many votes at the next presidential election.

For six weeks the president and Mrs. Beekman-Cavendish saw each other daily; and the Mexican war cloud was as wax in their hands. But the newspapers said that each day the great secretary saw his chief and transacted business. It might be the death of him, they said, but his own conscience, an admiring world—and so on, and so on.

The two conspirators smiled and let the lie stand.

One day the president said: "But your husband couldn't possibly have foreseen this, and yet you speak as if ——"

"I know my husband's mind as thoroughly as if it were my own," Fanny explained.

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No muss—no waste—no turpentine.
Give a quick and lasting shine at home.
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To be slightly figurative—it is a "tailor-made" boot. It represents, in line, pattern and last, the uncompromising standards of exclusive London boot-makers.

The toe is narrow and slopes easily upwards to the fullness of the instep. A perfectly flat sole, wide shank and square boot heel are points to be noted.

There is no pull strap, and the eyelets are "blind" to the top.

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"Do you?" exclaimed the president somewhat gently. And he added gravely: "The main thing is that you know your own mind, and that I am beginning to know it. If I were ever president again, and if the constitution would permit me, do you know to whom I would offer the portfolio of state, or of the treasury, or the navy, or of any other darned thing that I thought she might accept?"

"No, I don't," said Fanny. "Now in the treaty of '69 ——"

For six weeks, though it never came out, and she sat in the backest of back seats, and her sick husband got all the credit, she was in everything but name the secretary of state.

When her first frights were over she began to enjoy herself and to acquire a thirst for power and influence. She began even to look into the future, to wonder if it would not be possible, her husband's drink habit cured, for her to be president behind the throne. If she needed advice there was always Harry Brand. Credit she did not seek. She had always sat in the back seat; she always would. But power, influence, the play of her mind and the grasp of it, the consciousness that if she were a man she would be a great man and an honest one—these things had grown dear to her.

One day she received a telegram in cipher. She got out the code book and read this simple message:

"Bully for you!"

And then she wiped the tears from her amused and delighted eyes and said something about "*Dear* Harry."

And she sat not quite in the back seat, for here was recognition and praise from one who knew, from one who had seen the recent workings of the State Department as clearly as if he had been present, and who was keen enough to place credit where credit was due.

In those moments she tasted homage and felt within her heart and mind the growth of immense ambitions. Beekman-Cavendish must be made to behave himself. Already a popular idol, there was no position beyond his reach. She mustn't forget that. Even if he was really a nonentity, he was immensely useful in all her schemes. Indeed she couldn't do anything without him. But as a team, he supplying the set speeches and the handshakes, and she the money and the brains—aye, and the thoughtfulness and the kindness!—as a team! Of course, during their lifetime the truth would never be known, but in history, oh, in history, they would do her justice! In history she would sit, not in a box, perhaps, but somewhere down in front, on an aisle ——

A trained nurse rushed nervously into the room, stumbling on the head of a polar bear and almost falling.

"Oh, Mrs. Cavendish, come quick, your husband is dying!"

IV

AN HOUR later the president called officially. The day after the funeral—and the world was still ringing with the greatness of Beekman-Cavendish, and the newspapers were bemoaning the loss of him—he called in person.

He presented her very gravely with a loving cup of gold, on which was engraved the following mystery of letters:

T. T. B. S. O. S. T. E. S., F. T. M. G. P.

"You see," he said, "nobody ever ought to know the truth. They are saying that your poor husband killed himself over the Mexican trouble. We mustn't rob him of that glory, must we? The letters on this little souvenir of our work together stand for the following words:

"'To the best secretary of state that ever served, from the most grateful president.'"

She took the cup by its two handles and looked at the letters and began to cry and, her knees weakening, she sat down abruptly in the nearest chair.

So the president left her, alone with the memento of her little day of glory—alone with that, with Harry Brand's telegram in cipher saying, "Bully for you"; alone with the knowledge that the theater of life was once more crowded to its capacity and that for her there was nothing better reserved, henceforth and forever, than one of the back seats.

Yes, as the papers kept reiterating, the loss of Beekman-Cavendish was one of the greatest losses his grateful country could possibly have sustained. For without him, in spite of all her millions, Fanny Cavendish could do nothing.

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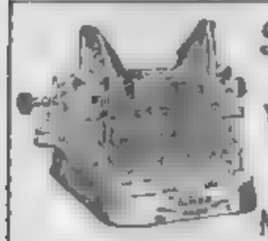

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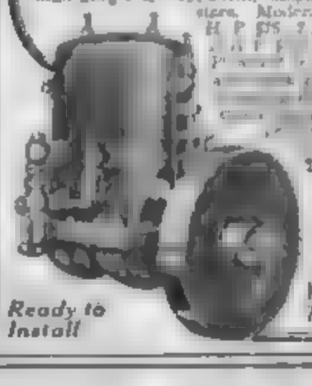

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—but failed to secure a position at once. His funds ran low. For a few days the outlook was discouraging. Then there came to his notice one of our advertisements for local representatives to handle subscriptions and renewals to

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal*
The Country Gentleman

Perceiving the difference between our offer and the usual agency proposition, this young man wrote us and the next week started out as our representative. We told him where to go, whom to see, what to say. We personally took an interest in his success. During the first week he received subscriptions yielding him salary and commission of over eight dollars. The second week he earned double that amount. Since then his profits have increased steadily, until now he is earning over $100.00 a month—$1,200.00 a year. In what other line of endeavor would a young man, only recently a High School graduate, develop a similar earning power?

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It's astonishing how often you use glue if it's always at hand in convenient form for instant use. And when you do need it—well, for instance, a chair gets wobbly, a toy comes apart, a handle loosens—a drop of glue, and all is well; no glue, and the article is ruined. Isn't it worth 10c to have the drop when you need it?

We have a strong reason for making it easy and profitable to get some LePage's Glue at once.

Our laboratories have succeeded, after months of effort, in producing a very remarkable lubricating and cleansing oil. It lubricates perfectly, fine machinery such as a sewing machine or firearms. It does not gum nor dry out and, moreover, it not only removes rust, but prevents it. It makes a wonderful furniture polish, having the peculiar property of actually restoring varnish to its original condition. Varnish is a gum held in solution. The liquid evaporates, leaving a deposit of gum. With age this gum hardens, becomes brittle and cracks. Signet Oil slightly softens the surface of the gum so that vigorous rubbing fills up the microscopic cracks and restores the original lustre and elasticity. A few drops on a dust-cloth prevent scattering the dust. In this way you can make your own dust-absorbing duster. There are many other household uses for Signet Oil.

Now, we want every housekeeper in the United States to try Signet Oil, and so we make it possible to get a liberal sample for nothing, as explained in our generous free sample offer.

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This paste is made according to a formula produced in our laboratories, and of a substance which we import directly from Europe. Its use has been confined chiefly to the most exacting work, such as finest photo mounting, but increased facilities enable us to put it up in tube, jar and water-well, also in glass flasks. You will find this the most satisfactory paste you ever used.

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A genuine writing fluid, not simply water containing dye. It has taken us years to produce an ink we were willing to put out under our trade-mark, but we are confident that a trial will convince you that Signet Ink is of unequaled quality as regards permanency, fine color, flowing properties and all-round excellence. Quarts, pints and half pints—also in 5c and 10c bottles.

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Reliance Motor Truck Co
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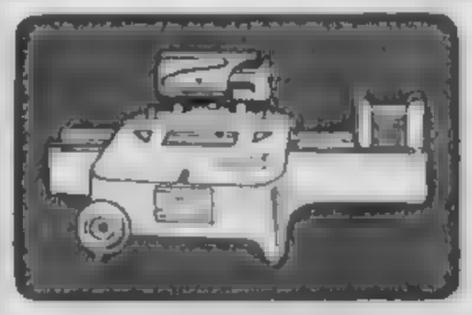

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MONTAGUE MAILING MACHINERY CO.

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THE GRAND TOUR OF AMERICA

(Continued from Page 11)

And if you add up, as I have, I think you'll find the totals are about the same.

There is, however, one charge in the West I should like to see tested in the law-courts—that is the fifty cents you pay for getting your ticket "validated" when you are halfway round the grand tour. We all pay it, of course, rather than fight it out; but when you pay the total price for a round-trip ticket in New York or Chicago that ticket guarantees to bring you back at that cost. When you reach San Francisco and go in to have the coupons pasted on to pass you home by another route, you have to pay fifty cents. It is not much, but it is thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars on the round tour of the year.

We all know of college students who have motorcycled over Europe at a cost of two hundred dollars a year; and there was one very famous Princetonian who did Spain at about eighty dollars. Can you do the same thing in the West? Certainly! I know of a Toronto University man who bicycled the whole of the old precipitous overland gold-stampede Cariboo Trail, carrying his bicycle strapped on his back where the corduroy road had fallen into the cañon below; and he had to crawl along the face of the rock. But most of us do not want anything so strenuous on our grand tour of the West. Suppose we want to be desperately economical. Can we do the grand tour of our West economically? You can travel second and third class in Europe and not lose caste. Can you in America, the land of no-caste? Leaving caste out of account, can you travel comfortably—colonist or tourist?

I am going to be perfectly truthful. Unless you have your own party to fill the entire car you cannot travel comfortably colonist. You will be as comfortable colonist in America as you are third-class in Europe; but the point is, the people who travel third-class in Europe do not travel third-class in America. Unless you fill the car with your own party you will be among a medley of foreigners to whom you may not object in Europe—but whom you do object to in America. Tourist is a different matter. If you shun the season when immigrant and colonist excursions are going West you can travel as comfortably tourist as you travel first-class in Europe; and the difference in cost is a saving of at least a third. Especially is it safe to travel tourist coming East from the Coast.

The Trouble With Banff

Having arranged, then, in your mind the matters of cost and time, what is the grand tour of the American West? Take a map—for you are presently going dizzy from making circles. Start at the north.

There is Jasper Park, a second Switzerland of Alpine lakes and meadows. By the time these words are in print the Grand Trunk will have crossed the Divide to that wonderful congeries of scenery round Stuart Lake and Macleod Lake and the upper Cañon of the Fraser; you can go on across to Prince Rupert, the newest of the Pacific Coast cities, and on up to Alaska. There are no hotels along the mountain section of this route yet, but there will be in another year. It is practically all untrodden ground and the resort of big game galore. That is circle the first. You can come back the same way as you go or by one of the other circles.

Come on down to what is known as Canada's Rocky Mountain Park, along the Canadian Pacific. Banff the Beautiful is the gateway. Banff is as fine a piece of mountain coloring and pine forests and blue waterfalls and hot springs as exists anywhere in the world. There are hotels that are the last word in perfection, and the last word in expensiveness, and the last word in cheapness and the essence of comfort. There are hotels that are palaces, and hotels that are sanatoriums, and hotels that are mere outdoor camps. The charges run all the way from five and six dollars a day up to ten dollars, and down to one dollar, with free baths in the government hot springs and the finest of bridle and wagon trails. There is also excellent trout fishing within walking distance from any hotel.

Banff has just one fault. It is apt to keep you too long and use up your holiday

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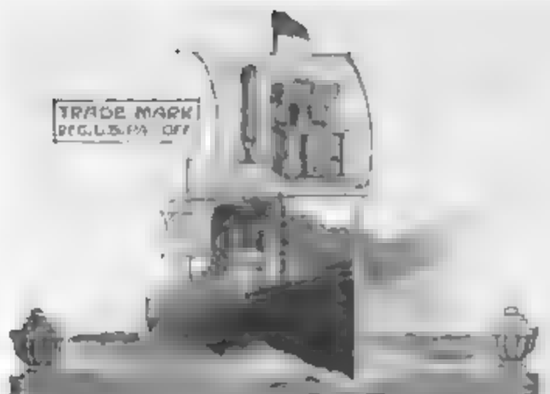

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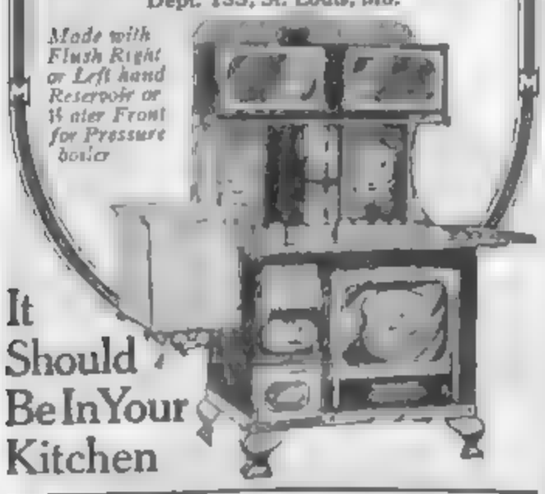

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before you find out that the best scenery Banff can offer is as water to wine compared to the mighty grandeur of snow summits and peacock-blue lakes at Laggan, or the tumbled glaciers amid frowning, cloud-capped peaks at Stephen and Glacier, and Moraine Lake and Emerald Lake. With the exception of Lake Louise, the charges of the hotels at these places are a shade cheaper than at Banff.

Then you go rattling down Fraser Cañon, where you can see the old Cariboo Gold Trail clinging to the face of the precipices; on down to Vancouver, which is a young metropolitan giant, growing so fast she has to chase herself—the San Francisco of Canada, with a Stanley Park along the ocean, famous for big trees. Across the bay you'll find in Victoria a city that out-Englishes the English, more English than England in dignity and substance, and with a go-to-the-devil-with-your-impudence air. In atmosphere and social life this is a capital city, with a hotel equal to the best in England.

Now you can go West by one road and come back by the other; or take a sniff at Jasper Park, come down to Calgary, on up to Banff and Laggan and Glacier; then, instead of going down to the coast, strike down by the Arrow Lakes through Kootenay to the Northern Pacific or Great Northern. From the Northern Pacific you can go into the Yellowstone Park—or from the Great Northern into the new Glacier Park. You can stage across the Yellowstone, pausing a night at the famous Old Faithful Inn, and come out south down through Wyoming to the Garden of the Gods and Colorado Springs.

Up and Down the Glacier Country

Glacier Park is to the Great Northern what Banff and Lake Louise are to the Canadian Pacific—a vast area of unclimbed peaks and Alpine lakes that no man has yet named, and gorges where human foot has seldom trod. The largest glaciers in the United States outside Alaska are in this area. If you go climbing them have your boots well pegged with squareheads; and always rope up in threes—not twos. If two are on a rope and one plunges through sag-snow into a crevasse, he is apt to pull a companion with him. If three are on a rope and one goes over an edge, the two will balance his weight until they can pull him up. New Glacier Park is really the Switzerland of the states of the Northwest; though, if you really want to, you can break your neck elsewhere—on the back slopes of Mount Rainier, for instance. Up to the present there are no new, elaborate hotels in Glacier Park; but there are lodges and camps and local outfitters who will provide you with tents and horses and guides for trips. Better hotels may be expected in the almost immediate future.

In Colorado do not run away with the idea that the Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak and the Royal Gorge are the whole thing as to the grand tour. On your way up to or down from Salt Lake do not miss running up across the Divide by the little Moffat road. Up Sundance Cañon, in South Dakota, you think you are sky-climbing where the train takes you sheer up seven thousand feet; but on the little Moffat road of defunct finances—and I think changed name—you will take luncheon in a snowshed eleven thousand six hundred feet above sea-level—literally above timberline and cloudline, with the Alpine lakes below you like bowls of blue jewels. You can enjoy a snowball match in mid-August or a northwest blizzard in June; and you climb and climb and climb until the car seems to be sticking to the face of a precipice ledge!

Your grand tour now includes four parallel circles, with a fifth circle dipping down to Colorado and Utah. Or you may vary this by a sixth circle and slip down the Pacific Coast to San Francisco, past Tahoe and Shasta and Crater Lake. Tahoe has reached the stage of being fashionable. Crater Lake, except for newly cut trails, is as God left it—or rather as creation left it when the great fourteen-thousand-foot peak blew off in a terrific volcanic outburst and sank in the bottomless depths of the blue Alpine lake, where you can see the cone of the crater sticking up to this day.

Of course you can reverse the entire process—and, instead of going north to come back by the south, you can go south first and come back by the north—it all depends on the season when you take your holiday. If you want to see the snowpeaks and

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have just published a convenient ten-volume library of piano and vocal music entitled "The Ideal Home Music Library." It contains over one thousand piano and vocal numbers of every kind and class—modern, classic, light, sacred, piano duet, operatic, dance, sentimental, etc.—all classified and arranged so that the music-lover can readily find them and as readily play them. In short, this library is exactly what its name implies, an "ideal" compilation of music for home use, so planned and designed that the amateur—whether his taste calls for the preludes of Bach or the darkey songs of Stephen Foster—will always have at his command a vast variety of the kind of music he fancies and in addition a complete selection of every other variety. For the benefit of the music-loving millions who will see this brief description and illustration of "The Ideal Home Music Library" we have prepared a 64-page explanatory Booklet entitled "The Ideal Home Music Library—How it came to be and what it is," which will be sent absolutely free of charge and without any obligation whatsoever to every "Post" music-lover who sends us this coupon. This booklet contains a full description of the entire work—fully illustrated in colors—40 music samples practically demonstrating its usefulness, and full details regarding the *Scribner Music Club Selling Plan* which saves every reader $21 of the purchase price. All you have to do is fill out and mail the coupon. *Send today, as this offer is for a limited time only.*

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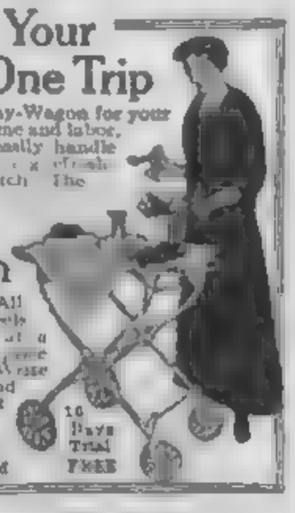

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Alpine lakes at their best do not go north before June—clouds will cover the peaks and ice may lie on the lakes. Likewise, if you want to escape the desert heat do not cross the extreme south in the hot months.

On your way down to San Francisco you pass those beautiful harbor cities—Seattle, Tacoma, Portland—cities that in newness and progress and beauty utterly discount the impossible in the East.

South from San Francisco, you must choose one of two routes. If you go by the coast, which is a second Mediterranean, you pass Santa Barbara and the other play-spots—winter and summer—of our American Riviera. If you go south by the inland route you pass and can circle into the Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy and the Big Tree Park. The Yosemite has trails and hotels and camps of the best. In Hetch-Hetchy you must camp. Los Angeles and San Diego are still on your circuit—one the acme of business and metropolitan progress, the other the play-place of the Southwest, with a climate as mild in winter as it is cool in summer.

I don't know how many circles you have now; but there are two more if you are going to see America as you see Europe. You can swing back from the Coast by Grand Cañon and the Petrified Forests and the Painted Desert and the prehistoric cave country; or you can skirt across from San Diego to San Antonio and Galveston, Texas. Your choice again depends on the season. Galveston and San Antonio are winter playgrounds—one a seaside resort, the other a second Lenox. Though you have to pass some hot stretches of half a day to reach the Painted Desert, the desert itself, owing to the altitude, is never hot. On the southern circuit you can see Phœnix and Prescott and Tucson and old San Xavier and the Alamo of historic memory at San Antonio. On the northern circuit you can swerve up into old Santa Fe, which is a bit of Old Spain set down in America.

Can you make the entire grand tour of the West in one season? Frankly, no—unless you take the entire year and skim only the edge of things, which is all most travelers in Europe accomplish. The entire circuit at its very cheapest will cost you fifteen hundred dollars. Take one circuit for each year of the grand tour, and your holiday need not cost you more than from three hundred to six hundred dollars.

For people who own motors there is another way of making the grand tour. There is now a motor road from Texas to Wyoming—most of it along skyline and cloudtops. You can now motor from St. Paul to Helena; from San Diego to Mount Shasta; from the Garden of the Gods to Grand Cañon. It has been a pet project of the Forest Service for the last few years to connect all the graded roads of the national forests into one great circuit belt round the Rockies of ten thousand miles. This circuit is not yet complete; but you can make most of the points of interest along the grand tour today by motor.

August Thirty-First

A GERMAN whose first name is August runs a saloon in Sioux City. One day last June the landlord called to collect the rent and before leaving said:

"Say, August, after the first day of July I'll have to charge you fifteen dollars a month more than you are paying now. The paving on this street has cost me a good deal, and now the gas company is raising its rates, and I've got to have more rent."

"Vell," said August, "that's all right."

A little later the barkeeper came over to August's desk and said:

"Say, August, the cost of living is goin' up so fast that I gotta have more wages. After the first of July I want ten dollars more a month."

"Vell," said August, "I guess that will be all right."

The next day the representative of the brewery called to collect for the beer, and when he was writing the receipt he said:

"Say, August, hops is darned scarce this year, and after the first of July we've got to have a dollar and a quarter a barrel more for the suds."

"Vell," said patient August, "I guess that is all right."

August sat and figured a little while, then took his hat and went out. Pretty soon he returned with a new sign, which he hung over the bar—and this is what it contained:

"After the first of July will be the last of August!"

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In style, pure comfort and durability, Beacons lead the field, because:

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We have 3500 Beacon dealers in every part of this country. If one is not in your town, write us for catalog. We send shoes by parcel post with privilege of returning if not satisfactory.

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For the *first* time, get your fill of pipe smoking. Go to it as though you were just starting in, green like, because you don't know just what a good thing you're missing if you don't smoke P. A.

Figure out the joy and content that comes from a *tamed* jimmy pipe! All day and all night, you fire-up and there's never a tingle on the tip of your tongue!

Wipe out that pipe grouch and join the P. A. Cheer-up Club. It's a mighty fine thing for what ails you. Get the old jimmy back on the firing line, all packed with P. A.

Just you forget earlier miseries with the *fire*-brands and *dust*-brands. Get a fresh start with P. A. and wax glad you're alive. For that is the happy days spirit P. A. gets into your system!

Prince Albert is sold throughout the United States and Canada and in nearly every civilized country in the world. The toppy red bag, 5c, and the tidy red tin, 10c, greet you in any nook of the woods you happen to travel. Also sold in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

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are built with extra air-room

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It's the extra air-room that does the work. The more air-room in your tires means more resiliency, and a greater ability of the tire to absorb the shock of the road, insuring more comfort for you and your passengers—*more comfort for your tires.*

This more air-room tire does the work easily and will not strain under road usage. The extra air-room is gained for you without lessening the thickness of the tread or weakening the side walls.

You can now get Diamond (No-Clinch) Tires made of Vitalized Rubber, with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—at any of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers
always at your Service

Prestige

Four years ago a retail jeweler in a Southern city was doing a $25,000 business. Two years ago he sold $90,000 worth of goods. On January 1st this year he found that his sales in 1912 were $127,000.

An increase of 400 per cent is worth looking into.

It was about four years ago that this man began to take notice of national advertising. He wondered whether he couldn't get the benefit of some of these great campaigns for himself and for his customers. "Why not identify my store with some of these big nationally successful manufacturers?" he said.

So he advertised locally that his store was headquarters for nationally known goods—Howard watches, Big Ben alarm clocks, Simmons chains, and others. He put them in his windows, marked with clever show cards. He put his local guarantee beside the national guarantee of the manufacturer. He hammered it into the people of that community that when they saw jewelry or timepieces advertised in the great periodicals they could find them in his store.

Result—$127,000 last year. And the profits on new business alone last year paid his entire local advertising expense.

Here's a point. The nationally advertised lines helped to sell his other lines. This is because the well known names, linked with his, brought his whole store prestige.

Given equal quality, people like to shop where they find well known articles. It isn't just the fact that things are advertised—it's the fact that they are well known that adds prestige. A few—a very few products have won fame without advertising, but national advertising is the quickest and best means for making a thing well known.

Take the stores in your own town that display nationally advertised goods. Generally speaking, don't they seem to you more in step with the march of progress? That's prestige.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 5)

As Craig went they were still disputing, his father irritable, even angry; the stranger ironic and scornful. "Rot!" Craig heard him scoff. "If you'd be a man! If you'd only face it as I do!"

Face what? wondered Craig.

He was still pondering it when he turned back along the beach and saw the two others, the boy and the girl that had come in the limousine.

By now the tide was well on halfway past the ebb. Beyond the shingle a wide stretch of brown shoal lay naked, a plain dotted with kelp-hung tide pools and cut by the channels of the retreating water. The girl was in the lead. She had removed her shoes and stockings; and with her skirts drawn to her knees she was wading through the puddles, gleefully poking among their depths with a spear of driftwood picked up from the shore. Lagging back, the boy followed, gingerly picking out his way—objecting, too, at every step. "Oh, I say now! I can't get my shoes all sloppy!"

"Take them off then!" mocked the girl; and drawing her skirts about her she splashed into a pool up to her knees. Halfway across she saw Craig and gave a little cry.

It was little to wonder at; he was gaping at her, open-mouthed. She was a tall, slim girl, brown-haired, with gray eyes fringed by dusky lashes. Craig guessed her age at fifteen. Clinging to her staff she paused for a moment, her face lighting in recognition; and then she smiled.

"Oh, how do you do!" she exclaimed, a hint of sarcasm in her tone. "I'm wading, you know!"

Craig, like a clown, still gaped; and after a pause she tossed her head. "Well, can't you say something?" she inquired, half amused, half annoyed.

"Say—say what?" stammered Craig; and then the girl threw back her head and laughed.

"Well, for one thing," she suggested, eying him demurely, "you might apologize for staring. For another," she added, "you might say 'How do you do, Mary Adair?' That's my name, you know," announced the young lady with a new and somewhat disconcerting dignity—"Miss Mary Adair, New York, U. S. A."

The name meant nothing. He had never heard it before. With boyish bluntness he was, in fact, just about to say so when the girl, smiling pleasantly, held out her hand to him.

"How-dy-do, Leonard?" she remarked, demure again; "or should you prefer me to call you Mr. Craig?"

Again Craig began to stammer.

"I say —— Why, now, who told you who I am?"

The girl smiled quizzically.

"Why, who do you suppose?—father, of course!"

"Was that your father?" asked Craig—"the one I met just now?"

The girl darted a quick look at him. "You don't mean you didn't know?" she asked, and when Craig shook his head she peered at him a little curiously. "Why," she exclaimed, "my father's your father's oldest friend!"

It was news to Craig. It was the first time, in fact, he had ever heard his father had a friend. However, he discreetly refrained from saying so. Cautiously he edged in a question. "I wonder now," he ventured, "did your father tell you anything else—about my father, you know?"

Mary Adair shook her head.

"Why, no, not a thing. Why?"

"Or about me maybe?" Craig persisted

"I don't think so. Why?" returned Mary Adair again.

Craig was still struggling for an answer when a shout, loud and at the same time sulky, broke in upon them. Across the beach the other boy stood waving violently. A tide pool on one hand and a narrow channel on the other cut off his advance, and evidently he resented being left. "You come back, do you hear?" he yelled. "You come back, I say!"

The girl wigwagged to him unaffectedly with the hand that held her shoes and stockings. "Oh, come along!" she shrilled disdainfully. "It won't kill you if your feet do get wet!" But the boy had no intention of letting his feet get wet. He said so, volubly besides, again waving wildly.

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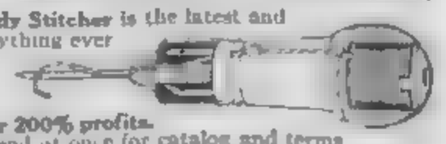

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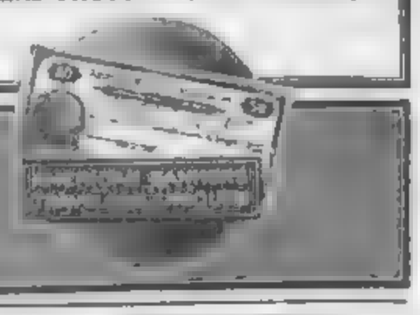

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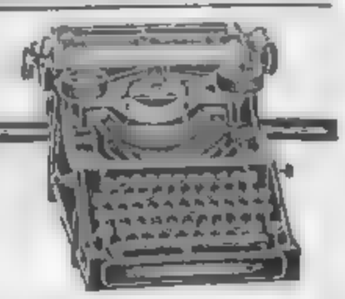

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KE KAYNEE KE

LOOK for the LOOP

Blouse for Boys

A GUARANTEED GARMENT

Miss Adair of New York promptly shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not going back for him!" she announced to Craig. "Come, let's you and I go way out there," and she pointed to a headland that loomed vaguely through the mist a mile or more away. "Will you?"

Craig grinned, now no longer shy.

"Who's he—that chap there," he asked, nodding toward the other boy who had begun to grow vociferous. "Your brother?"

"Who, him? Mercy, no!" she exclaimed, her tone, if inelegant, still highly expressive. "That's only Willie—Willie Hemingway. His uncle's a friend of father's. Come along if you're going to!"

So they went up the beach together. Behind them the cries of the other boy died upon the distance. Then the fog dropped down, engulfing Craig and the girl, immersing them in its silent, crawling depths. They were alone.

It was an afternoon he was destined long to remember. For once, for perhaps the first and only time, his mind was free of the cloud that long had hung above him. The girl—she was little more than a child—thrilled him with her animation; and laughing and chattering they pushed on through the mist unmindful of the time or of where they wandered. With her hair astray and dank and gleaming from the fog, Mary Adair danced in and out of every tide pool; and shrilling with excitement and delight she dabbed at the crabs and snatched at the panic-stricken minnows that scuttled for cover under the stones. Craig at every pool plunged in after her. His cheeks glowed and for once his heart was light. The girl's elfin figure, her flashing eyes and shrill, excited voice stirred him so that the blood ran in his veins like wine. He was only a boy, of course, and she nothing but a girl; and so it was all innocent, all free from guile that they romped together, a pair of unaffected children. The cliffs took up their cries and threw them back again, startling the seabirds that slid silently through the mist; and time passed by unnoticed. Then of a sudden the sun dropped behind the wall of vapor, and dusk warned them that the day was done.

Mary Adair gave a little gasp.

"Oh!" she said, and shivered.

Perched on a boulder close in under the cliffs, she sat dangling her bare feet in the pool below. Craig sat below her and watched the fading light. It was time to be going now, and the thought chilled him. He, too, gave a little shudder.

The girl looked down at him, her lips parting and her eyes reflective. Another stray lock had escaped from under her cloth motoring cap, and smiling softly she brushed it back into place. Then, laying her hand on his shoulder, she slid down from the rock and for a moment looked up at him, her hand still upon his arm.

"I like you," said Mary Adair.

He had never seen her since. Neither did it seem likely he ever would, for hard on the heels of that eventful afternoon there had come another happening.

It was a grim business, mean and sordid too; raised like a barrier between them.

In the dusk he and the girl had silently retraced their way. A shift of wind had tossed the fog aside; and beyond they could see the inn's lighted windows and the gray bulk of the limousine still standing at the door. Its lamps too were lighted, and as he saw this Craig let fall an exclamation.

"Look! Why, you're not leaving, are you?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, tonight we'll be in London; then tomorrow Paris."

Craig shot a look at her. For an instant it had hovered on his lips to ask whether, like him, she too was a stray, another wanderer. Before he could speak Mary Adair supplied the answer.

"It's business, you know—father's railroads."

"Railroads?" he'd echoed. "You don't mean he owns any?"

"Oh, yes," she'd nodded idly; "the Central Eastern is his; the H. N. & B. too."

Craig had never been sure whether she was chaffing him. "Oh, I say now!" he'd begun, when a sudden stir at the front of the inn abruptly cut him short. Then he gasped.

The door was opened with a crash, and Adair, Mary's father, bolted precipitately into the open. Close behind him came Craig's father too; and for a moment the two men halted, peering intently into the dark. Then another figure, a third man,

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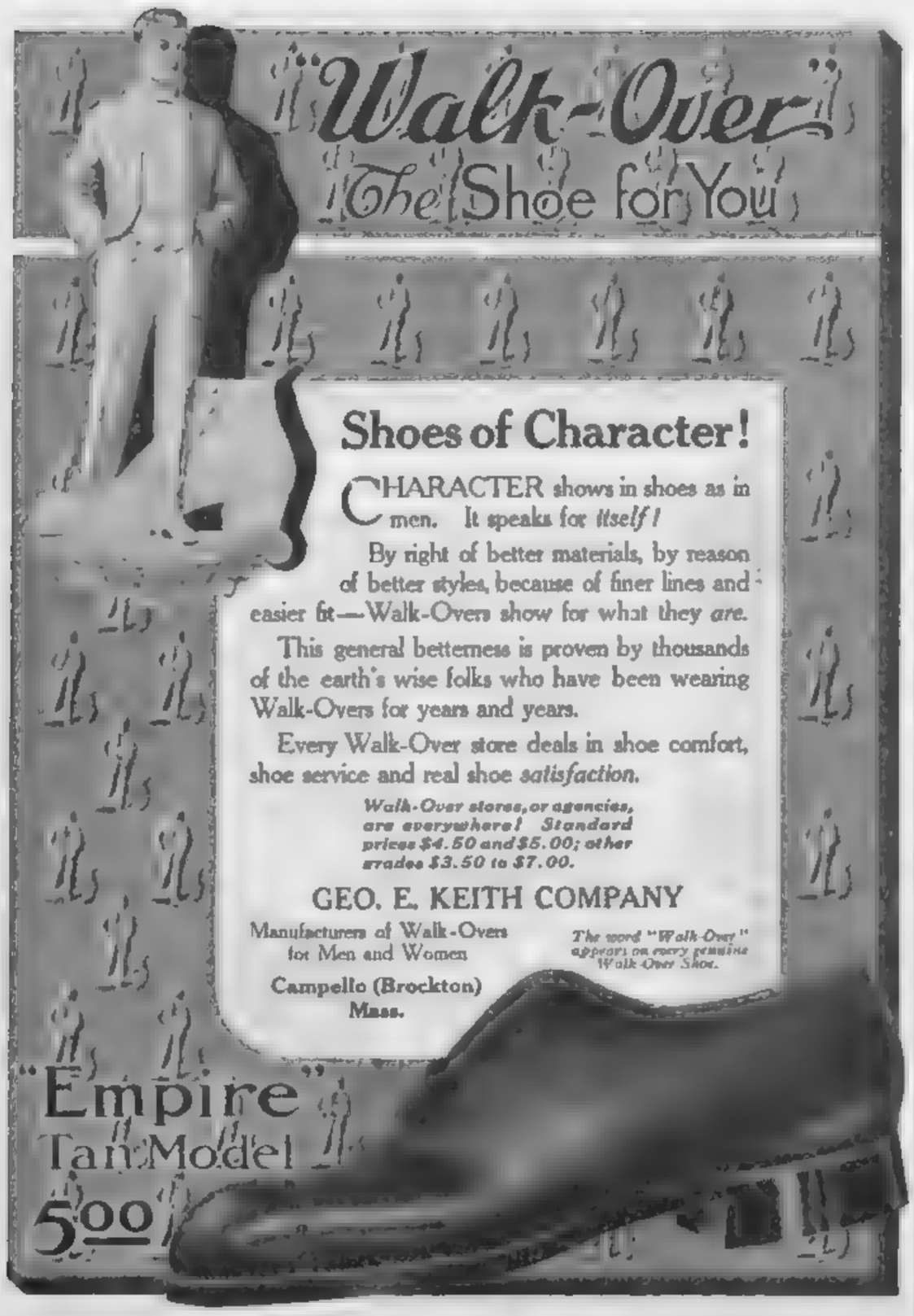
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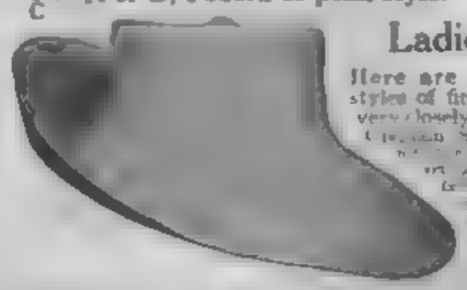

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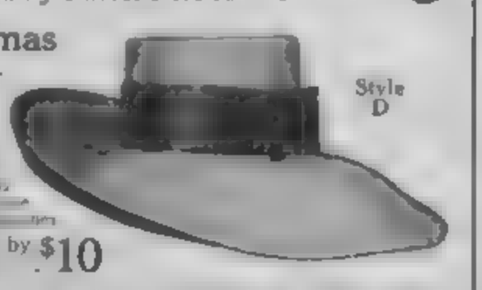

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slid in on the scene. He came not from the hotel, but from the road near by; and crouching low, as if to avoid detection, he slipped along in the shadow of the hedgerow, running swiftly. Reaching the driveway, he paused and stared toward the inn's lighted door. A moment later he gave some sort of a signal.

The effect was electrical. Craig saw his father crouch back, cringing as if he'd been struck. Adair, though, took it differently. A bellow, hoarse with exasperation, burst from his throat; and leaping down the steps he darted through the darkness toward the road. But the other man had fled. Evidently he had not counted on pursuit; and Craig saw him spring back from the hedge, fling one startled look behind him, then go racing silently up the slope. A moment later he bobbed over the crest and was gone.

"Why! What was that?" faltered Mary Adair.

Craig did not wait to tell her. Darting forward, he reached the inn just as Adair emerged from the darkness.

The man was purple. Without a glance for either Craig or his daughter he stamped up the steps, and made his way into the inn's lighted parlor. Craig saw perfectly what followed. There stood his father, a chair overturned behind him; and with his face pasty he was staring into the dead gray ashes of the fireplace when Adair walked straight up to him and caught him by the arm. For a moment the two stared at each other; and then Adair bared his teeth in an ugly grin.

"You damned scoundrel!" he said contemptuously. "Don't you think I know you now?"

But that was but a part of it. Craig, in dismay, saw his father start and his mouth drop open in astonishment. He said nothing, though, but stood there gaping; and Adair shrugged himself again. "Pahaw!" he sneered, and he tossed his head; "you'd try to scare me, would you, with a cheap, clumsy dodge like that?" And then he, too, seemed to grow astounded, for with a fierce, unconquerable gesture he flung up both his hands. "Gad! Who'd have thought it! Who'd have thought it!" cried Adair. "To think after all it was you! My soul—you!"

But at that Craig's father at last seemed to find his tongue.

"Adair!" he cried. "Adair! What do you mean?"

He was still crying it when from the porch outside came a patter of footfalls, and Willie Hemingway, with his face white, dashed past Craig to the doorway. Willie, too, seemed shaken with excitement.

"Say," he began, his eyes bulging, "I've just seen Freest—Freest, you know—and they told me he was dead! Yes, and ——"

Adair with an angry movement cut him short.

"Here, you!" he ordered, growling at the boy; "tell the man I'm ready!"

Again Willie Hemingway tried to speak, and Adair's face grew scarlet. "Do you hear—go!" he ordered; and at the look in his face Willie fell back half terrified. Then Adair again turned to Craig's father. His tone when he spoke had grown menacing.

"Listen, my friend," he said slowly; "I may be wrong in what I said. Whether I am or not, though, there's something I want to say to you. It's this: Be sure, be careful now you do not go the road that Tevis went! Is that clear? I mean it now Tevis!"

That finished it. Turning on his heel Adair marched to the door, and beckoning to his daughter he tramped his way down the steps. A moment later the roar of the motor sounded; and Craig saw his father start, then shake himself as if awakening from a dream. He sprang to the door.

"Adair! Adair!" he shouted.

He was too late. Gathering speed, the big car had swept on its way out into the open road, and with a clatter of gears was already rushing at full tilt up the hill. Far away over the crest its horn honked once; then silence fell, and presently Craig's father came stumbling back to the room.

"Come, we must hurry! Hurry!" he muttered, and Craig saw his face. It was white and it was terrified.

And so at last Craig had guessed why for years he and his father had flitted from place to place. His father was not only a fugitive, he was hunted too! Craig himself, white and terrified too, had at once taxed him with the fact. It had availed him little though. His father would tell him nothing.

"But why—why won't you tell me?" he'd demanded. "Are you ashamed?"

"Ashamed?" his father had echoed. "Len, do you realize what you're saying?"

Craig had said "Yes."

"Listen," said his father, speaking slowly as if he weighed each word. "This much I'll tell you and no more. What happened tonight is likely to happen any time while I am with you, while I am still alive. I can't help it. I can only try to avoid it. When I am gone, though, you'll be free of it, Len." Then he smiled. His first air of fright had passed now, and on his face shone the old familiar air of almost plaintive gentleness. "It's you, my son, more than myself I'm trying to save! Don't you understand?"

"I?" cried Craig.

His father nodded.

"Yes, you! Try to stand it, my boy; and when you can't, say the word. Let me know and I will set you free!"

"Free?" Craig had echoed, more startled now than ever. "What do you mean?" Before his father could answer, though, a new thought made him gasp. Was his father in fear of bodily harm? Was that why he fled? "Dad!" Craig cried out in horror.

His father smiled at him again.

"Whenever you ask me, Len, I'll see that you go home!"

That night they had fled again, going in a storm that piled the seas high upon the beach, a gale that rocked the inn to its foundations and sent the rainsheets driving fiercely in their faces. Once Craig had begged to lie by until morning; but his father had shaken his head. "No, no—come!" he'd muttered. "We must hurry, hurry—come!" Dawn, the day after, had found them again in London. The day after they were at England's other end. Thus for three years more they had wandered, until at the end of it, the fourteenth year of their flight, father and son had come one day straight to Madame's door.

"I am—Mr. Craig," Craig had heard his father say, pausing briefly on the name. "This is my son, Madame."

Craig had looked at her shyly. He was conscious, first, that she was a stout woman somewhat overdressed; and then something in Madame's air had caught and held him. Her eyes were soft, she wet her lips; and for an instant Madame's fat hands quivered as if she had meant to clutch him. Suddenly she spoke.

"Hah! This way, please!" Madame croaked, her voice breaking thickly; and showing Craig to his own room first, she opened the door to the adjoining room and stood aside to let his father pass. Craig, as he bent over to open his bag, heard Madame let fall a half-choked exclamation.

"M'sieu! M'sieu! God be praised!" she cried.

"Hush!" he had heard his father whisper. "Careful!"

Five years had passed since then; and the father and his son still lived rooted there at Madame's. They had been five years of peace to Craig. Now, however, as he knew, tomorrow they would be moving on again! But would they?

Craig's face grew grim for a moment. Abruptly rising, he threw the window open; and with the rain beating on his face he leaned out, peering down into the marketplace below. The square was deserted; but across the way a streetlamp, guttering in the wind, sent a troop of black, fantastic shadows dancing along on the walls. Craig watched them closely. Then, as if convinced of what they were, he closed the window quietly, and crossing the room as quietly opened his father's door.

Old Craig sat at a table, writing. Before him was a small tin dispatch case which the son had often seen; and out of this he had taken a thick packet of papers. Obviously he was making a draft of their contents. Craig did not disturb him. Closing the door as cautiously as he had opened it, he crept to his bed and, still dressed, silently lay down. He did not sleep. A bar of music ran dancing like a moonbeam through his mind; and there arose before him in the dark a girl's elfin figure and the figure of a man, a shadow unseen and unidentified, that crept along under the shelter of a hedge.

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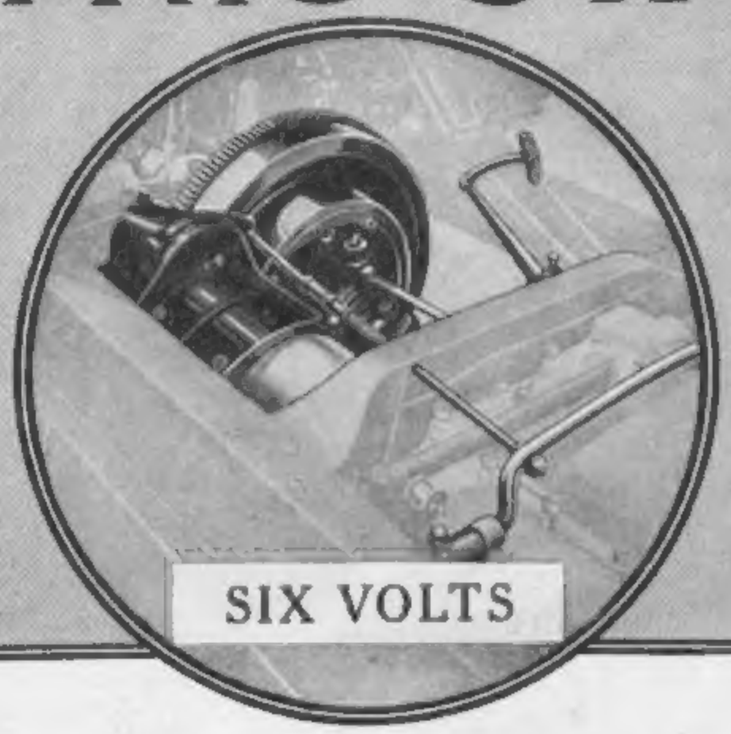

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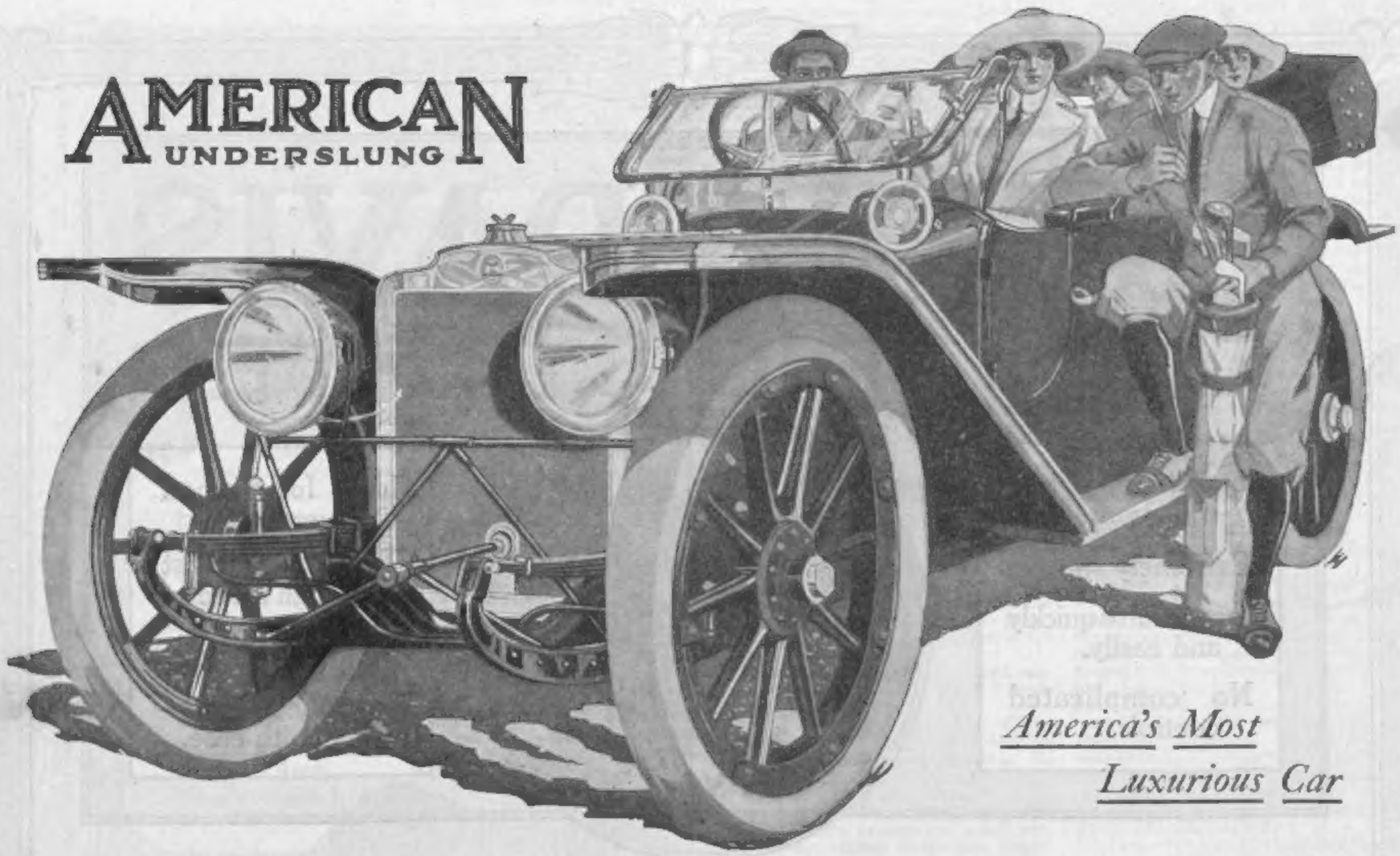

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